

35

March

PROPAGANDA FROM THE RIGHT

by SAMUEL GRAFTON

The American Mercury

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER

[PORTRAIT OF A REACTIONARY]

by DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY

TROUBLES OF AMERICAN CATHOLICISM	Lester P. Eliot
DISTORTING THE NEWS	Eugene A. Kelly
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WEDDING NIGHT	Virginia Bird
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CALLES AND THE MEXICAN MALAISE	Alice Carmichael
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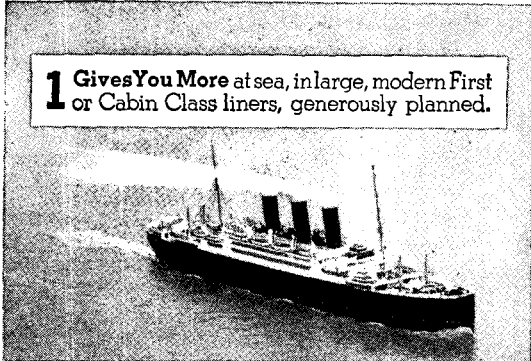
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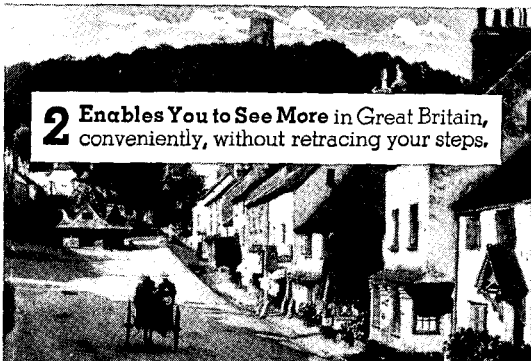
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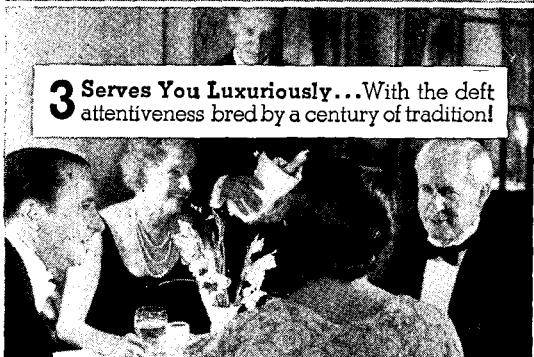
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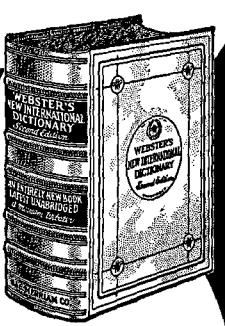
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The AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME XXXIV

March 1935

NUMBER 135

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lication office, Federal and 19th streets, Camden, N. J. Editorial and general offices, 730 Fifth avenue, New York. Printed in the United States. Copyright, 1935, by The American Mercury, Inc. Entered as second class matter January 4, 1924, at the post office at Camden, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Published monthly on the 25th of the month preceding the date. Five weeks' advance notice required for change of subscribers' addresses. The American Mercury is indexed in The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.

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HISTORY

AUTOPSY OF THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

By Gaston Nerval. *The Macmillan Company*
\$3.50 5 3/4 x 8 3/4; 357 pp. New York

This is a bitter attack upon the Monroe Doctrine and, although it repeats many now-familiar charges, it will probably remain for some time the most devastating analysis of that document. The author discusses its entire history down to the present day, pointing out that even when it was announced more than a century ago "it was concerned only with the security and interests of the country which sponsored it. . . . It is a unilateral, egoistic policy, and exclusively of the United States," and was never intended to protect the Latin American republics. But since that time the Doctrine has been amended, there have been new interpretations and applications of it, all for the purpose of helping to justify "either the action or inaction of the United States in each emergency." Thus, today "the Monroe Doctrine is dead . . . Its spirit no longer has any place in the world of today. Its body has been destroyed by the alterations and abuses it suffered at the hands of Monroe's successors." Mr. Nerval, whose real name is Raúl Díez de Medina and who was once connected with the Bolivian Legation in Washington, makes a number of suggestions for a new Pan-American policy, and adds that even the fine-sounding phrases of the New Deal diplomats on the subject "will have to survive many real tests" before Latin Americans cease to be suspicious. There is an index.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND THE JAPANESE-AMERICAN CRISIS.

By Thomas A. Bailey. *The Stanford University Press*
\$3 5 1/2 x 8; 353 pp. *Stanford University*

This is a study of Japanese-American relations during the critical years from 1905 to 1909. During the latter half of the Nineteenth Century, according to Dr. Bailey, the United States had evidenced an almost parental pride in transforming her Far Eastern protégé. But following the Russo-Japanese War, with the emergence of Japan as a world power, these friendly relations were dispelled by a feeling of jealousy, suspicion and fear, with the result that the friction between Americans and their Japanese immigrant neighbors on the Pacific Coast was rapidly aggravated, and a series of racial crises arose that came near, on several occasions, to precipitating war. The purpose of this book is to examine critically the causes, course,

and results of these developments. There is a bibliography and also an index.

A SHORTER HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

By Hilaire Belloc. *The Macmillan Company*
\$3 5 7/8 x 8 3/4; 675 pp. New York

Mr. Belloc's history covers the period from the invasions of Julius Caesar in 55 B.C. to the present day. He says that "the prime essential to be grasped in the story of England is the Roman foundation of our society," and he therefore allots much space to the Roman period, believing that most historians have treated it scantily and failed to realize its importance. The period from 1900 to 1934 he sketches very briefly. The Irish Famine he calls "the central mark of the English Nineteenth Century, wherein it forms a turning point," and he devotes much space to it, adding that its effects "on the internal politics of England is, so far as the history of England is concerned, the most important of all." He adds that the House of Commons "as a seat of government is dead. Its death lies at the door of the Irish: of the Irish as they became after the Great Famine had done its work upon the Irish soul." The book, like nearly all of Mr. Belloc's writings on history, is not always reliable as to facts, and is full of Catholic prejudice. There are a number of maps and an index.

THE FIVE CIVILIZED TRIBES.

By Grant Foreman.

The University of Oklahoma Press
\$4 6 1/8 x 9 1/4; 455 pp. *Norman, Oklahoma*

In 1830 about 60,000 Indians, comprising the Cherokee, Creek, Chickasaw, Choctaw and Seminole tribes, were driven from the Southern States. They had developed a culture and form of government far superior to that of any other Indian tribes and therefore came to be known as the Five Civilized Tribes. But their constant progress brought only increasing oppression from the white man, and they were forced to flee, settling finally, after tragic and disease-ridden wanderings, in the Territory which is now the State of Oklahoma. In this volume Dr. Foreman discusses "the rehabilitation and reconstruction of these immigrants after the demoralization and impoverishment caused by their forcible removal," from 1830 to the beginning of the Civil War. He shows that this "rehabilitation and reconstruction" by the five tribes was amazing. In spite of interference by the government and the monstrous persecution of the whites, they soon achieved

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a remarkably high form of communal life, with excellent public schools, farms and factories. Missionaries helped, but, as the author points out, "this achievement was made possible primarily by the intelligence, character and fortitude of the Indians." Little is known of this interesting chapter in American history, and Dr. Foreman's painstaking and thorough efforts constitute a valuable contribution. There are several illustrations and an index.

THE STORY OF AMERICAN DISSENT.

By John M. Mecklin. Harcourt, Brace & Company
\$3.50 5¼ x 8¼; 381 pp. New York

This is an excellent historical survey and discussion of the dissenting religious groups in America, chiefly the Quakers, Baptists, Methodists, and Presbyterians, from their earliest beginnings as persecuted and despised minorities to the present day when "These churches present . . . the tragic spectacle of great organizations with wealth and members and responsibilities, but without great living traditions, without any real insight into modern life and no great consuming enthusiasms." Mr. Mecklin rejects the idea that American dissent may be traced back to John Wyclif and the Lollards, and shows

that the movement was peculiar to Virginia, Massachusetts and other States. The frontier, he continues, was the chief factor which brought about "the triumph of the dissenting-revivalistic form of Protestantism in America." He concludes that the spirit which animated the origin of these groups is dead, partly because in America "ultimate social issues are no longer approached from the point of view of religion." And as for "The Legacy of Dissent in America," Mr. Mecklin says, "It perpetuated an outworn and impossible supernaturalism that still lingers to plague the religious leader and educator . . ." The whole subject is a formidable one, but the author has dealt with it ably and has given us a very readable work. There is an index.

THE CAMBRIDGE SHORTER HISTORY OF INDIA.

By J. Allan, Sir T. Wolseley Haig & H. H. Dodwell.
The Macmillan Company
\$4 5¼ x 8; 970 pp. New York

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Continued on page vi

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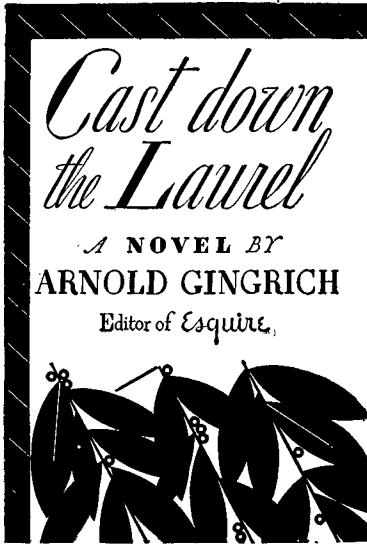
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Continued from page v

the work of three outstanding and reliable authorities on Indian history and culture; it is readable, comprehensive, and fairly up-to-date. Mr. J. Allan contributes the first section on early Hindu and Buddhist India; Sir T. Wolsley Haig writes about the Muslim period, and Professor Dodwell is the author of the last section on the modern period. There are twenty good maps, and also an index.

BIOGRAPHY

DOSTOIEVSKY.

By Nicholas Berdyaev.

Sheed & Ward

\$2

5 x 7½; 227 pp.

New York

This is probably the most misleading study of Dostoevsky that has ever been written. It is filled with absurd exaggerations, blundering critical analyses, and an outlook on life that is about as mature as that of an Esquimaux in swaddling clothes. To say that Dostoevsky was a "great thinker" surpassed only by Shakespeare for "sheer intelligence"; to set him up as a kind of Christian superman whose works, despite their deep-rooted nihilism, contain "a prophetic presentation of the highest spiritual possibilities"—to do such things is not to criticize but to burlesque. Yet M. Berdyaev, who directs the Academy of the Philosophy of Religion in Paris, does not mind being ridiculous, as some of his other statements in this book prove. For example, Socialists and non-believers, he informs us dogmatically, are not interested in culture; humanists are frauds because they are powerless to find the solution to the tragedy of life; Nietzsche was the last word in European humanism; the harmony of the good life must be reached through the Kingdom of God; it is from Christianity that regeneration and renewal of the spirit must come; and if there be no immortality, life is not worth living. Dostoevsky himself would be very much amused . . .

WAR MEMOIRS: VOL. IV.

By David Lloyd George. Little, Brown & Company

\$4

6½ x 9½; 603 pp.

Boston

This volume of Lloyd George's prodigious memoirs has to deal with the events of 1917—particularly with the campaign of Passchendaele, which actually occupies about a third of the entire book. It is, indeed, a tragic picture that the author presents of this futile and protracted battle; a picture of unbelievable military incompetency, and costly political strategy; hundreds of thousands of troops fighting for months in the swamps and mud holes of Flanders, laying down their lives to no avail, with the press at home—blinded by propaganda—singing loud praises of Haig who, from his comfortable position far behind the front, had no idea

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page xii

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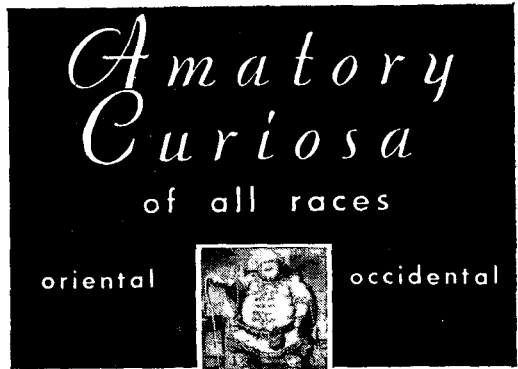
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The American MERCURY

March 1935

PROPAGANDA FROM THE RIGHT

BY SAMUEL GRAFTON

THE horde of Washington merry-go-rounders and whirligiggers developed in recent years have a neat way of beginning a column with the words: "Business says . . .", or, sometimes: "Big business feels that . . ." Editors, deciding on policy in the secrecy of editorial conference, often comment casually: "Well, what business wants on this thing is a reduction of expense and a balanced budget." Among the news stories on the Monday morning church page one often finds the best clergymen in town announcing that the reason the New Deal is blocking recovery is that it fails to restore confidence to business. The columnists, the editors and even the clergymen do not call upon their powers of divination to determine what business says, what business thinks, or even what business has a lack of confidence about. Business speaks up for itself, causes its ideas to infiltrate through what passes for American thought by as well-oiled and well-heeled a system of propaganda and press agency as anything the prohibitionists ever thought of in their better days. The system, it might be said, is far better organized, makes a deeper imprint and is more capably applied than

the much-touted propaganda from the left that so upsets Ralph Easley and the Hearst press.

Propaganda from the left is a mess; the propaganda of big business is itself a big business. It is handled by definite organizations told off to the task. It is handled so intelligently and so astutely that the ideas it peddles seem to the reader who runs to be common property, sprung out of the thin air. Among the ideas that have been more or less put over by the organized propaganda from the right in the course of the past year, you may recognize (possibly with a start) the following: (1) Unemployment is decreasing and we mustn't upset this natural process by "experimentation"; (2) Reform is vitally necessary, but it is better to work for recovery first to give us a sure basis for reform later on; (3) Individual freedom and liberty, including freedom of the press, are menaced by increasing governmental interference; (4) Individual initiative is needed for recovery and profits are needed to sustain initiative; (5) A New Deal is a planned economy; a planned economy is like Fascism or Communism; both are un-American; (6) The new N.R.A. ought

not to be hampered by bureaucracy; and (7) It is unfair for any organization, say the A. F. of L., to be permitted to set up a labor monopoly to dictate to workmen.

Some of these ideas have been put over more thoroughly than the others: number one, in fact, has been sold to the Administration itself and resold from time to time when faith wavered. Others, such as number seven, are a special kind of extreme faith, held only by a chosen circle. But, by and large, these seven thoughts have been pretty widely distributed. The organizations that have done the distributing are, chiefly, the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, the National Association of Manufacturers, the National Industrial Conference Board, and the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York. These four, working with enormous funds, aided by the devoted coöperation of 95% of the daily, weekly and monthly press, have scientifically high-pressured one load of fish on the public after another. Directly because of their work, and only because of their work, we have reached an unprecedented situation in which almost the entire press is mouthing a set of ideas with which almost the entire public is in disagreement. It is one of the minor revolutions of the last two years that the public is no longer led by even its favorite newspapers.

The vitality of these four organizations remains unimpaired, however; their resourceful vigor is an unceasing surprise. They deserve study if only because these are the organizations which will assume the leadership should big business ever decide the time has come to give up propaganda for other methods of national control which have proven so popular in Middle Europe. Indeed, the signs are not lacking that the big four are casting about for other means of operation.

II

Each of the big four of rightist propaganda has, in a way, its own task. The National Industrial Conference Board is the research organization, devoted to maintaining a fair-minded aspect while developing fat facts with which to fight liberal pretensions. The Chamber of Commerce of the United States makes formal representations to the Federal government on behalf of business. The National Association of Manufacturers is a heavy-handed, slugging outfit that goes to court in a never-ending legalistic endeavor to dump the New Deal apple-cart. The Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York is the guerilla outfit of the holy war for rugged individualism; it snipes constantly from the sidelines, with more influence than any other one-State business organization, because it speaks for so many national businesses centered in New York. The team-work of the four is perfect; they play together; they think alike and they are not above a bit of rough-and-tumble scrapping outside the ethics of standard argumentation and inquiry.

You glance at the New York *Times* to read in a page 1 headline: "Sustained Upturn in Recovery Near, Industry Believes." The smaller headline, technically called the bank, informs you that: "U. S. Chamber of Commerce Says Improved Sentiment Noted Has 'a Basis for It'." A still smaller headline declares that: "'Feeling of Freedom from Danger of Unpredictable Outside Influence' Is Seen." That last line is somewhat cryptic and unless one has followed similar front-page stories (they average ten a month), one would hardly guess that the "unpredictable outside influence" which bothers the Chamber is nothing less than possible government action which might affect business,

and that this story, so cheerful, so optimistic, is really only one bullet in a long war to deter the government from engaging in any "unpredictable outside influence."

The story cited above appeared on November 24, 1934. On April 7, 1934, Henry I. Harriman, president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, reported that "on every hand there appear encouraging signs of further business recovery," but that the "advance" was threatened by pending legislative proposals. On September 25 the Chamber sang a different tune, found that "lack of confidence" was widespread because of governmental policies. At least half a dozen times between the April statement and the November statement the Chamber doubled thus in its tracks; at one time reporting a solid progress threatened by governmental interference, at others an actual breakdown due to such interference. It might be instructive to follow out this right strategy briefly to learn to recognize this propaganda when it is offered, and to see the peculiar direction the long fight has taken.

Henry I. Harriman started the year (January 2, 1934) with the estimate that unemployment had decreased by 4,000,000 since the Roosevelt inaugural. Operating on a distinctly friendly basis, he declared that "our own recovery measures have had an important part. It is clear, beyond any chance of doubt, that they have been the most important factors in our domestic situation." Harriman found also that "prevention of unfair competition may become a permanent part of our American business practise." Issuing a twelve-point program, Harriman had not even a mean word to say about labor or about Section 7a, since the major 7a issue had not yet fully developed. Only one ominous note appeared in the entire dozen points: "Ad-

justment of relief expenditures to prevent their having a detrimental effect upon the normal activities of the different communities of the country." (Remember that; before the next New Year's Day that ambiguous statement was translated into a Federal order cutting relief work wages below thirty cents an hour so as "not to compete with prevailing rates of pay in private industry." As we go on with the Harriman statements of the year we shall be amazed at the number of his proposals that became official New Deal policy and action.)

Playing the same game of heading off further legislation by citing present progress, Harriman reported a "48% increase in business." Self-consciously "coöperating with the New Deal," he fired only the mildest opening gun of the new Congressional campaign against the securities act passed the year before:

I believe thoroughly in the objectives of this act, and I think that in some ways its provisions should be strengthened. On the other hand, its penalties are, in my judgment, greater than is required to secure the fulfillment of its purpose and are retarding the sale of securities. . . .

By the end of February, 1934, it was clear that in addition to the securities act some sort of act would be passed putting the stock exchanges under Federal control. The fair-minded approach of just the month before was dropped at once and on the twenty-fifth the Chamber of Commerce raised the cry of alarm that "provisions of this bill [the Fletcher-Reynolds bill] . . . make clear an intention that the commission should even say who may be directors and officers." This was nonsense, of course; there was no such intention made clear in the bill at all, but the bill did propose embarrassing publicity for corporation finances and something was

needed to fight it. After its New Year bow to the liberal-reform legislation of the past the Chamber did not hesitate to make the false statement sketched above to fight projected liberal-reform legislation for the future, and the *New York Times*, which often looks like a clippingsheet for the Chamber, did not hesitate to run a column and a half of the guff.

It was this particular fight against both the securities act of 1933 and the pending stock exchange control bill that showed the methods of the big four quite clearly. The Chamber of Commerce of the United States kept up a running fire, landing on the front pages constantly because of a neat setup that enables it to issue statements as if they came from four or five different sources, though the source is invariably the same. Thus it made the papers on February 26 with a warning against the securities act, issued in its *Washington Review*, a fortnightly moan about the New Deal. It made the papers on April 1 with another warning by a "special committee." In between times it peppered at other aspects of the recovery program with statements by its board of directors and by its "Committee on Federal Taxation," and, when these began to run thin, by direct statements from its president, Henry I. Harriman.

While the Chamber strove thus valiantly against securities controls, the National Industrial Conference Board issued its research reports, stressing, in handsomely printed publications, the need for new capital. The Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York made publicity in its own way by organizing a meeting at which Fred F. French, the real estate man, could speak up against the securities act. The Merchants Association of New York, a lesser organization on the same order as the others, and one which issues more state-

ments than all the others combined, formally demanded amendments to the securities act on February 12, 1934; opposed the stock exchange control bill on March 27; demanded amendments to the securities act again on April 14; and on several later occasions. Almost identical procedure was followed by all these organizations in opposing the Wagner bill to outlaw the company union, in opposing unemployment insurance, insurance of bank deposits, the St. Lawrence waterway development treaty (the utility angle enters here; all these organizations, like almost all local chambers of commerce, are practically utility mouthpieces), in opposing "inflation" whenever a relief appropriation was contemplated, and in maintaining a constant clatter for a "new N.R.A." with more "self-government for business" and less "bureaucracy."

III

The Chamber of Commerce of the United States is the Lord Privy Council of the organization that includes the forty-eight State Chambers of Commerce and the uncounted city, town and county chambers of commerce. It sits on top of the heap, steering the thinking of the organizations below, steaming them up to action when "danger threatens." The smaller chambers hold their own meetings to "formulate local policy," which is to say, to adopt resolutions sent to them or strongly indicated as desirable by Washington.

A major method of determining policy, and of getting continuous publicity while doing so, is to conduct referenda among the business men who are members of the local chambers. The local chambers poll their individual members; the State chambers total the results; the national chamber gets the figures on the front page of

the New York *Herald Tribune*. The questions put to the membership are perhaps the best modern examples of *petitio principii* extant. One often seen is: "Do you favor the retention by Congress of its legislative powers as against their transfer to the executive?" A yes answer is presumed to be a vote against the New Deal. In the same manner when the Chamber, fighting for a better and happier America, addressed six questions to the President on September 24, 1934, the first one ran: "When and how is it proposed to balance the Federal budget?" Not, *is* it proposed to balance the budget, but *when* and *how*. The Chamber, composed of business men, knows the old salesman's trick of assuming at the start of a delicate negotiation that the most important point has already been decided. Another question in the series was: "Is it the policy of the Administration to continue the construction of public works not now needed?" A yes answer and the Chamber rhetoricians would be ready with their thunder, and even a no answer would be an implied admission that the Administration had actually been engaged in the construction of public works that were not needed. President Roosevelt read the queries and, in one of the strongest statements he ever made against the amiable leaders of American industry, remarked that he didn't have to answer all the questions which the "organizations representing American business" chose to ask of him, and he declared that the questions reminded him of the old vaudeville gag: "When are you going to stop beating your wife?"

This series of questions was addressed to the President during one of the brief periods in which the Chamber was attempting strong-arm methods. Two months after this unpleasant outburst Hariman again (the seventh time that year

by actual count) found business on the mend and declared that he felt a spirit of confidence which he would try to instill into all other business men. The statement ushered in the fall, as distinguished from the spring, era of good feeling on the part of the Chamber; but there were all kinds of changes of viewpoint during the year. Generally the coöperative viewpoint was held as the one which promised most in dealing with the wild radical in the White House. On April 30, 1934, the Chamber issued a report on the N.R.A., which, in general, on the basis of a questionnaire, found that business men were in favor of the codes. The report included this ingenuous statement on the labor situation under N.R.A.

In some cities it is apparent that disputes are settled locally without much trouble. Where self-reliance was not practised, or was impossible, there were numerous complaints about the delays incident to "remote control," "red tape," and the like. There were also complaints about "lack of government coöperation, influence of outside unions and the like."

The ideology here is one which the Chamber was to play more heavily later on. Business men can get along with their workers, so the thought runs, so long as disputes are kept within the family. Where the government attempts to make the right of collective bargaining secure (even though it makes the attempt as feebly as has the Roosevelt Administration), that constitutes "remote control" and "red tape." The objection to the "influence of outside unions" is cut from the same ideological cloth and relates back to a basic notion the Chamber plugged all year: Business men must protect their workmen against the racketeering monopoly which the A. F. of L. was attempting to establish "from the outside."

On the very day the above report ap-

peared, the Committee on Federal Taxation of the Chamber came out against higher income taxes. But not because business men object to paying higher taxes: simply because the government would lose revenue under a higher rate scale. "In view of the dependence which has been placed upon it, the break-down of the income tax would be disastrous to the government from the revenue standpoint. Danger of such a break-down has already appeared." This was "helping" the Administration, and on May 2, 1934, Harriman, still "helping," gave the New Deal his approval and reported that actual unemployment was only 4,000,000. He reached this figure by one of the most curious statistical processes on record, and one that would never have been employed but for the pressing need to prove that no more reform legislation was required. Mr. Harriman started by assuming that there were 11,000,000 so-called unemployed. But 4,000,000 of these had "jobs" on Federal emergency relief projects. Count them out, and we have 7,000,000 jobless. We must remember, says Harriman, that we *always* have at least 3,000,000 *normally* unemployed. Leave them out of it, and we have only 4,000,000 unemployed to bother about. Aren't we making progress?

IV

The National Industrial Conference Board has no time for the transparent methods and sickly dodges of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. It is the mainspring of right ideology, serious, dignified and able (save when it loses its temper occasionally over Roosevelt), and it stands in about the same relation to the Chamber as Karl Marx's Greek footnotes stand to the corner stump speaker for the Young People's Socialist League. Its

function is to pioneer in the collection and interpretation of statistics of business from the Tory viewpoint. Its president is Dr. Virgil Jordan, of whose fighting technique more anon. Its members and supporters are various national business associations, including the National Association of Manufacturers, and many individual firms. Several monthly publications speed to an anxious world from its headquarters on Park Avenue. It prepares ponderous studies of unemployment, of wage levels, of price trends, of labor organization.

It is one of the very few scientific organizations in the world to come to definite rightist conclusions on the basis of careful and "detached" study of economic phenomena. Its estimates of the extent of unemployment run consistently lower than those of the A. F. of L.; on at least one occasion, by as much as four millions. It plays the same tune as the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, finding it profitable to prove there is less and less unemployment at a time when Federal relief rolls say there is more and more. It assumes that when a man is at work on a Federal relief project he is employed, and it promptly forgets about him, recalling his existence indirectly only when it bewails the rising tide of governmental expenditures, including those for relief.

The motto of this band of earnest seekers is "Let There Be Light." Pursuing its policy of somewhat forced-draught illumination, the National Industrial Conference Board got out a chaste little leaflet last spring, detailing the great burden that new government costs were putting on American business and how business was struggling under the load. This leaflet, published at a time when profits were going up enormously and real wages down, was sold at cost in carload lots to large corporations for insertion in pay

envelopes and for mailing with dividend checks. The charter of the National Industrial Conference Board covenants that it shall always be impartial in its search for ultimate truth.

Virgil Jordan, elected president and chief executive officer of the Board in 1932, is one of the country's most resourceful and arrogant opponents of liberal legislation. At the time of his election he made the somewhat ominous statement that: "Knowledge alone may no longer be enough; united action may also be needed; but knowledge will certainly always be indispensable to wise and effective action." Perhaps the issuance of propaganda leaflets comes under the head of wise and effective action; perhaps Mr. Jordan contemplates a more direct attack; certainly, the National Industrial Conference Board and Mr. Jordan, who was associated with it for years before becoming its president, have always known where they were going and why. They planned a sort of N.R.A. in 1925, for one thing.

That statement will be surprising only to liberals of the more fervidly Rooseveltian type, the sort who were disappointed when the N.R.A. developed monopoly-breeding, price-fixing and consumer-dominating tendencies totally out of key with the popular conception of the New Deal. As a matter of fact, business has wanted an N.R.A. for more than a decade, and has constantly worked to achieve one. Business has wanted an N.R.A., because business did not want anti-trust laws, and the Rotarian approach of "service" through altruistic trade associations joined in code authorities makes a good American substitute for the mild tethers of the Sherman and Clayton Acts.

Thus we find that in May, 1925, the National Industrial Conference Board was aglow with the "great promise to the na-

tion and to industry" that would come about through "voluntary coöperation between trade associations and government agencies." The reports of that early day already talk like a New Deal agency release in emphasizing the "growing development of codes of business ethics and standards" which, of course, marks the "beginnings of a movement in the right direction." The Board found that as yet unrealized possibilities lay in the future development of trade associations and that through the medium of the trade association movement a properly balanced policy, avoiding the extremes of "unfettered, unregulated competition" and "authoritative control of industry under bureaucratic forms," might be developed.

The Board was certain, in a published report of ten years ago, that pressure of group opinion might be a more effective force for regulation than "rigidly coercive legal measures." It was this train of thought that blossomed into the Swope plan just before Roosevelt, and became the N.R.A. with Roosevelt, only to draw the fire of a great section of business opinion when it was finally adopted, because a few labor guaranties were considered necessary to mask over the destruction of the whole edifice of anti-trust law. But the National Industrial Conference Board, heavy with the wisdom that big business has and that small business does not have, has held for the N.R.A. through thick and thin, knowing that for the sacrifices made, there would be the great prizes of unrestricted monopoly control at the end of that bright New Deal rainbow. If anything is needed to show the Board's consciousness of its big business mission one need only point to one of its recent releases which declares, with a wholly inexplicable glee, that "few huge factories are found in America" and that the number

of small, individually-owned enterprises is simply overwhelming.

The major specific contributions of the National Industrial Conference Board to the attack on Roosevelt have been against the few sops to public opinion it was found necessary to insert into the N.R.A. It has prepared exhaustive surveys of the race between legitimate and company unionism; has found that company unions have grown much faster than independent unions; has taken pride in the report that only 9% of American workers are in independent unions, as against 45% in company unions; and has, in a special release and a towering rage, avowedly departed from its "impartiality" because it could no longer restrain itself at the spectacle of an Administration forcing an A. F. of L. labor monopoly on the country, an expression of sentiment that ought to make some of the earnest gentlemen who have tried to enforce Section 7a very thoughtful. Among its other major accomplishments are monthly statistical charts which invariably show wages in the manufacturing industries to be higher than the A. F. of L. finds them to be, and a cost of living survey almost unique among similar studies in that it finds real wages to have increased steadily through the progress of the New Deal.

V

If the National Industrial Conference Board is the war college of the propaganda from the right, and the Chamber of Commerce of the United States the advocate general, the National Association of Manufacturers is the shock troop brigade. This organization does the rough work, with little attempt at diplomacy or concealment. It lobbies openly against progressive legislation, it sets up a war chest for test cases

against Section 7a, it openly calls on manufacturers to defy the National Labor Relations Board and promises to pay the legal expenses of all who refuse to submit to that Board's rulings. It is a browbeating body which knows what it wants, and it often embarrasses the Chamber of Commerce of the United States by refusing to play the little game known as coöperating with the Administration.

Its constitution is a model of simplicity. It simply states that the organization will be composed of such and such units; that it will meet at such and such times; that dues will be what they are, and that is all. No preamble, no high "purposes," no gestures, just a clean, stripped fighting unit whose motives are plain for all who labor in the cause of social justice to see. For its background one need only keep in mind that it is closely linked with the various State associations of manufacturers that have lobbied so vigorously against labor legislation all over the country. One of its guiding spirits is Joseph R. Grundy, czar of Bristol, Pa., the man who once remarked it was a piece of fanatical cruelty to pass legislation preventing boys of twelve from working ten hours a day and earning their own livings.

January, 1934, was Coöperation Month, and the National Association of Manufacturers pledged full coöperation with the New Deal on the thirteenth. Then it began. On the thirtieth William Green was accusing the N.A.M. of conspiring to wreck the labor safeguards of the National Industrial Recovery Act; on February 21 the N.A.M. was demanding that union agents submit proof of authorization when they requested collective bargaining; on March 4 it fired a shot against the wistful Wagner bill that would have outlawed company unions; on March 20 it had lined up the steel and auto industries to make

special protests against the bill. It continued this pecking through the summer months on a reduced scale, and its two greatest exploits of the year came in the fall.

One was its handling of the famous Houde case, the other its poll of the views of Congressional candidates just before the last election. In the Houde case Chairman Lloyd K. Garrison of the National Labor Relations Board astonished both the Administration and business by deciding to take Section 7a of the National Industrial Recovery Act seriously. He ordered an election of Houde employ  s to determine which union they preferred, and ordered, in addition, that the union so selected would become the exclusive agency for collective bargaining with the Houde company—the important “majority rule” doctrine that the old Wagner National Labor Board had applied in the Denver street car case. The National Association of Manufacturers announced at once that it would fight the order to the limit; it advised Houde not to submit; and it offered legal help to any manufacturer anywhere who needed it in making a test case of any similar order with regard to his own establishment. This defiance came about, strangely enough, hardly a month before the fall “truce with big business” filled all the papers. It went along simultaneously with that period of “truce,” apparently without embarrassing either the Administration or the N.A.M. members who were calling happily on the President at that time.

But the masterpiece was the questionnaire submitted by the N.A.M. to all candidates for Congress, in an effort to sound out their views on the major public problems. If the questions put to Roosevelt by the United States Chamber of Commerce were unfair, there is hardly an adjective fit to describe the ethical level and judicial

tone of this list of twelve pertinent questions. Some of the choicer queries in the barrage ran thus:

1. Do you believe Congress should resume its full legislative and deliberative powers?

2. Do you favor government control of the management of private business?

4. Do you believe that employ  s should be free to join or not to join a legitimate labor organization of any sort without coercion from any source? [Note what a perfect opening for company unionism is provided by a “yes” answer to this question that seems so fair on its face, but the words “company union” are never used by the N.A.M.]

9. Do you believe that the power of taxation should be used solely for securing revenue for the legitimate functions of government? [Watch your step—a “yes” answer is a vote against the domestic allotment-processing tax form of farm relief. It is to the interest of manufacturers to keep farm prices down.]

12. [The prize.] Do you believe in operating by law, through such measures as compulsory unemployment insurance, old-age pensions, etc., a private right to publicly controlled funds, thus reducing the efforts of individuals to provide for themselves and increasing their willingness to rely on the government for support, thereby aggravating the very evils which such legislation is intended to relieve?

Of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York it is enough to say that it was chartered by King George III, and that during the course of last year it opposed, by resolutions, letters, speeches and reports, which made their way regularly into all the best newspapers, the following: “experimentation,” an unbalanced budget, the Roosevelt monetary policy, securities legislation, unemployment insurance, the Wagner anti-company union bill, the silver bill, the central bank, and, of course, the St. Lawrence treaty, that nightmare of the private utility interests.

VI

There is a body of liberal opinion in this country which feels very strongly that if business is only clever enough to make certain concessions, the profit system can be saved. The Big Four organizations of big business seem determined to prove that business is not clever enough to make any such concessions. They will yield not the tenth, not the hundredth part of an inch; they will stoop to any arguments and almost any propagandist tactics to prevent reform; they are intransigent and seem likely to move on to greater, not less intransigence. Thus at the conclusion of a year and a half of conscious struggle against liberal reform, a major recommendation of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States is the proposal that all "subversive propaganda" be made illegal and barred from the mails. That this thought itself is most subversive of some of the sacred tenets of the Constitution the Chamber weeps for seems not to have entered its head.

It is interesting to speculate on the psychology back of this latest suggestion. Is the Chamber weary of fighting projected reforms, and is it reaching the stage where it toys with the idea of outlawing discussion of those reforms? The Chamber of Commerce of the United States, the N.A.M., and the National Industrial Conference Board must know what undignified figures they cut when they have to feign coöperation with the President and pretend to cheer that which sickens them. It must seem to them at times that they are sadly put upon to be forced to go to such lengths to fight the attacks of men

who are not even business leaders. They have had their way so long, they have been so indisputably the royal family, that they must bitterly resent being asked to substantiate their claims with fact and data, to support their ideas with pure reason.

How long will the country enjoy the cat-and-mouse game of a big business movement that pretends it is friendly to reform, while fighting reform secretly; that makes a show of conciliation while sworn not to compromise, before there is an open crack-up and the teeth are bared in some public manner?

But perhaps we are safe from an American Fascism. After all, Fascism will come only when democracy actually threatens to accomplish what it was established to accomplish, only when it succeeds in making a fundamental alteration in an unbalanced economic system. And what has democracy accomplished in the last year? Put it another way: just what have the Big Four wanted during the year gone by? They have wanted modification of the securities act, destruction of the central bank plan, devitalization of the enforcement of Section 7a, perpetuation of the company union, hamstringing of the enforcement of the stock exchange control act, no real recognition for labor or consumer in the N.R.A., abolition of minimum standards for relief project wages and a slackening of recovery expenditures.

And, for all the new liberal thunder in Washington, and for all the transparent flimsiness of the propaganda from the right, hasn't big business won the victory on every one of these major points—every single one?

TROUBLES OF AMERICAN CATHOLICISM

BY LESTER P. ELIOT

A FEW years ago, if a New York traffic policeman gave you the right of way with a friendly "Drive on, Mac," some bigot would hasten to warn you that "Mac" meant "Make America Catholic," and that, as a password among Knights of Columbus, was a signal example of the nefarious Papist plot. But since 1929 even the blindest of K.K.K. zealots has become aware that the Roman Catholic Church in this country is not the well-oiled machine of tradition—that, on the contrary, it shows all the signs of being badly out of order.

If "Mac" ever did have any such significance as "Make America Catholic," it certainly possesses now all the preposterous flavor of a booster slogan. For the Church, in reality, is fighting less to annex a large body of Protestants than it is to hold its own communicants. It has been forced by the seismic changes in the country's economic surface to fear for its hitherto impregnable financial position, and unrest among its members has driven it from its cloistered abstention from politics.

The *ci-devant* institution of conservatism has been displaying radical tendencies and it looks as if Peter—American Peter—is exchanging his centuries-old rock for the concrete and steel foundation of a New Deal in Catholicism. But, just as the Roosevelt attempt to salvage the economic system seems doomed to failure, so the Church's reconstruction efforts are ap-

parently futile. For today the decadence of the Church, like that of the nation, is traceable to many old and deep-seated maladies.

If the Church had not gained 39,528 converts in 1930, according to the figures of the official Catholic Directory, it would have shown a loss of 26,123. These are astonishing figures. Put them in a ratio with the twenty million Catholics in this country and you wonder what the vast proselytizing organization, with its Jesuits, Dominicans, Paulists, etc., has been doing all this time. Moreover, you perceive that this slim margin of converts masks in reality a tremendous loss. Twenty million Catholics—members largely of prolific Irish and other immigrant families, warned by their Church against birth control, the majority trained in parochial schools, sustained by a systematic observance of the sacraments far stricter than in Continental countries, surrounded by elaborate precautions against inter-marriage with non-Catholics—have not, in spite of all these intricate regulations, shown the normal increase due to birth and conversions. No wonder that Catholic periodicals have been filled with the phrase, "Catholic leakage."

"Catholic leakage" is not entirely news to acuter observers in the Church. While some clerics, in the false security of boosterism, have rejoiced at the fact that the Church has grown from a mere 30,000 a century and a half ago to the present

imposing millions—from one Catholic in a hundred at the time of the Revolution to one in six under the New Deal—others have been wondering. Thirty years ago Bishop McFaul of Trenton made the statement that the Church in the United States had lost 30,000 members. Incredible, perhaps very much exaggerated. But in the priests' "trade journal," the *Homiletic and Pastoral Review*, there is a statement by a pastor: "Of the 120,000,000 people in these United States, only 20,000,000 are Catholic. Considering immigration and natural growth, at least 40,000,000 ought to be Catholic." This is nearer the truth.

What are the cracks and crevices in this fold? One, at least, is not difficult to find. For decades, a human bridge of baptized has stretched to this country from Europe—from such countries as Ireland, Germany, Austria, Poland, Italy, Spain and the Near East; and these pilgrims have found their Canaan not in the rural regions, but in the great cities and industrial centers of this country. It is a commonplace that the most faithful members of any religion are the peasants—this is so in hill-billy Alabama as well as in Brittany; and the converse is true also. In the cities, people fall away from faith. The disintegrating effect of industrial centers on family life, higher education in public schools, lack of supervision by parish priests—so runs the priestly explanation of this side of Catholic leakage.

Whatever the cause, there are some amazing facts about this escape of urban sheep from the Roman Catholic shepherds. Italians have settled mainly in the cities in this country. The Catholic authorities themselves admit that there are more Italian Protestant churches here than there are Italian Catholic churches, and that there are more Italian Protestant ministers than Italian Catholic priests. Italian Ep-

worth Leagues, Italian Sunday-schools, more than forty former Italian Catholic priests in one Biblical seminary within a short period, more than sixty Italian Protestant churches in New York City, five Italian Protestant churches in Milwaukee to one Italian Catholic church—so runs the record of these "soupers," as the faithful call them. The countrymen of Pius XI have quite evidently taken another road to Damascus.

Among the Slavs, there are similar defections. Many Lithuanians have broken away and there is a Lithuanian National Church in this country with a membership of 1,500. Far more important is the case of the Poles. Poland is one of the great Catholic states of Europe, yet its American immigrants have not been extraordinarily faithful. There is a schismatic Polish Catholic Church in the mining districts of Pennsylvania with a membership of over 60,000 persons, organized in about 100 parishes with priests and bishops of its own and about \$4,000,000 worth of property. The *Catholic Vigil* describes this as "the worst schism in America."

Another example. In Rhode Island, the autocratic Bishop Hickey used to rule his flock of Irish and French Canadians with an iron crozier. The Irish were submissive to one of their own race, but the French-Canadians in 1925 rebelled. Their priests, educated in Quebec, had a natural racial antagonism to their Celtic superior; they also resented the burdensome *cathedraticum* which he imposed. (The *cathedraticum* is the bishops' "pence," the contribution which each parish must make towards diocesan expenses.) Bishop Hickey insisted on 5% of the pew money, an unusually heavy tax, amounting to about \$75,000 a year. French Catholics in remote mill towns objected to funds going to the making of English-speaking schools and

orphanages in metropolitan Providence—and they had some very vocal lay spokesmen. These men went to the extent of suing the bishop in connection with these funds—and one of them was excommunicated for his pains. Some of their sympathetic pastors resigned and returned to Canada. Bishop Hickey won a technical victory, but vast desertions from the Church continued until, as the priests put it, “Almighty God solved the problem by the death of the Bishop.”

Another feud, which has never taken such serious outward form, is the antagonism between the dominant Irish and the moderately powerful German elements—a fight which smoulders silently in the juggling of appointments to desirable parishes and episcopal sees.

It might all have been avoided, say some Churchmen, if the bishops in this country had followed the tenets of wise old Archbishop Ireland. They recall that this prelate fought for the Americanization of all Catholics, the dropping of old-country clannishness, and the dominance of the English language. He lost. The bishops encouraged these racial groups to teach their own tongues in their parochial schools, they carefully appointed only priests of the dominant nationality in the parish, and they even countenanced parishes of the Uniat Church, a Near East sect affiliated with the Roman communion. There are today in the United States Uniatist priests married according to their custom, and with families.

Racial autonomy within the church is a double-edged sword, say some. It is the only effective way of dealing with the dangerous, faith-sapping urban problem, say others. In fact, the Church has an insoluble problem on its hands—the old conflict between international control and national prejudices.

II

However, these losses due to racial antagonisms are but one problem. The French-Canadian imbroglio in Rhode Island allowed a glimpse of a more fundamental trouble.

Rome is very far from Moscow, but the dialectic of the Marxians can well be applied to the Church however much its apologists may dislike such methods. Peter's rock in the Middle Ages may have been the Faith, but in this modern, capitalistic world it has to have a substratum of money to survive. Racial autonomy within the Church may or may not be necessary, but financial autonomy is a *sine qua non*.

The early fathers of the Church in this country soon found this out. The recent French-Canadian affray revived talk of another, an almost forgotten feud—the fight for lay control. Forgotten by all save the “*Annuario Vaticanario*,” the Pope's thick hand-book of vast and universal fold. The “*Annuario*,” in its chapter on the American Church, laments that in an otherwise happy history, American bishops once had trouble with some laymen who wanted to control temporal expenditure of spiritual funds.

It was an interesting clash of environment and ecclesiastical heredity. After the Revolution, American Catholics, taking color from their political surroundings, sought to apply democratic institutions to the management of their church. Thus in many dioceses committees of laymen controlled the finances until the powerful Bishop England, irked at this interference, led the fight for vesting of financial control in the hands of the hierarchy. He won, but it was a bitter struggle and the Church lost many members, particularly in Philadelphia, where the spirit of those who resisted England still persists. Every

few years, Catholics of this city show themselves independent, if not in financial matters, at least in their preference for pastors. In 1932, one pastor was kept captive in his own sacristy by affectionate parishioners when the Bishop ordered his transference to another church.

But Bishop England's victory established once and for all the supreme control of the Church over its revenues. There were many clashes with civil law at first. Civil law, particularly in this country, has often been bewildered in dealing with the Roman Church. In one State, justices blocked testamentary provisions willing money for masses for the soul of the departed, on the grounds that the "beneficiary was vague." But such myopia in regard to money matters was carefully removed by the adroit political strategy of Irish Catholics.

The law now varies in details, according to the codes of the various States, but in all cases the hierarchy is legally and actually supreme in the control of church funds. Bond issues on Catholic property are made out in the name of "The Bishop of — and his successors." In some States, civil law requires that a committee composed of the Bishop, the Chancellor of the diocese (a priest), the pastor and two laymen administer the funds of a parish. But however this may differ in accordance with statute law, always, be it noted, the laymen are in a powerless minority.

Thus the fundamental power was consolidated, but also the fundamental trouble began. Not at first, for the clergy took pride in their conservative policy in finances. Church loans were modest and commitments small for decades—until the maddest decade of them all changed the cautious priests. Between 1920 and 1930, a fever of building construction agitated the body spiritual. According to the National Catholic Welfare Council, Amer-

ican Catholics spent over \$100,000,000 a year on schools. In addition to this, orphanages, churches, homes for the aged, missionary shrines, hospitals, went up at a rate comparable to the accompanying building of apartments, hotels and factories. The most conservative of American institutions yielded to the prevailing boom spirit.

Strange but typically American symptoms appeared. Father Flanagan, the orphanage priest of Omaha, built his home for boys with a tiled swimming pool, gymnasium and other frills. He utilized the new invention, the radio, to obtain contributions; he employed a firm of publicity agents to assist his "drives," and when the Governor of Washington sentenced a minor boy to prison, Father Flanagan, with the press behind him in full cry, demanded that the boy be given to him to care for. The Governor objected in language that implied that the reverend Father was a publicity hound. Other priests were similarly spectacular—Father Hubbard, the glacier priest, flew to mass in a plane. Drives for diocesan funds had all the flamboyance and trappings of a Liberty Loan campaign.

Catholic bond issues were welcome in all insurance offices and banks. Bond sellers, Catholic securities in their portfolios, went forth with confidence that they could sell anyone—save Catholics. For, curious note, Catholics rarely bought their own Church securities—they usually felt that when redemption time came they would be called upon to make a contribution of the principal. But non-Catholics were eager to get them. Hinterland dioceses as a rule raised money by bond issues or mortgage coupon note issues. In the larger cities of the East, churches had only to apply to the banks and favorable short term loans were obtained.

Those were the palmy days when Cardinal Hayes of New York had a borrowing power of over \$200,000,000. Cardinal Mundelein of Chicago got a \$1,280,000 bond issue from Halsey Stuart for the College of the Propaganda in Rome.

Soaring among such exalted spheres, the Church wealth in those days must have been enormous. But even in their arrogance, the bishops never revealed their balance sheets. Figures on this rich institution are virtually impossible to get, and such are the varied positions of the many dioceses that generalizations on such figures that are obtainable are extremely precarious.

However, some idea may be obtained from a study of the financial position, in 1929, of three dioceses which had to give figures in order to market their bond issues:

<i>Population of Diocese</i>	<i>Bonded Debt</i>	<i>Assessed Valuation</i>
Cleveland 540,000	\$150,000	\$150,000,000
St. Augustine, Florida 51,000	750,000	15,000,000
Galveston, Texas 139,500	233,500	10,000,000

Pro-rating the per capita wealth of these three dioceses and multiplying this figure by the 20,000,000 Catholics in the country, one arrives at \$880,000,000. A very modest total, for the three dioceses, one may be sure, did not over-value their property (the menace of taxation still scares the hierarchy). Furthermore, these three dioceses are relatively poor; wealth is centered in the great cities of the East. Moreover, according to statements of the National Catholic Welfare Council, the Church expended over \$500,000,000 in schools alone. All factors considered, the wealth of the American Catholic Church must have been at least \$2,000,000,000 in 1929.

But not all this vast sum was spent on American Catholics. With the boom era, the American Catholic Church came of age. Its hierarchy now could aspire to vie with their European colleagues for Papal favor. And nothing was more useful in attaining higher rank, more preferment, more "red hats," than the colossal funds which American Catholics poured into Papal coffers. Rome has the last word on appointments. Monsignors who wish to become bishops, bishops who aspire to archbishoprics and those dignitaries who dream of cardinalates had to present their credentials to the Vatican. The credentials, needless to say, were best reinforced by "contributions."

Of course, there is an official machinery for the offerings of Catholics throughout the world to the Holy Father. Peter's Pence is a collection taken up in all churches once a year. In this country it is accompanied by collections from two other organizations, the Society for the Propagation of the Faith and the Near East Relief. These three sources of Papal collections furnished in pre-depression times, according to some estimates, about \$4,000,000 a year. This sum is said to be greater than from all the rest of the Catholic countries combined. The American Church should stand high in Papal favor.

But which princes of this rich dominion were to partake most liberally of this patronage?

Here enters an interesting element in hierarchical politics. In one year the Bishop of Detroit journeyed to Rome with a contribution said to be \$125,000. But on the same route went the Bishop of Newark with the purported sum of \$175,000. It would seem as if the faithful of these dioceses were especially affectionate towards the Pope. As a matter of fact, Peter's Pence collections among the con-

gregations are usually quite modest in this country. The bishop, however, of each diocese may swell the Pence with his own personal contribution—which, of course, comes from the same source. If he has no ambition for advancement, his addition to the Pence is small and he spends the summer at Lake George instead of Rome. Cardinal Hayes rarely curries favor with the Vatican; among American prelates he is not considered Rome-minded. Cardinal Mundelein, on the other hand, makes many trips to Italy. His name has been mentioned often as a possible candidate for succession to the papacy.

The outward expression of this economic power, this hierarchical megalomania came in 1928. Two years before, the Eucharistic Congress held in Chicago was a sumptuous display, for the benefit of non-Catholics, of the power of a sect which did not feel entirely emancipated in the American scene. But with the Presidential nomination of Governor Smith, American Catholics even more than their prelates could feel that they had come of age.

Meanwhile, as money poured in from generous confraternities of the laity, the figures from the Catholic census were rather on the bearish side. Population figures increased from 19,483,296 in 1927 to 19,689,049 in 1928—a paltry advance. The clergy, although vaguely aware that something was wrong, only grumbled about the strictness of the immigration acts which cut off quotas from Catholic countries, or launched new drives against birth control.

And then came 1929. The Church in this year began a Calvary for the extravagances of the preceding decade. At the start, there were slight diminutions in parochial budgets, with the cancelling of a few of the more superfluous building

projects and less of those expensive summer vacations in Rome. As the first year wore on, wealthy patrons became less numerous and the committee which awards the Laetare Medal had some difficulty in finding the deserving and affluent wearer. The collection box rattled vainly in front of the poorer kneelers in the expensive varnished pews.

By 1931 unprecedented events occurred. A number of Catholic institutions and dioceses defaulted on interest and principal. In this condition were the dioceses of Sioux Falls, South Dakota, Fresno-Monterey, California, and Belen College. The Archdiocese of the Philippines, under American bishops, was in a bankrupt condition and could not borrow money even from the great New York Catholic institution, the Emigrant Savings Bank. The Bishop of Cleveland met his interest requirements but could not make payments on the principal of his loan; re-funding had to be arranged. In a similar predicament were the Bishops of Galveston and St. Augustine. These cases were on record, but many more were mentioned in rumors. Catholic securities, in spite of their previous high standing, went the way of most other securities in the depression. Early in 1931 banks and security buyers were clamoring for Catholic bonds; by the end of the year, in most dioceses, there was no market for new Catholic issues.

Catholic periodicals too suffered. The *Commonweal* had to resort to a drive for funds in order to keep from foundering—and it sent its printing away from labor-union New York to low-priced Pennsylvania sweat-shops. Diocesan weekly newspapers such as the *Pilot* (Boston) and the *New World* (Chicago) were in distress in spite of the disgracefully low wages paid to staffs.

It is noticeable that the defaults and non-payments of principal in the examples cited took place in the West and South. The Catholic East, while shaken, stood firm. The dioceses of New York, Boston and Philadelphia had more communicants and the Eastern clergy had been wiser during the grasshopper years. For New York diocesan authorities had had bitter experience years before with shifts of population—the Irish from lower Manhattan to the Bronx and Queens, for instance—and parishes were restrained from rash building programs and were more sagely apportioned according to population. As an example of how well New York Catholics weathered the depression, St. Gregory's Church in a moderately prosperous section of Manhattan reduced its loan of \$220,000 by \$35,000 in the year 1933.

So well off comparatively was New York that Cardinal Hayes extended help to the embarrassed Cincinnati diocese and to the bishop of Springfield, Massachusetts, who had been swindled by a Catholic financier. As the depression deepened, prominent lay Catholics in New York considered establishing a Catholic re-financing corporation to assist embarrassed dioceses in the hinterland.

III

But the Church needed much more than a Morgan J. O'Brien Plan or a Nicholas Brady Plan to resuscitate itself. It was very forcibly evident, from the picture composed of apathetic communicants, inter-racial feuds and financial distress, that it needed a Gosplan of the most drastic nature. There was no large-scale reconstruction forthcoming—for reasons which will be later explained. But there was a counter-attack, a definite reaction against

all these diverse corrosives. It was sporadic, it was without directing intelligence, it had none of the spiritual *élan* of the famous movements of the Middle Ages. But it was a counter-attack, after a fashion. In short, the Church, so long lulled into false and haughty security, found that it had to fight to survive. So the Church went out after business.

It was noticeable that the greatest financial losses were in the West and it was in this sector that the most potent assault took place.

Detroit was the place where the greatest explosion since the days of Lord Baltimore occurred. Detroit was the most spectacular example of the American depression, and quite naturally its financial troubles affected the hitherto prosperous see of Bishop Gallagher. When the big banks of Detroit closed, they tied up the funds of the diocese. The hostages which the Church had given to capitalism were murdered and the Church struck back. This situation explains the bankruptcy of the diocese, the intransigence of Bishop Gallagher and the astounding phenomenon of Father Coughlin.

Here are the financial facts which have fed the invective eloquence of the greatest radio reformer in the world. The Church in Detroit is indebted to banks on mortgage loans secured by Church and school properties to the amount of \$11,000,000. A very large proportion of the diocesan funds has been tied up in the banks and only about 40% distribution has been paid. Most of these funds were in the First National and it is against this bank that Father Coughlin has directed his most bitter attack. There is practically no market for the diocesan loans around fifty. Nor is there a market even around thirty for the bonds of the \$2,500,000 issue on the University of

Detroit, a Jesuit institution, in default as to interest and principal. Economics, indeed, has its effect on religion.

A debtor diocese brought forth Father Coughlin, a spokesman who presented the arguments for the great debtor cure-all, currency inflation. The spokesman's ecclesiastical superior permitted him, perhaps encouraged him, to spread this propaganda. The Eastern bishops, particularly Cardinal O'Connell of the rich Boston diocese, vigorously opposed him. Nothing daunted, he invaded enemy territory and in his Madison Square Garden speech in 1933 he squelched the Tory Al Smith. Later he drew up a general indictment of Cardinal O'Connell. The radio Savonarola took on all comers.

Thus it came about that Father Coughlin, as a result of a purely diocesan and fiscal dislocation, was able to exploit the distress and unexpressed radical feelings of millions of Catholics. The mass of humble communicants whose opinions, veering sharply to the left, could find no voice through the reactionary hierarchy, now joyously followed their new leader. Silenced were Al Smith, Cardinal O'Connell, and Monsignor Belford, and silent was the entire hierarchy before the power of the Detroit priest. The bishops knew, as one of them put it, that Father Coughlin could, if he so desired, cause a schism in the Church.

But the Church had no intention of letting a schism develop because its new John Baptist liked inflation. Tossing a bit restlessly through the boom years by loss of communicants, racial feuds, the birth control heresy and other maladies, the Church was now thoroughly awakened by the diminution of its greatest asset—financial power. It was willing to acquiesce in the fulminations of Coughlin. Indeed, it was disposed to go farther than

merely to acquiesce. The Church was now ready to add some radical red to the decorations of its purple altar.

In truth, this is not the first time that the Church has made a move to the left. Whenever industrial depression has in the past threatened Church revenues and made the body of Catholics discontented, the Church has spoken and its voice has left the diapason of conservatism for the shriller notes of what sounded like radicalism. In 1907 and in 1920 there were numerous expressions of opinion from Church authorities which were designed to make the Church appear as "the workers' Church."

So in the past few years, with Father Coughlin in the van, numerous Catholic leaders have been not at all backward in denouncing the present social order. They employ the Pope's words in his famous labor encyclical, "the tyrannical despotism" of capitalism. Some of the statements of these priests and lay spokesmen sound more like Union Square diatribes than utterances of the most conservative religionists. To say the least, they have done their part well in the counter-attack of the Church.

They speak of revolution. "The only question is," says Father Gillis, editor of the *Catholic World*, "whether it shall be a pacific one or a bloody one." And he goes on to designate capital's treatment of labor as "worse than that accorded an animal." "Capitalism has been committing suicide," says Dr. John A. Ryan, of the Catholic University in Washington, and he challenges its attempts to attribute the world depression to the inevitable course of a business cycle. The fact that the Pope, according to these leaders, says no Catholic can be a Socialist does not mean that Catholics "are bound hand and foot, body and soul, to the present capitalistic sys-

tem." The present policy, so says Dr. Wilfried Parsons, Jesuit editor of the official organ for the hierarchy, *America*, "actually has produced nothing but unlimited competition and unlimited opportunity for avarice and greed."

These are the practical voices of the Church. What do the theoreticians say? Father McGowan, prominent sociologist, hails a return to the medieval guild idea—not the Guild Socialism, to be sure, of G. D. H. Cole and Harold Laski, but something that resembles it without having the odious connotation of the word "Socialism." In the *World Tomorrow* Father McGowan asks: "Who now knows the exact industries that have to be owned publicly for the public good? Some certainly cannot be left in private hands; they are too important to the public." Rather should the ideal be a "guild system based on autonomous and democratic economic organization under governmental relationship."

Thus these men, with Father Coughlin in the most influential pulpit, have formed the shock troops of the Church's war on the depression. They are the instruments of an American counter-reformation which has the object of repairing breaches in its walls comparable to the ravages of Luther. They mask a program, which without definite organization or stated intent, nevertheless constitutes a counter-attack to refortify the Church in this country, clearing out and renovating old policies, announcing new and radical ones.

IV

Nothing is more significant of this attempt to refortify the Church, to win back wavering proletarians seduced by famine and Communism than the emergence of a paper called the *Catholic Worker*. Too

long has the Church relied for its power over labor on the A. F. of L. The majority of the leaders of this organization have long been Roman Catholics and have been the bulwarks of conservatism in that ultra-conservative body. But now that this body has more acutely than before shown its lack of hold on the workers, the Church needs a liaison with the really active forces in labor.

Enter Miss Dorothy Day, ex-Communist, former Greenwich Village habituée and recent convert to the Church. Miss Day has been running a hostel for unemployed girls on the East Side. But her chief labors have been literary. She is the editor of a definitely anti-A. F. of L. radical organ, the aforementioned *Catholic Worker*. It is an open secret that she carries on her work with the approval of the Cardinal, and the hand of the conservative Church is seen behind the attacks not only on conservative labor leaders, but also on the old *bête noire* of Catholicism—namely Communism. Without this, undoubtedly, the episcopal smile would fade. Accordingly, on May days and other left-wing celebrations she distributes her paper in the Red Square—Union Square. It commenced on May 1, 1933, with a circulation of 2,500 and now has reached the interesting figure of 25,000.

It seems rather odd to hear May 1 hailed as "Mary's Day" and to see headlines in a Catholic organ like these: "Capitalist Violence in Ambridge Strike Scored at Hearing"; "Catholic Church Called Only International"; "Machines and Products Belong to the Workers of the Nation"; "Bosses Spy Work for N.R.A. Sabotage"; "Soap Union Shows Up P. & G. Profit Shares as Exploiters' Dodge"; "Whither N.R.A.?" "The Menace of Industrial Fascism." And the cartoons are similarly vivid. There is one showing the back view

of a policeman with baton in clasped hands—caption, “Protection”—subtitle “But not often for the worker—He usually gets the club”; another of a fat capitalist with struggling workers in his pudgy hands—shades of the *New Masses* and Hugo Gellert! And quotations from Karl Marx, Lunacharsky, Dostoevsky (that bitter anti-Catholic) harmonize strangely with Aquinas and the encyclical lore of Pope Pius XI. Miss Day has carried over her Washington Square technique into columns of free verse. Here is a sample:

Some Catholics imagine
because Communism is wrong
that Capitalism must be right.
But the truth is
that Communism is wrong for the
same reason that Capitalism is not right.

Also:

“Capital,” says Karl Marx, “is accumulated
labor
not for the benefit of the laborers
but for the accumulators.”
And capitalists succeed in accumulating
labor
by treating labor, not as a gift,
but as a commodity.

But the *Catholic Worker* assists in another drive of the Church’s counter-attack. On its title head there are two little male figures, one bearing a pick over his shoulder, the other a sledge-hammer. The first is a white worker, the second colored. And the articles and news items in the *Worker* bear out this new policy of the Church to gather into the fold the traditionally Protestant black brother. The Scottsboro case is dealt with in terms which would please the *Modern Monthly* and Max Eastman, and there are such headlines as “Dire Plight of Negro under N.R.A.”; and “Colored Woman Appointed Factory Inspector”; “School for Negroes Work of Sisters”; “Slowly Opening Up Boulder Dam Employment to

Negro”; “Anti-Lynch Bill Before Congress”; “Real Racial Despair Confronts Negro.”

It is significant that at the same time two organizations are making a determined drive to enlist the Negro into their ranks—the Communists, *vide* Scottsboro, and the Catholic Church. The latter, formerly cool to the colored man and content to leave his spiritual care to the Baptists, even at times distinctly discriminatory against Negroes in churches, has awakened to find that it has been losing a very important field in American life. It realizes that there are now but 200,000 Negro Catholics, virtually the same number as during the Civil War—a real decrease, taking into account the rising Negro population in the past half-century.

Accordingly, there have been founded Negro seminaries, Negro parochial schools, three orders of Negro nuns, homes for the aged, orphanages, industrial schools, and homes for wayward Negro girls. In New York there is a church called Church of St. Benedict the Moor, a rather far-fetched racial link, it is true, but perhaps symbolic of the forlorn hope in this direction. There is an Inter-racial Committee and a journal, *Colored Harvest*, which recently has become very active and increased its circulation.

In another sector the fight to adjust the Church to changing conditions goes on. Few Roman Catholic clergymen will now deny that the Church’s war against birth control has been a disastrous failure. The Catholic paper, *Echo*, of Buffalo, New York, voices this succinctly: “With Catholics practicing ‘race suicide’ in the same manner and to nearly the same extent as non-Catholics, we really do not see why Protestants need fear a predominance of Catholicism in this country in fifty or a hundred, nay, for that matter a thousand

years." This sort of plaint is familiar reading in Catholic periodicals, and in spite of the doctrinal support which every priest will give the Church's stand on birth control, the Church has without doubt lost a battle on this question.

But not lost without a struggle, for the famous old institution which strives to adapt itself to new conditions has made a move in this direction—perhaps not a very effective move, but one clearly dictated by the failure of its birth control policy. Several years ago, there appeared these books: "The Rhythm of Sterility and Fertility in Women," by Dr. Leo Latz, "The Sterile Period in Family Life," by Coucke and Walsh, bearing the imprimatur of Cardinal Hayes, and "Legitimate Birth Control," by the Rev. John A. O'Brien bearing the imprimatur of Bishop Noll of Ft. Wayne. These books resurrected the doubtful theory that women are sterile during certain days in the month. They sought to prove that there are "natural" methods of birth control which do not conflict with the Pope's 1930 encyclical on birth control, "Casti Connubi." "Nor must married people be considered to act against the order of Nature if they make use of their rights according to sound *natural* reason, even though no new life can there arise on account of circumstances of time or existence of some defect."

Here is a clear case of an attempted compromise with birth control without yielding to "artificial" measures of contraception. It is no secret among clerics that this was the reason for the appearance of the books and their imprimaturs. The extremely questionable medical foundation for the theory laid it open to an attack from Margaret Sanger, and even Catholic physicians protested. The hierarchy have persisted, however, in their ap-

proval, and finally in December, 1934, the Guild of Catholic Physicians passed a resolution favoring it.

Other thrusts, some just as impolitic. In 1933, the Catholics of Brooklyn asked for State aid for parochial schools, alleging the necessity of hard times. This was indeed a rash proposal; for it contradicted all the Church's efforts to keep its schools separate and protected from State interference. At the time, many wondered why the Brooklyn diocese, one of the most prosperous, should apply for aid. The reason is not hard to find. It was a piece of strategy. The Brooklyn diocese was in no need of money for schools; but Western dioceses were and still are. Therefore, if a precedent could be established in New York, Western States might follow suit.

But the New York legislature, usually so obliging to Catholics, did not take the hint. Besides, many Church leaders protested against these tactics. *America*, the Jesuit weekly, which speaks officially for the Church, finally pronounced an obituary on this attempted raid on State funds by remarking that "whoever pays the piper calls the tune, and it is more than likely that State officials would call for tunes which we do not wish our children to hear."

In another field—the racial dissatisfaction within the body spiritual—some moves have been made, perhaps of dubious value. In the Middle West, since the granting of the red hat to Archbishop Mundelein, the Irish names in the hierarchy have become fewer. Appointments like those of Bishops Rummel, Kucera and Bona in Nebraska, Beckman of Dubuque, Schlarman in Peoria, Altar in Toledo, indicate an attempt to give the non-Irish—the German and Czech elements—a place in the sun. But inasmuch as the Irish are still in preponderance, even in these re-

gions, the moves have resulted in much resentment among the Irish priests and parishioners. It will require decades before the various elements in the Church lose their identities and prejudices.

V

Thus the Church is fighting to control and keep its members. On the surface it appears to be a valiant, well-directed counter-attack. It would be a mistake to suppose that such a religious body, possessing none of the doctrinal factionalism of the Protestant sects, should not have some success with members traditionally so much more docile than the Protestants. But it would be an even more serious mistake to assume that this counter-attack is concerted or well-organized. For in organization and directing intelligence—long its most vaunted weapons—the Church is grievously lacking.

Effective coördination is impossible because every bishop is king in his own domain. As such he shapes the policy of his diocese without regard for, and at times in defiance of, his episcopal colleagues. Cardinal Archbishop O'Connell of Boston feels a great affection for currency stability; he rebukes Father Coughlin for his inflationary views. Bishop Gallagher of Detroit possesses no such love of the gold standard and he resents Cardinal O'Connell's interference with one of his own priests. Accordingly he reacts with new firmness to the backing of Father Coughlin.

Likewise, the *Catholic Worker* and its radical talk thrive under Cardinal Hayes, but have no counterpart in the very reactionary see of Cardinal Dougherty of Philadelphia, nor in that of Archbishop Hanna of San Francisco, long a bitter opponent of progressive labor organization

and one of the forces behind the continued imprisonment of Tom Mooney.

Nor are there any means of reconciling and harmonizing these differences of opinion into one common policy. The National Catholic Welfare Council, the council of the American hierarchy, is a deliberative body without any binding authority over its members. As one priest put it, when the bishops assemble for the annual N.C.W.C. meeting, they differ about everything except the Apostles' Creed. The inevitable result of such meetings is a report, which, like that of an American Legion convention, merely condemns Communism and other obvious bogeys. There is no decision on real issues.

There cannot be, for the reason that differences of opinion on these questions are aired behind closed doors. There exists no forum for open debate on vital Church policies. Neither the Catholic nor non-Catholic world ever gets a glimpse of the real factionalism which the Church harbors. The council of bishops maintains publicly that solidarity of front which so many non-Catholics distressed by Protestant feuds admire.

But there is no such admiration amongst the mass of the Catholic clergy. They are well aware that something is the matter with their Alma Mater, and they fret impotently under the rule of silence imposed on them by episcopal discipline. Many of these priests rejoiced at the advent of the *Commonweal*, the lay Catholic weekly. Here, they thought, would be an organ unhampered by hierarchical control—a channel for the free discussion of vital topics.

But after a decade of the *Commonweal*, they despise it for the colorless and pusillanimous sheet that it is. On ecclesiastical matters, it meticulously shuns dangerous discussions. On political and economic

questions it usually straddles. Often it is frankly reactionary; witness the following lyrical outburst from an editorial in the October 12, 1934, issue: "... courageous, frank, bold, supremely loyal—Hugh Johnson himself, every inch a man, vital with essential humanity." In comparison, the Jesuit weekly *America* takes a marked liberal stand in its political and economic views. It cannot be denied that lay Catholics, perhaps one should say professional lay Catholics, display more intellectual inhibitions than their shepherds.

All this derives, of course, from the essentially undemocratic nature of the Church. Without democracy in the Church, there can naturally be no free speech. The significant fact about the N.C.W.C. council is its entirely episcopal character. It is much less democratic than a meeting of feudal barons. Bishops are there—but no humble priests. These corporals in the army of the church, who are best able by their close contact with their parishioners to voice the complaints of the masses, are excluded. Nor are there, it goes without saying, lay representatives of the people.

Bishop England did his work thoroughly in establishing his policy of "taxation without representation." He no more perceived the value of the democratic formula of American politics than he remembered the successful democracy of the Church in the so-called Dark Ages when priests and people elected their bishops and had free councils. These elections and councils later perished in the Middle Ages as the power of the Pope grew. Today the autocratic formulae of the later Popes have made the American Church a thoroughly un-American and obviously medieval body.

But even apart from this divergence of ecclesiastical organization from the

main stream of American life, the weight of centuries of backwardness has deadened the American Church. A medieval pall envelops in a most astonishing way a Church whose priests ride in motor cars, use telephones and listen to radios. A glance through the files of the "trade" magazines of the Church, periodicals like the *Ecclesiastical Review* and the *Homiletic and Pastoral Review*, which only Catholic clergymen read, will provide an answer to the question: Why is the Church so backward?

The lay reader will find himself submerged in a mass of theological curiosa and liturgical antiquarianism. Does a priest in some obscure parish worry about the propriety of surrounding the statue of the Virgin with a Neon halo? Then he writes to the *Ecclesiastical Review* and is reassured by the staff theologian that according to a recent encyclical there is a *nihil obstat* on this point. He may also learn that amputated parts of a human body should be buried in consecrated ground, and this goes for the human foetus in any stage of development. Pork and beans, it appears, are forbidden on fast days according to the second clause of Canon law 1250. Liturgical enthusiasts may ascertain the answer to a question long troubling them—the authority on ritual decides that a chasuble instead of a cope is permitted at Benediction following late Mass. Also, important point, cement altars are forbidden, for according to Canon law they should be made of a single slab of non-friable stone. Lastly, as a great concession to modernism, priests are allowed to wear wrist watches while celebrating Mass.

Most curious of all, redolent indeed of the days when Bishops ruled temporal in the Palatinate, may be seen a heraldry column, in the *Ecclesiastical Review*;

"Two coats impaled. A: Vert, a gold cross and, in the canton, a silver star of six points with a silver wavy border, the latter dimidiated. B: Silver, three brass gules, the top-most debruised by a gold horseshoe; on a chief gules a silver eagle (Bona)." This, it appears, is the coat of arms of the new Bishop of Grand Island, Nebraska, Bishop Bona. On Bishop Bona's impalement, the horseshoe is from the arms of St. Stanislaus, his name Patron, while the chief shows the arms of St. Casimir after the Church of St. Casimir in Chicago where he was once pastor.

This is the dim nave, wherein the age-old ritual life of the Church goes on: the sacred place and customs which are deemed so necessary to its survival among the faithful. Let no one assume that all this forms an æsthetic soil which nourishes a vigorous church. The vital force of the Church is stifling in this darkness. Unconsciously Catholics are turning from the theologians who promise happiness in after life to other ideologists who hail the building of an earthly paradise. When unemployment increases, standards of living drop and actual starvation faces the Catholic proletariat, incense cannot satisfy.

Nor can meetings of Catholic leaders which produce resolutions condemning the "present social system." American Catholic workers want relief, not the pious wishes of Dr. Ryan and Father Parsons. They observe that the Church in the person of Father Haas, arbitrator of strikes, is on the side of employers. They correctly appraise Father Coughlin as a petty bourgeois and farm leader; certainly his association with silver speculation coincident with his inflation propaganda does not inspire confidence. Finally, in the summer of 1934, they witnessed an attempt of the Church to stage a diversion from really important issues, a spectacle

which illustrated vividly the bankruptcy of Church leadership and intelligence.

It was not without a Gilbertian touch. It may be remembered that the Rev. Elmer Gantry, having exhausted most of his notions for making America pure, finally decided to found a society for the suppression of ten Anglo-Saxon monosyllables. The Church in the darkening days of the Roosevelt depression decided, as a last resort, to "go Gantry." The hierarchy rushed pell-mell into a drive on "immoral movies." It commenced as a general boycott of all films, with fulminations from pulpits, with Catholic organs filled with attacks on Hollywood paganism and with parades of Catholic parochial school children. It looked at first as if it might be a huge success.

For the movie magnates, as usual, frightened even of their own shadows, yielded to a panic which must have enheartened the Catholic Gantrys. However, they recovered sufficiently to shout that the boycott would hurt business and increase unemployment. Unemployment? The Church, in turn, became alarmed at a word so formidable in these days. Accordingly, they modified the boycott, limiting it to certain films which their committees found pernicious. The movie producers took hope, deleted a few scenes, and introduced an occasional sop to Cerberus in the form of sympathetic treatments of Catholicism. Meanwhile attendance figures from exhibitors during the period of the boycott came streaming in and showed one tell-tale result—business had actually increased during the Catholic drive.

By the fall of 1934, the Church censorship drive was in complete rout. Most of the bishops lost their original fanatical fervor. Others, like Cardinal Dougherty, who inevitably does the wrong thing, continued

their futile imprecations. But in general the Church campaign simmered down to classifying films according to their suitability for adults and children—a business which has more amused than perplexed the movie officials.

Rarely has the Church in this country suffered such a humiliating defeat. For it has lost face by resorting to the oldest and most discredited device of its competitors,

the Protestants. Impotent to handle the growing unrest among its followers, the Roman Church has proved its lack of intelligence and power. There is no more convincing demonstration that this great institution, once so widely praised by liberals for its wisdom and adaptability to new conditions, has surrendered to the decay which has sapped religion in general.

WEDDING NIGHT

BY VIRGINIA BIRD

HE DRUMMED his fingers on the triangle of chair between his legs. Alice had looked at him blankly after the landlady shut the door. He'd just stood looking around the room—at the wall-paper with purple stripes, the brass bed, the mahogany dresser, the split paint along the door. Finally he'd thrown his hat and coat across the bed and slumped on to the chair. He tipped it back against the wall. Alice walked over to the closet slowly, put away her hat and coat, and then picked up her small, shiny, black bag and carried it over to the bed.

The thin yellow light from the weak bulb in the ceiling made him want to snarl. To narrow his eyes and creep along the wall, the way he'd seen the vicious old guys in the zoo cages. It felt like he'd had a rope put around him years back, and only just woke up to it now. Why they'd been married only this afternoon, and this was their first time alone, and his hate was making him squirm on the chair.

She didn't turn from the bed. She was taking pink things out of the bag, laying them slowly on the brown army blanket that itched even to look at. They looked cheap and pale against the dark brown. She smoothed her hand over a pair of satin panties. She turned and held them up to him. "Cute, aren't they?" she asked, smiling at them. The lace on them was brown, as if it were dirty, and it looked like stuff you could buy in the five-and-ten. "Swell," he said.

She folded them over her arm and turned back to the bed. She was easy with him, but she liked him to be polite with her. Polite, hell. He couldn't be mean enough right now, did she know that? If she came near him, he'd want to slam her.

What in hell was the matter with him? On his wedding night! He'd been all right in New York. He'd telephoned Alice and told her, "The office is sending me to Stapleton. Throw your things together and come down to City Hall and we'll get married and go, OK?" He'd waited a minute, and then he heard her slow, quiet Sure Eddie.

He'd felt good about it. Been kind of excited getting the license and tipping the clerk afterwards and grabbing Alice to kiss her and going out on the street, walking fast and grinning. He'd wanted to go somewhere and buy a bottle of wine and have dinner. But they had to catch a five o'clock train to Stapleton, and Alice said they'd better wait and see how much things were going to cost. And he'd thought she was a good little kid, all right.

But now he saw through that. She'd made him think she was helping him, so she could horn in on his life like a wise, quiet cat. He'd begun to feel it even on the train, when all of a sudden it seemed that it was *she* taking *him* somewhere he didn't want to go. But she sat there so big-eyed and pleased he just cursed softly and stared out the window. And all the time after that, when they got off the train, and

walked down the dead-looking street, he'd had to grit his teeth to make himself stay with her, to even carry her bag. The house on the corner had a to-let sign, and they came into it. The landlady looked at them suspiciously, and instead of calling her sharp—like anybody knew Eddie Gray would do—he'd just meekly handed her three dollars, and crept up the long narrow flight, after Alice, feeling like a muddy pup.

And since they'd come into this room the feeling had been eating him up. He couldn't look at her, quiet and meek, moving around as if they'd been married for years, without wanting to beller at her to get to hell out and take her cheap things with her. She wasn't Alice to him. She was some strange nervy girl making herself to home with him. Everything she touched he wanted to grab from her and yell, "That's mine and you keep your damn hands off!"

II

She was over at the dresser now, puttering with a lot of fancy little boxes and bottles she'd taken from the top part of the grip. Looking at him in the mirror, kind of wondering—. He couldn't take it. A girl tagged on to him, in shabby little rooms that he wouldn't be caught dead in, if he was alone. On his wedding night, all he could do was sit on a chair and mutter to himself—!

On other nights, they went to Louey's. The lanterns over the dance floor showed back in its shiny wood pool. The soft off-thump of the music, pulling the blood in your body with it, the quiet, continuous shuff-shuff of feet. Giggles and little screams when the lanterns went out. The girls that screamed were the ones that tightened their arms around your neck afterwards. Girls were funny. Handle them

quiet and gentle and any of them would lie down for you. And now a dumb little sap had got him into a narrow room with a brass bed and striped wall-paper and a rope around his neck. In a minute he was gonna be sick—

If only he hadn't married her, it would have been all right. He got a kick out of having her nuts about him. He used to sit across from her at a table and say, "I was out with that Spanish girl last night. Boy, she's hot." A sick expression would come over her face. Or he'd say, "Listen, why don't you go out with somebody else for a change? Jimmie Burns is busting a blood vessel to take you somewheres—." She'd try to grin. And then he'd laugh and pat her hand. He liked her to laugh at, kind of gently. The cute little bows she always wore on her shoes. The screaming lipstick that didn't match the frightened look in her eyes. The way she danced, light and quick in his arms. The way she couldn't say no when his hand moved slow and gentle along her skin. The way she said softly, Sure Eddie.

Why he'd always been God for her. And he hadn't even slept with her. Anytime, he could have just put his hand inside one of those sleeveless dresses and pressed her breasts and pulled her hard against him and said, "How about it?" She would have looked at him with big, scared eyes, but she'd have said, Sure Eddie. Only he'd never had the heart. He couldn't have borne that quiet, dead kind of expression on her face if she started with a kid. Because she was the kind who wouldn't tell him about it.

And he'd got himself in this. She could walk around quiet and happy in the room, not knowing what it was all about. And he could sit and stew on his chair, and feel pukey about the brass bed and the wall-paper that probably had bug smears in the

light—but he was roped and tied. The guy that told himself he was God for her!

If he could keep thinking that she was just Alice. If he wouldn't look at her, and want to smash her across the mouth—. If he could just think about Louey's. He'd have thought, what the hell are we waiting for? They'd have got some real Tokay, and a couple of candles for the table, and they'd have laughed and joked. She'd have a quiet, dazed kind of smile that meant she was happy, and he'd have picked her up and carried her over to the bed, or followed her around, picking up the panties and brassieres, teasing her about them. She'd have liked it, even though she got those little red circles in her cheeks. And instead of that—they were in a dump with striped wall-paper and a brass bed that was sneering at them because they'd got married, and he wasn't just Eddie anymore, showing a girl a good time—.

Alice had turned around now, and she'd been standing watching him for a long time. He looked up at her. "Finished unpacking?" he asked, dully.

"Eddie," she began, and stopped. He'd got up from the chair abruptly, and went and threw himself face downward on the bed.

Christ, it was eating all the way down through his stomach! And he could only chew his teeth and clench his hands against the muddy blanket. And hate her and hate her. Hate himself. Hate her for just being near him—

"Eddie, don't you want to unpack?" Her voice was quivering. Why hadn't she sense enough not to come with him? To stay in New York where she was safe with her scared eyes?

"For Christ's sake don't nag," he mumbled from the bed, very softly and tightly.

After a while, he heard her say, "I'm going out—for a minute."

III

He was still lying on the bed when she came back. He had turned on his back, and his eyes were closed, but he heard the door shut, then her heels on the floor over to the dresser. She put something down. The closet door opened and closed, and then she said, "I bought a cake. For our wedding supper." There was a quick, ashamed little giggle.

He opened his eyes and sat up on the side of the bed. His eyes hit the wall-paper first. He turned them tiredly to the dresser. There was a small round shiny white cake on the grimy dresser cover. She'd put the cake on a fancy doily. It looked like enamel icing. But it'd be lemon yellow inside, when they cut it, from cornstarch. He stared at it.

She walked across the room with small prancing steps, smiling, her fingers arched together.

"It's pretty, isn't it, Eddie?" she asked.

Listen, he wanted to yell at her, to plead with her, put on your hat and get out. Don't you see how it's going to be? You'll always be doing things for me and I'll never let them please me. And you'll cry and be hurt because I make it out your fault?

Why don't you get out before it starts—?

Her fingers stroked the short fringe on the cover of the little table. Her voice was trembling as she asked, "Eddie—don't you like it?"

He looked at her as if he didn't know what she was so jumpy about. "Sure," he said, "it's just what we needed." His voice was tight and raspy.

She didn't say anything, just walked slowly back to the dresser. She opened the top drawer mechanically. In the mirror, he could see her eyes closed and her mouth crooked, sobbing to herself.

She wouldn't ever see. Maybe after a long while—but by then she'd be too tired and too indifferent—. God, he was going to take a lot out on her. But he oughtn't to begin it so hard.

He got off the bed, and went toward the dresser. In the mirror, he saw her look up, a little frightened. He stopped beside her, and looked at the cake. Then he took out his pocket knife, and held it out to her. "The bride's supposed to cut it," he said, as if it was very important.

She smiled up at him. The pupils in her

eyes were big and dark and shiny. She looked down at the cake again, and reached for the knife. Her hand hesitated a minute, and then she started to cut. The white icing split liked cracked ice.

She didn't seem to know that she was talking, and her speech got faster and higher. "I saw it in a baker's window, and I wanted it for us. I knew you'd like it, Eddie. It looks like a wedding cake somehow—"

He suddenly stepped close, and put his arms around her waist tight.

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER

Portrait of a Reactionary

BY DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY

FROM a hundred platforms Nicholas Murray Butler has extolled liberty and condemned compulsion. Yet he stands accused of harboring Fascism on his own university campus. On November 1, 1934, the *Nation* published an article which charged that the Casa Italiana, an integral part of the University, is being used as a center for Fascist propaganda. The anonymous author of the article, evidently a person in close touch with affairs at Columbia, claimed among other things that the head of the Italian Department, Professor Dino Bigongiari, is an avowed Fascist, that the Italian Consul-General in New York contributed in 1933 \$3,000 for the maintenance of the Casa, that the educational bureau of the Casa sends out speakers to spread the Fascist doctrine, that Professor Arthur Livingston was transferred from the Italian to the French Department on account of his political beliefs, that no anti-Fascist had ever spoken at the Casa, and that student gatherings for the open discussion of Fascism are forbidden at the Casa.

In replying to the *Nation* President Butler neither denied the charges specifically nor repudiated the policy of his Italian Department. He merely stated that the Casa had "entertained" in its rooms men of all political faiths, that it had on one occasion invited Senator Guglielmo Ferrero to speak before it, and that other anti-Fascists would be invited in the future. On at least one

point Mr. Butler spoke inaccurately. Senator Ferrero, in a personal communication to Professor Salvemini of Harvard, denies that he was ever invited.

Mr. Butler further protested that "no member of Columbia University is ever questioned as to his political opinions," and that the Casa Italiana, like the French, German, and Spanish centers on the campus, "is wholly without political purpose or significance." If that is so, why are its activities exclusively Fascist in character, and why did President Butler refuse to discuss the matter with a student delegation?

It is no secret that Mr. Butler is a great admirer of Il Duce, to whom he pays court whenever he is in Rome. While he has deplored before American audiences the element of compulsion in Fascism, he has also pointed to its "long series of genuine improvements in the public life and policy of the nation." Does he approve, by any chance, of the Fascist policy of militarizing boys from the age of eight years on? And how can he, the great apostle of peace, admire a dictator who calls pacifism "an act of cowardice in the face of sacrifice"?

One suspects that Mr. Butler tolerates Fascism and castigates radicalism because Fascism, with all of its compulsions, means the intrenchment of the capitalist system, under which he lives and has his prosperous being.

One of the phenomena of our public life

is the ease with which a man can trade on a reputation for liberalism if he has at some time supported a worth while cause. Many otherwise thinking Americans are inclined to idolize as genuine liberals the Al Smiths and the Nicholas Murray Butlers who, either through honest conviction or a canny sense of self-aggrandizement or a mixture of both motives, fought the good fight for the repeal of prohibition.

Mr. Butler has himself said, "The word liberal has proved so attractive that it has been given many meanings and its possession has been fought for by widely different groups." This is doubtless the reason why he urges that "the existing social, economic and political order be given the name of liberalism."

In his book, "The Faith of a Liberal," published in 1924, he declared, "The true liberal is a believer in liberty, whether that liberty be intellectual, civil, political, economic or religious." This is a sound enough idea on its face. But what does it mean in terms of human welfare? That it means precisely nothing, and has been invoked by Mr. Butler and others to obstruct measures of social welfare, is the reason, no doubt, why a young man from Oxford rudely said to Mr. Butler's face, "It bores me, sir, to hear you discuss liberty."

II

Men who sat under Nicholas Murray Butler when he was a young professor of philosophy say that even then he showed a driving ambition, and had a mind that seemed impervious to ethical or metaphysical convictions. Lecturing to his students on Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason," he demonstrated the impossibility of any valid knowledge concerning immortality or a First Cause. Yet he was confirmed in

the Protestant Episcopal Church in 1897 at the mature age of thirty-four. Five years later he was made President of Columbia University, whose charter requires that the head of the institution be an Episcopalian. Since then Mr. Butler has regularly paid lip service to the church. He tells us that the man who says there is no God is "a supreme egoist," and that faith is the only cure for the world's unrest. Yet those who know him say that he is in no sense a religious man. As the economic-social order has shown signs of disruption he has become increasingly vocal in his praise of religion and the church, which he doubtless looks upon as a bulwark of the present scheme of things. Recently he made the surprising proposal that the public schools be closed for one afternoon each week so that children may be given religious instruction. This proposal has the earmarks of coming from the Roman Catholic Church, of which Mr. Butler's second wife is a member.

He appears always to have been overpowered in the presence of the wealthy and the famous. The son of a Paterson, New Jersey, merchant, he went to a public high-school, and after a meteoric career in the undergraduate and graduate schools at Columbia, he studied in Europe for two years. Here he followed Samuel Johnson's advice "to talk with the wise and dine with the rich," and he has ever since been at the game of stalking the great and the powerful. In his inaugural address as President of Columbia he said, "The university must, to fulfill its high calling, give and give freely to its students, to the world of learning and scholarship, to the development of trade, commerce and industry . . ." Would Abélard, whose name Mr. Butler frequently takes in vain, have considered the development of trade as one of the concerns of a university? But Abélard

was not accountable to a board of trustees on which sat J. P. Morgan the Elder, Newcomb Carleton, president of the Western Union, Robert S. Lovett, president of the Union Pacific, and other railroad owners, financiers, industrialists, and corporation lawyers. With these men as masters, it was natural that the incoming president should mention "trade, commerce, and industry," in the same breath with "learning and scholarship." It was natural, too, that he should revere big business since his ambitions for Columbia depended, first, upon gifts from men of wealth and, second, upon the profitable investment of these great sums in railroad bonds and industrial stocks and bonds. The university, with its affiliated institutions, has today capital resources of \$152,594,964, a very large vested interest indeed in the *status quo*.

Mr. Butler's personal interest in the economic structure is also considerable. The former public school boy now lives in an impressive mansion on Morningside Drive which the trustees erected for his use. As president alike of a great American university and of the \$10,000,000 Carnegie Endowment Fund, he is received in the chancelleries of Europe as a kind of permanent American ambassador. His opportunities for investment have, of course, been many. When the individual income tax returns were published for the year 1923—a move which he denounced as a violation of personal rights—it was found that he had paid a tax of \$6522. And when the Harriman Bank of New York failed in 1933, it became known that Mr. Butler had deposited with this bank securities worth \$500,000 in 1932. These were restored to him by order of the court.

Mr. Butler is listed in *Who's Who* as a publicist and educator. He likes to think of himself as a mold of public opinion,

and it is for this reason, no doubt, that he is so ready to make speeches and be interviewed. Upton Sinclair has said, with a good deal of penetration, that Mr. Butler considers himself the intellectual leader of the American plutocracy. His Christmas cards, which are always cast in the form of a didactic little homily, show with what solemnity he plays this rôle. In 1930 he apostrophised the higher patriotism that seeks "to inspire, to succor, and to serve"; and in 1934 he announced that "moral principle rather than force must protect liberty against compulsion."

III

Mr. Butler's yearly speeches before the élite of Southampton at the Parrish Art Museum give as clear a picture of his mental processes as a fluoroscope gives of digestive processes. On September 3, 1934, the *New York Times* carried the front page headline, "Dr. Butler Scores Radicals on Wide Poverty—Charge of Non-Distribution of Wealth Held Sheer Invention." By an ironic coincidence there also appeared on the front page of the same issue of the *Times* a column dispatch from Washington carrying the caption, "Richberg predicts 5,000,000 Families on Relief Rolls This Coming Winter."

The winter will show whether Mr. Richberg was over-pessimistic in his prediction. But so long as the relief problem is so stupendous a one, it is a little foolish of Mr. Butler to declare that "the distribution of wealth in the United States, while by no means all that it might be and will be, is nevertheless very wide indeed."

This speech of Mr. Butler's was shot through with intellectual dishonesty. He characterised the claim made by the radicals that some three-quarters or more of the national wealth is owned by perhaps

2 or 3% of the population, as "sheer invention." Yet he produced no figures to prove his charge, and he deliberately disregarded such careful studies as Doane's "The Measurement of American Wealth," which shows that in 1929, at the peak of prosperity, 83% of the total liquid wealth of all individuals was in the hands of those having incomes above the \$5,000 grade, with the remaining 17% distributed among the remaining 99% of all the people. Since income is even more vital than wealth, Mr. Butler should also have consulted the analysis of the income tax statistics for 1932, which shows that of the 3,760,402 people who filed tax returns in 1932, only 339,407, or less than 1% of the gainfully employed, had annual incomes of over \$5,000.

To prove his point about the distribution of wealth Mr. Butler gave statistics on the number of savings bank deposits, life insurance policies, and building and loan investments, as of two years ago. He also gave figures on families who owned their own homes, automobiles, radios, etc., when the 1930 Census was taken. These data are interesting, but they prove nothing at all about the *relative* distribution of wealth. Furthermore, they are misleading in the light of present-day conditions. As every one knows, thousands upon thousands of people have lost their savings, investments, and homes during the past few years. Between 1931 and 1932 the savings banks alone lost seven million depositors who withdrew more than three and three-quarter billions of dollars—a fact which Mr. Butler chose to ignore in painting his cheerful picture.

Most amazing of all was his assertion that the number of unemployed in 1931-32 had probably not risen "for any considerable length of time, if at all, above seven or, at most, eight millions." Unfortunately,

the government has kept no statistics on unemployment, but the extent of public relief has shown that the A. F. of L. figure of 13,100,000 in January, 1933, was, if anything, conservative.

Mr. Butler is obviously anxious to have us believe that the mass of the American people are better off than they really are.

As the self-appointed intellectual leader of the American plutocracy, he now calms the fears of the wealthy, now chides them gently when he wishes to do a little discreet begging for Columbia University. At Southampton in 1930 he must have jolted his audience a trifle when he deplored the fact that "the old economic liberalism, or laissez-faire doctrine, carried with it great power over the lives of other men." Lest "a class despotism be established under the name of liberalism," he called for "a change of heart and a change of point of view." But how was this moral regeneration to be manifested? Through a liberalization of wage policies? Not at all. He merely urged that men of wealth devote a share of their fortunes "to public service through public benefaction." "Then," he said, "they will find little jealousy or resentment, no matter what their accumulation."

Can Mr. Butler seriously think that donations to universities and libraries by the great industrialists mean anything to exploited workers?

Far from being worried about the "beneficiaries of liberalism" misusing their "great power," Mr. Butler has always got the jitters whenever any measure has been proposed that would curb their power. In 1912 he denounced his old friend Theodore Roosevelt as a demagogue because he had proposed judicial recall, and he campaigned against him as Vice-Presidential candidate on Taft's ticket. The election, he said, would decide whether "our govern-

ment was to be Republican or Cossack." Already in 1911 he had urged that "the associated business men of the United States unite to demand that the existing political campaign be conducted with a view to their oversight and protection." The big business men, not the people, have always been sacrosanct in Mr. Butler's eyes. Woodrow Wilson's brand of progressivism was no less anathema to Mr. Butler. He called him a "charlatan." And the Adamson law, which established collective bargaining in the railroads, he condemned as "a menace to our political institutions." Could he have been thinking of Columbia University's extensive holding in railway bonds?

The position Mr. Butler has taken from time to time on questions of taxation plainly reflects his class bias. Of the Sixteenth, the Income Tax, Amendment, he said, "Interpreted literally, it levels to the ground all the immunities that hitherto existed to surround private property." In 1920 he inveighed against the excess profits tax. In 1924 he attacked the law permitting publication of income tax returns as "an outrageous violation of the rights of privacy"—one that "could serve no public interest."

Mr. Butler is against an income tax "so high that it becomes a class tax, a vehicle for 'attempting a redistribution of individual wealth.'" Like Al Smith he is fearful lest the "rich be soaked." In passing, he has naïvely confessed one reason why he is so disturbed over high surtaxes. He trembles for the security and the future of the great university which he has built up out of the largess of men of wealth. He tragically foresees the extinction of universities, libraries, museums, etc., if their "sources of supply from big-hearted men and women are to be dried up."

We sympathise with his predicament, al-

though Columbia University is still far from bankrupt. But the idea that the present economic order should be preserved with no fundamental changes, so that institutions like Columbia may continue to flourish "in the field of Liberty," is a little fantastic, when viewed from a broad social viewpoint. Columbia serves a vast student body, now some 40,000, and it sheds its light far and wide as a center of learning. But little of this light filters through to the victims of the industrial set-up which has made Columbia and similar institutions possible.

Mr. Butler is fatuous in his insistence that wealth more often than not brings with it a sense of social responsibility, "particularly in America," as he loves to point out. He believes, one gathers, that a rich man will be judged in heaven not for the way he has made his fortune, but only for the way he has disbursed it. "Whether a great fortune," he has said, "is to the public advantage or not, depends not in the least upon its existence or its amount, but upon how it is used . . ."

Mr. Butler, for all of his quoting from the Greek philosophers, is regrettably American in his veneration for the "golden calf of money," which he has deprecated in his more spiritual moments. He says that "the right to hold and dispose of one's own just gains, is one of the incomparable blessings of liberty under law." Also, that "property is an attribute of personality and individual property is essential to liberty." This is a strange identification of a man's personality, or his spiritual self, with his worldly possessions. He has said, too, "Property is the name given to that which belongs to an individual because by his own effort he has produced or acquired it." Would he concede, then, that inheritance of property, which represents something other than one's own "just gains," is so-

cially wrong? On the contrary, he has condemned high inheritance taxes. Mr. Butler will have to admit that if "individual property is essential to Liberty," it must follow that the millions of Americans who have no property have no liberty.

IV

Since the depression Mr. Butler has found a new theme song, and that is the "service motive." He has said, "If helpful service to one's fellowmen be the dominant motive, then the greater the legitimate profit one makes, the more he will be applauded." He has, of course, never defined "legitimate profit." He has however fluently praised the Rockefeller, Carnegie, and Harkness families. Are we to assume, then, that the beneficiaries of big business should be allowed, through taking a "legitimate profit," to accumulate far more wealth than they can possibly spend? Nor has he defined that frequently exploited word "service." If patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel, certainly the slogan "service" is the last refuge of a reactionary.

When he was asked how he would prevent "the exploitation of one man by his fellows," without resorting to government regulation, he looked down on the university buildings and said complacently, "It can be done the way we do it here." The answer hardly seemed a solution,—or one had not thought it was,—since Columbia University is not an industrial or a profit-making organization.

Fundamentally, Mr. Butler's attitude is that of a man who hates and scorns the people. "An educated proletariat," he said years ago when he was a rising young educator, "is a continual source of disturbance and danger to any nation." Can this be the reason he has turned on the Child Labor Amendment and made common cause

with the interested industrialists and newspaper owners? His linking of this Amendment with the Eighteenth Amendment is a piece of intellectual sophistry. The Eighteenth Amendment was a sumptuary law that sought to regulate our habits of life. The Child Labor Amendment seeks to free a submerged and helpless group of the population. To this end it would give Congress the power to "limit, regulate, and prohibit the labor of persons under eighteen years of age." When Mr. Butler says that this would give Congress power "to send Federal agents into every home, school and church to see what any one under eighteen years of age was doing," he is talking arrant nonsense—to use one of his own favorite phrases. Congress has done many foolish things, but it could have no reason for interfering with the ordinary household tasks or farm chores of children under eighteen. The word "labor" in common usage means gainful toil, generally of a manual nature, and this meaning has been confirmed by the Supreme Court. How it could be made to mean education or religious worship, is hard to see. A certain section of the Roman Catholic Church, fearful for its parochial school system, has raised this canard about the Amendment. Can it be that Mr. Butler's connection with this church through his wife, and his annual audiences with the Pope, have biassed his thinking?

Mr. Butler has a way of flatly denying facts, which can only be characterised by an ugly monosyllable. He says for instance that child labor before the N.R.A. "was on the point of becoming almost non-existent."

Yet the 1930 Census showed that there were 264,774 children between ten and fifteen years of age gainfully employed outside of their homes in sweatshops, mills, and other occupations.

With a gesture as dictatorial as Il Duce's, Mr. Butler declares that the proponents of the Amendment "will not be allowed to have their way." Can it be that he, the apostle of liberty, is privy to the concerted campaign which the newspapers have launched against the Amendment in their zeal to protect their own distribution systems?

The welfare of the people, as one of the professors on his own faculty has penetratingly said, is only an intellectual concept to Mr. Butler. He never comes in contact with the rank and file—neither in the exclusive men's clubs which he haunts, nor at the bankers' associations, Chamber of Commerce meetings, or bar associations which he so frequently addresses.

Radicalism of all kinds has always struck terror into Nicholas Murray Butler's soul, and so he has lashed about him making the most absurd and unjust statements. Back in 1912 he characterised the Socialistic conception of government "as a sort of glorified lynching." Of recent years he has in one breath denied the possibility of a class struggle, and in the next breath scorned it as "a revolt of the unfit, due to an inferiority complex." Unlike those liberals who have seen great good in the Soviet experiment even while they have deplored its excesses, from its beginning Mr. Butler has taken a ghoulish delight in prophesying its collapse. Now, however, he says we should at least inform ourselves of what is going on in Russia. Bigness and power never fail to impress him.

He castigates the radicals of all categories as "guilty of selfishness to the nth power, interested solely in obtaining economic security for themselves." It hardly behooves Mr. Butler to deprecate the common desire for economic security. Any man who is so well fixed that he carelessly leaves half a million dollars worth of secu-

rities with an institution like the Harriman Bank, must be very secure indeed. It is just this passion for security which blinds him. He cannot see that such unworldly souls as John Dewey, Norman Thomas, Henri Barbusse, and Romain Rolland are actuated not by self-interest or a "joy in tearing down," but by a passion for social justice which is foreign to such a nature as his own.

V

On his last Christmas card Mr. Butler said that "he who supports and defends the principles of the Magna Carta or of our own Bill of Rights, is a liberal." He disqualifies himself by his own definition.

He fought, it is true, for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. His speech at the Missouri Society dinner in 1924 was an epochal affair, delivered as it was at a time when the Amendment was still considered to be a moral issue in many quarters. If ever in his life he can be said to have shown courage, this was the time. But we must remember that he stood to lose very little. New York City had never been dry, and the Columbia trustees undoubtedly approved of his move. Trustee Frederic R. Coudert, whose firm has represented the French government from time to time, was among the first to congratulate him on his stand. France, as everyone knows, had felt the loss of our wine business. Furthermore, the feeling in his own church, the Protestant Episcopal, had been decidedly against prohibition. Finally, it should be remembered that repeal was the one liberal issue of the decade which in no way threatened to undermine the economic structure. What probably happened was that Mr. Butler, honestly convinced of the evils of prohibition, seized upon repeal as a God-given opportunity for leadership.

He has not been so ready to defend other liberal causes. The medieval Comstock law, which has prevented millions of women from getting the contraceptive information which they need for the protection of their health, is most certainly a violation of the First Amendment. Yet the birth control advocates have had no aid and comfort from Mr. Butler.

Where was he when the Mooney and Billings and the Sacco and Vanzetti and the Scottsboro cases were being tried before the court of public opinion? His silence in regard to the Mooney and Billings case is particularly hard to condone since he was in San Francisco at the time of the bombing and was not more than 500 feet away from the scene of the crime.

Was Mr. Butler heard from when the vigilantes of San Francisco raided the headquarters of radical and striking groups during the waterfront strike last summer? Even the New York *Times* objected to this abrogation of the Constitutional guarantee against unreasonable search and seizure without warrant. But Mr. Butler remained silent.

Still another great liberal cause, the right of women to the ballot, was fought for without benefit of Nicholas Murray Butler's support. Time and again he has shown, in the things he has said and the things he has left unsaid, a blind spot where a man's passion for justice ought to be. Without such a sense of justice, a man can hardly claim to be a liberal, "a believer in the spiritual freedom of mankind," to quote the definition of the Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences.

VI

If Mr. Butler is capable of self-criticism he must wish sometimes that he could wipe out his war record. Although he had been

a leading spirit in the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace ever since its inception in 1910, he became in 1917 one of our most vociferous jingoists. In the fall of 1918 he went so far as to urge universal military training. In an article written for the National Security League he said, "Every youth approaching manhood should be required to submit to training for part of a year or of two years, in order that he might get a new and vivid sense of the meaning and obligation of citizenship." The military training was to be combined with vocational training, so as to silence criticism, and he urged that the net of military cantonments over the country be made permanent. He foresaw that "there would be a quick demand for national training of young women as well." If this article had appeared fifteen years later, and in German, one might believe that Hitler had written it.

Wiser men than Mr. Butler lost their perspective during the War. But a man who had been a special pleader for peace and for the rights of the individual might have been expected to preserve at least a tolerance for other men's views. This is just what Mr. Butler did not do. Columbia University was almost immediately turned into an armed camp, and there were a number of conscientious objectors among the students. Of the several who were expelled, one brought an unsuccessful court action to compel his reinstatement. The judge, in denying his suit, referred scathingly to "the forces of destruction that hide behind the mask of the constitutional right of free speech." President Butler hailed the judge's decision and said his words "should be burned into the consciousness of every American citizen."

Mr. Butler's invective against "traitors" was in the best war fashion. Speaking of Robert M. LaFollette at a bankers' meet-

ing in September, 1917, he said, "What are they thinking about, those honorable patriotic men in Congress, to sit there and be contaminated by an object like that?" LaFollette had earned his enmity by calling him a "handy man of privilege," and a "bootlicker of men of fortune."

Columbia University itself was to be purified. Dr. J. McKeen Cattell, a distinguished scholar and head of the Department of Psychology for many years, had always been an inveterate critic of trustee control. In the summer of 1917 he wrote a letter to members of Congress urging them to support a bill for prohibiting the sending of conscripted men to fight in Europe against their will—on the ground that this would be contrary to the intent of the Constitution. He was forthwith dismissed by the trustees who accused him, in the daily press, of treason and sedition. At the same time Professor Henry Wadsworth Longfellow Dana, associate professor of History, a capable scholar and a popular teacher, was dismissed for his activities in the People's Council. This latter body had been convicted by the irresponsible press, but not by government agents, of obstructing the War.

These dismissals were followed within a week by the resignation of Professor Charles A. Beard. The year before he had been catechised by Messrs. Coudert and Bangs of the Board of Trustees, in the presence of President Butler, on his economic interpretation of the Constitution. He now declared that "the status of a professor at Columbia was lower than that of a hired laborer."

At least two of the Trustees were vitally interested in our entering the war. Marcellus Hartley Dodge, director of the Midvale Steel and Ordnance Company and of the Remington Arms Union Metallic Cartridge Company, had been Trustee since

1907; while Herbert L. Satterlee, counsel of the House of Morgan, and son-in-law of J. P. Sr., had come on the Board in 1917 to fill up the gap left by the latter's death in 1913. The Morgan banking house had backed the Allies so heavily that any criticism of our full participation from the Columbia faculty was an act of *lèse majesté*.

President Butler saw eye to eye with the Trustees in the Cattell and Dana affair. "Security of tenure," he said righteously, "is desirable, but competence and loyalty are more desirable still. . . . A professor's freedom is limited by the traditions and objects of the university." He found it deplorable that distinguished scholars should "act in utter disregard of ethics and good conduct." Mr. Butler has long had a trick of setting himself up as God.

The war dismissals were not the first persecution of the faculty under President Butler. There was the case of Professor Harry Thurston Peck, the distinguished Latin scholar, who was dismissed in 1911 when a Boston woman threatened to sue him for breach of promise. There was the case of Professor Joel E. Spingarn who protested Professor Peck's dismissal and was himself dismissed. There was also the case of Mr. Leon Fraser, an instructor in the Department of Political Science, who had at the same time held a position under Mr. Butler, with the Association for International Conciliation. He was dropped in 1916, after referring, while lecturing at another college, in a derogatory way to the Plattsburg military camp. He had been carrying on peace propaganda at Mr. Butler's behest, and yet he was sacrificed.

The academic atmosphere at Columbia has cleared since the War. Members of the faculty no longer have to whisper their convictions. The trustees, a more tractable and less powerful group than formerly, are under President Butler's

capable thumb, and he has given his faculty complete autonomy of action. Indeed, his manner of governing Columbia today is his only real claim to being a liberal. But we may look for a return of his war psychology if he remains in office during the next few years. For the lines are tightening and the left-wing groups are becoming increasingly active on his own campus and throughout the country. There have been a few straws in the wind at Columbia. In 1933 Mr. Donald Henderson, an active worker in Communist groups, was dropped from the Department of Economics. It was claimed that he had been neglecting his work. Mr. Addison T. Cutler, another Communist sympathiser, is still on the faculty of this Department.

For the moment the Columbia students are free to hold meetings and express their views, and the editorial policy of the student daily, the *Spectator*, is decidedly to the left. But three years ago the editor of this paper was expelled after he had brought charges of corruption against one of the dining-halls and had accused the football administration of commercialism, a brand of disloyalty which the alumni could not stand.

President Butler's last annual report to his trustees suggests that he would like now to circumvent freedom of speech in the undergraduate college if not in the rest of the university. While he admits that academic freedom "is an essential characteristic of true university teaching and research," he says that "the situation in respect to the elementary school, the secondary school, and in large part to the college, is quite a different one." In tax-supported schools, he goes on to say, no teacher has a right to discuss the merits and defects of various systems of government, since such a discussion "might undermine the government upon whose

support the schools rest." Like William Randolph Hearst, who has recently taken to baiting college professors on their Socialistic views, Mr. Butler would apparently like to introduce Nazi conformity into our public schools, if not into our graduate universities.

VII

Since his early days Mr. Butler has proudly attended Republican conventions, and has fancied himself one of the elder statesmen of the party. The pathetic truth is that he has never succeeded in leading the party, while the party has led him on more than a few occasions.

Take the matter of the League of Nations. During the War years a society of nations was one of Mr. Butler's favorite international concepts. As late as March, 1919, he said that President Wilson's plan "must not be treated as a matter of personal or party politics . . ." But by July, 1919, he was echoing the views of Senator Lodge *et al.*, and in 1920 he signed the statement of the thirty-one irreconcilable Republicans endorsing the stand of Senator Harding. His pusillanimous action was in sharp contrast to the stand taken by Charles W. Eliot, who characterised some of the arguments advanced by the Republicans as "ignominious and dastardly."

As the League gained in power, Mr. Butler changed his views once again. In a speech before the League of Nations Non-Partisan Association, delivered in 1926, he referred to the failure of the two parties to agree on the League as a "tragedy" and admitted that he had been privy to the negotiations. He had, he said, "examined the records covering those months of intimate confidential negotiations," and he could say, with Lord Beatty, that he was not going to write a book, "because

he had done nothing which needed explanation or apology." The gentleman did protest too much.

Twice in his life Mr. Butler has forgotten himself and shown by his utterances that he was well aware of the "close alliance between business and politics." Back in 1899 he used these very words in deploring the fact that the "entrepreneurs who donate to party chests are given public franchises." And in 1920, after the Republican Party had laughed at his Presidential aspirations, he lashed out and said that "the purpose of the convention had been to prevent the sale of the Presidential nomination to the highest bidder." General Leonard Wood's supporters he characterised as "a motley crew of stock gamblers, oil and mining promoters and munition makers." His tirade shocked New York and the entire party. What the trustees of Columbia University thought of it is not a matter of public record, but the outburst must have grieved Trustee Marcellus Hartley Dodge, director of ordnance and arms companies. Whether or not pressure was brought to bear on Mr. Butler, he apologized five days later and said that he had spoken "under the stress, turmoil and fatigue of the convention," and that his words were "unbecoming and unwarranted."

Meekly he slid back into the fold of the party. "The Republicans," he said, "had rarely had a ticket which they could support with such confidence." Three years later, when the oil scandals broke, Mr. Butler was not so anxious to be identified with the Harding Administration.

Mr. Butler's loyalty to the party has at times seemed almost disingenuous. In 1924 he declared that "the nomination of General Dawes and President Coolidge insures the cleanest, finest, and most intelligent campaign we have ever had . . ." Cool-

idge's administration was to encourage speculation to the point of insanity, and to exact from our former allies repayment of the "money they had hired," while Congress barricaded the country behind a tariff wall,—all policies which Mr. Butler deplored.

When, in 1928, the Republican party refused to listen to him on the subject of repeal, Mr. Butler's loyalty was strained almost to the breaking point. But he could not bring himself to support Governor Smith, much as he admired him, and important as he thought the issue.

In 1932 he inveighed heavily against the party's stand on both prohibition and foreign affairs, but he remained a Republican nevertheless.

Some hopeful people had thought that Mr. Butler had emerged from his 1920 Waterloo a wiser and a better man. Since the slogan, "Pick Nick for President and Picnic in November," had got him nowhere at all, it was said that he had given up his life's ambition and was now his own man. His fight for repeal confirmed this impression. Even such a liberal organ as the *Nation* said in 1924, "Left to himself away from wars or political conventions he is likely to behave with liberality and decency." In this same year the usually disillusioned *Freeman* found "an accent of sincerity in his words." Again in 1928 the *Nation* cheered his declaration that the scholar must be allowed complete freedom of thought and expression; the editors saw in his words an implicit confession of past sins.

True to the liberal fallacy, the *Nation* forgot to look for the inevitable economic implications in Mr. Butler's temporary regeneration. He could well afford to champion academic freedom during the 1920's when capitalism appeared to be firmly in the saddle.

VIII

One of Mr. Butler's claims to liberalism is his international-mindedness. He shared the Nobel Peace Prize with Jane Addams in 1931, for his part in the drafting of the Kellogg Pact, and he has been decorated by almost every civilized country. But if we look over his record we see that he has shown neither prescience nor sound judgment in foreign affairs. In 1898 he told the teachers of the country that we had entered upon the Spanish-American War "in the most unselfish spirit and from the loftiest motives."

Before the War he was one of the Kaiser's greatest admirers. He boasted of having breakfasted with him, and displayed as trophies the badge of Commander of the Order of the Red Eagle of Prussia, and a large autographed photograph of the Kaiser which remained on permanent exhibit in his drawing-room. On the Kaiser's twenty-fifth anniversary as emperor, he cabled him that he "rose almost to the miraculous," and that if he had not been born Kaiser he would have been elevated by popular vote to be ruler of any democratic people. During the War Mr. Butler spoke very differently of the Kaiser and of all things Prussian.

The Nobel judges should have examined the works of Mr. Butler's alter-ego, the \$10,000,000 Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. In 1910 Andrew Carnegie set up this foundation "to hasten the abolition of international war." To attain this end the directors have devoted the Endowment's half a million dollar annual income to futile conferences, exchange fellowships, good-will tours, and the publication of such documents as "Prize Cases Decided in the United States Supreme Court 1789-1918," and "Problems about the War for Classes in Arithmetic,"

not to mention Mr. Butler's own speeches on a wide variety of subjects, which are faithfully printed and widely broadcast. A large part of the Endowment's income has gone to a colossal 155-volume work on "the Economic and Social History of the World War," prepared under the editorship of Professor James T. Shotwell. The separate volumes cover such subjects as "Hydroelectric Forces during the War," "The Textile Industry in France during the War," "Effect of the Enemy Occupation on Roumania," etc., etc. The aim of this work, according to the editor, is to show the social and economic dislocation caused by the War, while the political history of the war has been disregarded. No such dangerous questions as the economic rivalries which brought on the War, nor the profits reaped by bankers and munitions makers, are within the scope of this gargantuan work. How such a study "will hasten the abolition of international war" is a little hard to see.

Of recent years Mr. Butler has joined the popular chorus and spoken disapprovingly of the greed of the munitions makers. But he and his Endowment left it to the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom to instigate the Senate Investigation into the activities of the arms manufacturers in this country. While he has deplored the expansion of our Navy under Coolidge and now under Roosevelt, he has not launched any such country-wide campaign against our big navy policy as he has against the Child Labor Amendment.

The only large purpose which the Carnegie Endowment has served, apparently, is to provide rich sinecures for a favored group, and to aggrandize Mr. Butler who draws a salary as its President and tours Europe every year presumably at its expense.

A good part of the gentleman's international-mindedness is an insatiable appetite for consorting with the famous of all countries. It gratifies him to return to this country every fall and to announce pompously in an interview with the press what the best minds in Europe are thinking. His loyalties and associations have more often than not been those of a time-server, both at home and abroad. Warren G. Harding was a great President until the oil-scandals came out. Today the Kaiser grows old at Doorn, with no word of cheer from him. Mussolini, should he ever find himself on an island of Elba, need look for no friendly message from his former admirer.

There is little in his record, apart from his fight for repeal, to suggest that he thinks for himself, or that he has the quality of leadership. The Treaty of Versailles is a case in point. He had no criticism to offer of its economic provisions until English statesmen and American bankers tardily came to agree with John Maynard Keynes that it was suicidal for the victors as well as the vanquished. He has blown hot and cold on the idea of war. Were there to be another world conflict, he might again be found in the camp of the militarists.

He has been widely honored as a scholar. Yet his scholarship would seem to consist of a phenomenal memory and a facility for quoting the classics. While the list of his published works is longer than that of any member of his faculty, none of these works makes any contribution to political or philosophic thought. They are merely compilations of his public ad-

resses—those interminable miasmas of guff.

His conceit is consummate; yet he is today a bitterly disappointed man. In 1926 he had the bad taste to boast that he had had the "offer of every nomination worth having at home and abroad." He forgot for the moment that he has never been able to persuade his fellow Republicans to nominate him for the Presidency, his life's great ambition. He has the bearing of a Roman emperor and he honestly believes that he was born to lead if not to rule.

Yet he has done nothing to justify his preposterous hope that he may one day "stand with those other great names in the English-speaking race who have for 300 or 400 years, been, one after the other, making epoch-marking contributions to the history of free institutions . . ."

The freedom he demands is freedom for the privileged class alone. He is interested in property rights, not human rights. As for prohibition, the perspective of history will show that it was but an incident in our national life.

"The sure mark of the reactionary," Mr. Butler has arrogantly said, "is unwillingness to make use of past experience or to read the lessons of history and apply them to the problems of today. The real reactionary, who is always an egoist, insists that his own feelings, his own desires, his own ambitions, shall take precedence over those of others."

I give you Nicholas Murray Butler, who looks with nostalgia on "the once civilized world"—a reactionary par excellence by his own definition.

JAPAN INVADES LATIN AMERICA

BY CARLETON BEALS

JAPAN is actively endeavoring to gain control of the Latin American market.

The whole weight of the imperial government has been thrown behind this effort. Subsidized propaganda, trade commissions, artists, cultural missions have endeavored not only to popularize Japanese goods but to create sympathy for Japan. Given Latin America's traditional suspicions of the United States, this has not been difficult. Ever since the World War Japanese exports to the Southern countries of this hemisphere have been increasing, and in recent years, despite world depression, the consistent efforts of Japanese firms, backed by the Japanese government, have secured for the empire not merely a larger percentage of the market, but the disposal of goods greater in quantity and value. Drugs, food-stuffs, ammunitions, textiles, glass-ware, pottery, crockery, shoes, tennis slippers, paper, celluloid products, handbags, trunks, cheap jewelry, neckties, shirts, rayon silk, buttons, brushes, toys, art objects—such are some of the numerous products being dumped by Japan at low prices into Latin America.

It has been a spectacular achievement, reminiscent of the efforts of British Prime Minister Canning a century ago, when the former Spanish colonies first became independent, and of the days in our country when Hoover headed the Department of Commerce and made such valiant efforts to hold the market against its being recaptured by Germany and Great Britain.

Japan's success has been due to a number of factors. The country can sell cheap for two reasons, low labor costs and depreciated currency. Japan has consistently refused to adopt the Geneva labor codes. The standard of living of her people is closer to the low standards of most of the Latin Americans than is that of the American workman. Japan has actively attempted to develop this vast cheap market, to help make Indians consumers of civilized goods. Also, Japan has been more adaptable in making goods that appeal to the Latin American, rather than following the American custom of merely attempting to dispose of surplus. Likewise, she has been clever in packing her goods in ways convenient to the buyers and to meet shipment requirements. For instance, the llama in the Andes cannot carry over a hundred pounds; any case of goods weighing more must therefore be repacked. Whereas the average American exporter stubbornly insists on shipping goods in the same kind of container he uses to ship from New York to Atlanta, the Japanese have painstakingly followed local shipping instructions.

Latin American capital, currency, and tariff restrictions have also been adroitly met. Japan, even before the depression and the accentuation of these nationalistic competitive measures, had been negotiating special commercial treaties, and her traders were quick to resort to the barter method so common since the general break-down of international trade relations.

Japanese trade has also been facilitated by the existence of large Japanese colonies, as in Mexico, Panama, Chile, Argentina, and especially in Peru and Brazil. The resident Japanese are mostly engaged in petty retail trade, while American residents are more often representatives of large corporations. Thus the Jap comes into closer, more sympathetic, contact with the general population.

Japanese trade emissaries have played upon local fears of American imperialism. Furthermore, they have realized that the Latin American does not possess a modern trading psychology. Japan, itself still close to the feudal system and manipulating an industrialism almost feudal in its organization, has been able to grasp the distaste of average Latin American minds for the purely commercial attitude. Hence the Japs have buttressed up their trade activities by cultural and racial appeals.

II

Prior to the World War Great Britain dominated most of the field. In some countries imports of French and German goods also exceeded those from the United States. The hegemony of England in South America dates from the early days of the Republics, down below, when it financed them on their new independent careers. At that time the United States itself had scarcely emerged from a colonial status, and not until after the Civil War was it to become an industrial nation exporting goods and later capital.

But the 1914 conflict, which absorbed all the energies of the European powers, threw the South American market into the hands of the United States without a struggle, for Japan had not yet begun her dizzy military and trade expansion.

After the war, though the European

countries regained some of their lost trade in most of the countries, we retained our new lead. But today the struggle for the Latin American market is keener than ever before. Not only have the European nations consistently fought to corner more of the trade, but the entry of Japan into the field as an active competitor complicates the scene.

Before the World War our commercial activities with Latin America were seriously handicapped. We had no proper communications, no extensive banking system, no means of American propaganda; and lack of experience made us obtuse to the ingrained trading practices of our neighbors.

Our first battle to invade the South American field began before the war. London, the center of 150,000 miles of radiating cables, had a great instrument for controlling news and trade. Gradually, after the turn of the century American cable lines penetrated Mexico, Central America, and the West Indies, then crept down the West Coast of South America to Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Chile, then across the Andes to Argentina and Uruguay, and finally invaded Brazil. Local telegraph companies were absorbed, the network rounded out. In fourteen years more than 13,000 miles of new cable were laid down. This has since been supplemented by radio service, especially in Central America, and by international telephone communications.

Thus, when the Primo de Rivera government fell in Spain, the United Press correspondent was able to evade the censorship to Europe and the United States, by telephoning the message to Argentina, thus making a scoop for the New York papers that would have made the old-time newspaper man green with envy.

These communications gave us a new leverage of great importance: monopoly of

news distribution formerly controlled by Reuters and Havas, respectively subsidized by the English and French governments, and lavishly used to spread trade propaganda, often at the expense of the United States. Now new communications and news distribution became an integral part of our economic expansion. In 1916 the United Press established its first South American office, and soon was supplying a hundred papers with "impartial" American news. Roy Howard, head of this organization, told the Pittsburgh Press Club that the American news agencies "should have years ago begun trail-blazing for our commercial control." In 1917 James Carson of the Associated Press, which along with Hearst's International News service had also invaded the field, made similar statements.

Communications and news monopoly assisted in the rapid penetration of American capital and goods. Various American banking institutions, especially the National City Bank and to some extent the Chase National Bank, opened branches; the American and Foreign Power Company, subsidiary of the Electric Bond and Share, absorbed most of the light and power resources, except in Peru. The Grace interests secured almost exclusive shipping control over the West Coast of South America, the Matson lines over the East Coast, the Ward Lines over the Mexican Gulf, the United Fruit and Standard Fruit over Central America and Colombia.

Though after the World War the European countries fought to recover lost ground, and did so to some slight extent, the large American investments, the increasing absorption of British interests by American capital, the tide of golden loans we floated in almost every country, set up a current of intercourse, which apparently made our position unshakable.

But though we did not see it, and certainly Mr. Hoover did not see it, the game of Latin American trade was changing; a new era of economic nationalism ready to defy our monetary and political paternalism was at hand. Diametrically opposed to sound trade relations was the rather arrogant attitude of our State Department during previous administrations, our marine interventions in Haiti, Nicaragua and elsewhere, our attempts to control the foreign relations of various Southern countries—and if this political attitude was somewhat offset by our loan activities, nevertheless it alienated sympathy in many sectors and, as in Argentina and Mexico, caused various civic organizations to decree boycotts against our goods, led to consistent press attacks, and created a silent effort almost everywhere to deal, whenever possible, with Europe rather than with the United States.

This attitude was also heightened by our high tariffs, against which the Argentine government emitted rather loud blasts, and against which other countries still complain; witness, for example, a recent statement of President Benavides of Peru.

It is noteworthy that, in general, the Japanese gains have been largest in those countries with large indigenous populations and of low purchasing power. For the American manufacturer cannot produce as cheaply as the Japanese; he has depended upon the advantages of large American loans backed up by American political pressure, rather than attempting to devise methods to create purchasing power among the Latin American masses. He has, in short, done little to develop a trade technique for colonial regions. Low wage scales in Japan, depreciated currency, a growing demand there for Latin American raw products in contrast to the stagnation of demand in the United States have been factors giving the canny Oriental the edge on our merchants.

Only under Roosevelt has our government awakened to the fact that the political as well as the economic game has rapidly changed in Latin America.

Our State Department in days gone by threw all of its influence on the side of the very type of antiquated dictatorship which has been the bane of Latin America and which has created a series of revolutionary conditions which have further complicated the commercial scene. That type of dictatorship which we supported, *viz.*, that of Machado, Leguía, Ibañez, Vicente Gomez, etc., tended to maintain the small select market to which we catered. We became the allies in most cases of the feudal overlords, maintaining a backward system of agriculture, the inefficient large hacienda, which as an industrial unit was a non-consumer of modern goods, but rather a closed kingdom clinging to antiquated methods and abhorring the use of machinery and modern technical methods so long as labor power could be obtained by methods of pseudo-slavery. Thus, though our Northern industrialists were canny enough to smash the feudal slave system of our own South back in the sixties, they have not been canny enough to see that our influence should have been consistently toward the creation of modern independent republics, promoting popular education, and attempting to ameliorate the condition of the masses hitherto unable to escape serfdom and hence unable to consume our manufactured goods.

World economic crisis further weakened our position. Bankruptcy and revolutions in Latin American countries led to universal loan defaults; we could lend no more money with which goods could be bought back, thus accentuating the depression and political instability to the south. As our own exportable goods cost more because of high currency and high tariffs, the purchasing

power of the Southern merchants in the American market was further limited at the very moment when international trade competition was becoming keener and Japan was barging into the field. Depression not only reduced the amount of goods that we could sell; but the growing spirit of economic nationalism created new barriers in the way of capital, currency and tariff control in almost all the Southern republics. This has added to the painfulness of international trade competition.

Japan and the European nations were quicker to wake up to the need of reciprocal currency depreciation, special trade agreements, systems of barter, etc., than the United States. England recently jumped the gun on the United States in a very favorable deal with Argentina to offset capital export restrictions. Only in the last few months has Roosevelt been empowered to engage in reciprocal tariff deals.

All this has meant a breakdown of much of our South American trade machinery. In the news field Reuter has been staging a comeback, and now most of the South American dispatches of our own Associated Press are sent out from London as before the war and merely reslugged "A.P." Havas, with government support, and a cheap radio service to Brazil, has caused the American news services to lose many papers. The German Wolffe service, which was broken during the war when the German cable was fished up off the coast of Brazil and cut, is again active; and both France and the Hitler government have set aside huge sums for foreign propaganda, much of it in Latin America.

Furthermore, the world depression hit the very type of goods we have been accustomed to export. The middle classes to the south could no longer afford to buy our articles, and while the small feudal aristocracy of Latin America continues to some

degree to purchase expensive foreign goods, will still pay from six to fifteen dollars for American shoes, will still prefer American textiles and high-priced motor cars and radios, the volume of such trade has declined in most countries to insignificant proportions. Whereas the group which could acquire such articles was previously increasing, now more than ever there are two distinct markets in Latin America, one for the upper feudal strata, the other for the masses. We never appreciably exported for the mass market, and today we are excluded from it more than ever.

III

The Japanese, now more than other people, have made inroads upon this mass market, have attempted to develop it, and now are also making inroads into the preferential market.

This conquest has not been left to chance, but has been intelligently and persistently promoted. The Japanese have offset their lack of banking facilities, of communications, of systematic news service, in many astute ways.

Thus the new Japanese Chamber of Commerce in Montevideo, besides actively obtaining orders for goods, negotiates the resultant transaction with the Bank of the Republic of Uruguay and maintains a credit balance by balancing imports with purchases.

Diplomacy has also been active in ways little practiced by our own State Department representatives. Diplomatic friendliness has been actively promoted. Japanese diplomatic social events are gala affairs. The Japanese Ambassador at Rio de Janeiro early this year made a two-months tour of Northern Brazil studying means for increasing both export and import trade. Japanese diplomacy has had even political

repercussions, to the extent that El Salvador, for instance, has been willing to break with the League of Nations and to recognize the Japanese imperialistic puppet state of Manchukuo. Special commercial treaties, containing favored nation clauses, have been arranged even with Panama and Cuba. Whereas foreigners in Peru are required to pay a resident fee of ten *soles* annually, Japanese citizens are exempted.

The Japanese have been canny enough to realize that Latin America prides herself upon her superior cultural life; they have catered to this feeling. Poets, artists, actors, lecturers have increasingly visited Latin America; few doubt that they are directly subsidized by the imperial government. Advertising has played its rôle, and the Japanese, quick to copy American methods of getting free feature space, have inserted articles not at all obviously commercial upon Japanese culture and life. The newspapers from Mexico City to Buenos Aires bristle with such information.

When making my first draft of this article, I opened *El Comercio*, Peru's largest daily, to find all of page seven devoted to the twenty-second article on Japan: "Chronicles of travel: Kyoto, the ancient capital, the Legend of Amatersau-O-Mikami, the City of Temples; the Park of the Deer of Nara; the Binzuru Buddha and the tender-faced damsels."

In Indian countries such as Peru and Mexico, the Japanese make a race appeal. The Incas, they declare, are really Oriental peoples, their ancestors came from Japan and Manchuria; the two peoples should be friendly allies—a sort of Pan-Japanesism.

Naturally, such cultural effusions are supplemented by more direct selling methods. Trade commissions constantly tour the Southern countries. A commercial mission representing fifty firms is now on tour, taking orders and arranging for com-

mensurate purchase of raw materials. Important contracts for silk and cotton goods were made in Chile and Peru. Industrial exhibits are constantly held; some of them are permanent. When I was in Lima a magnificent exhibit of textiles was being staged. Despite the high tariffs, Japanese goods could at that time undersell native Peruvian goods by 50%.

Statistics of the actual achievements of Japanese trading activities are, for a wide area, difficult to obtain without a great deal of expensive research. Often trade statistics are delusive. Thus, although it is well known that large amounts of Japanese goods are being sold, Japanese trade does not figure at all in some South American government reports, perhaps because much of the merchandise is transshipped in the United States or Panama. But the few statistics available reveal a startling increase of Japanese sales everywhere. Take Paraguay, which would seem entirely too remote for Japanese penetration; yet from 1924 to 1925 Japanese exports suddenly increased 300% and continue to increase. Much of Paraguay's war materials in her long battle against Bolivia have come from Japan.

According to the Japanese Finance Ministry, exports to Peru jumped from 736,102 yen for the first six months of 1928 to 1,541,177 yen for the first six months of the following year. Depression plus revolution in Peru, and the stoppage of foreign loans, caused a sudden drop to one-third the previous high level, but by the first six months of 1933, exports rose higher than ever—1,857,807 yen. Recently the Peruvian government, preparing for the Leticia trouble, spent eighty million *soles* mostly in Japanese munitions, much of it secured in exchange for guano. Yet Peruvian government trade statistics make no mention of Japanese imports.

Peru was piqued by our friendliness toward Colombia during the Leticia controversy, but it might be supposed that Panama, so completely under American influence, would be poor soil for Japanese cultivation. But Japanese tennis-rackets can be found on sale even at American government commissariats in the Canal Zone. In Panama itself, a rapid increase in the sale of Japanese goods and hence an increased Japanese trading population are the outstanding new feature of the country's retail trade. Japanese trade is now second only to that of the United States itself. Writes Julio E. Briceno, Panama's consul at Yokohama, in the *Trans-Pacific Weekly* (quoted by Rogelio de la Selva in the *Latin American Digest*): "Considering the low cost of Japanese commodities, it is not difficult to foresee that Japan will conquer more and more of Panama's imports, which will benefit both countries . . ."

Japanese expansion in Argentina—though the Japanese have been established there for thirty years—has been slower. But in 1929 Japanese exports to Argentina were valued at 10,500,000 pesos and represented half of one percent of total imports. By 1933 Japanese imports had increased 113% to 22,400,000 pesos and represented 3.2% of the total. This is half as much as France sold the same year, and the gain acquires added significance since in that same period Argentina's imports from the United States decreased 77%, Great Britain's 44%, Germany's 57%, while Argentina's total imports declined only 55%.

The Argentine is a good example of the new methods that must be used in many places in Latin America to win trade. Its new slogan is "Buy from those who buy from us," said to have been sold to the Minister of Agriculture by British Ambassador Sir Malcolm Robertson—a canny use of new nationalist sentiment, for Britain

imports vast quantities of Argentine goods, more than any other country in the world. In 1931 they bought six and one-half times as much as we did; in 1932 twelve times as much; in 1933 five times as much. The United States buys 7% of Argentina's products, which has meant that with the new policy the United States exports to Argentina have dropped from 26% in 1929 to 12¾% in 1933. Hold-over credits probably explain why it has not come down to the required 7%. On the other hand, Japan's exports to Argentina have increased rapidly. In 1933, while Argentina's imports were increasing 12% over the previous years, Japan's exports there increased 81%. Japan, of course, has made a great effort to buy from Argentina. It has been reported that Japanese grain and meat experts are en route to expand their purchases. Japanese interests are considering the investing of capital in a packing plant there to provide meats according to Japanese taste.

Arturo Alvarez Montenegro, Argentine chargé d'affaires in Tokio, paints rosy prospects for Japan: "For you to own the land for breeding flocks of sheep, cattle, and to produce the wool, meat, hides and by-products of stock-raising, to possess the crops of wheat, corn and cereals which Japanese mills import from Argentina, to install establishments for washing the wool, to reduce transportation cost and obtain by-products: oils, lanolin, etc. . . . means an integrated structure for Japanese industry and greater profits from the investment of capital."

Brazil has been a fertile field. The Japanese population there already numbers over one hundred thousand. Japanese exports increased 113% in 1933 over the preceding year.

Cuba, however, surpassed this record, with a 173% increase.

An examination of trade figures for

Mexico—a 300% increase in 1933—certain countries in Central America, Uruguay and elsewhere, reveals that Japanese trade has been showing gratifying gains everywhere. From 1929 to 1932 South America's import trade decreased by 65½%; the imports from the United States decreased 82¼%; but Japanese exports to South America increased more than 200% in 1932. The United States has now been pushed back to about the percentage of trade that it had in 1913 and is doing only about 60% as much business as it did over twenty years ago.

IV

Roosevelt has hastened to allay Latin American suspicion of us, the first step toward commercial rapprochement. Hoover, toward the end, saw the handwriting and pulled the marines out of Nicaragua. Roosevelt has patched up Haitian and Cuban matters, and the last Montevideo Congress showed a striking change from the old-style Coolidge type of domination and steam-rolling. Latin American countries were encouraged to speak their minds and present their real problems. There was a new air of give and take; and as a result there was only a little dirty linen to be aired—Cuba for instance. But now the repeal of the Platt Amendment has done more to promote Latin American friendliness toward us than a generation of hypocritical good-will mouthings.

Grimly desirous of clinging to our myth of rugged individualism, we have been slow to face the fact that rugged individualism, even with the support of an active Department of Commerce, as in Hoover's time, in the sphere of international commercial relationships belongs to the limbo of a forgotten age. One of the initial realizations that the game of international

trade has changed entirely since the rise of the Soviet system in Russia, with its governmental monopoly of the import and export business, has been the powers granted to Roosevelt to manipulate tariffs to force acceptance of American goods. The United States, like the South American countries, is being driven to the "Buy from those who buy from us" criterion. This merely means that international competition is more cut-throat than ever before, that nationalism is stronger everywhere, that international trade can no longer be left to blind chance and private initiative. The industrial system, for instance, is rapidly extending to such countries as Argentina, Chile, and Mexico, thus further altering the market and restricting certain types of trade. Mexico now exports shoes to the United States and undersells us on cotton goods to Central America; Argentina exports electric refrigerators. The competition everywhere is keener, the

markets more tangled up with barbed-wire defenses. Certainly, the nation which now goes on the rugged individualism theory in international trade by letting its merchants bravely paddle their own canoes—as, of course, they are so anxious to do—is sunk.

This entanglement and bureaucratic obstruction in foreign trade probably means that inevitably we will be forced to accept another form of socialized control and concentrate the promotion of foreign trade into governmental or semi-governmental agencies. The horizon, however, is not entirely dark. Present nationalistic and aggressive competition which has been making such a dismal tangle of things at present, has increasingly brought about a system of international barter; from this inevitably must arise some form of international trade planning and rational control of the distribution of the products of the basic industries.

But in the meantime, Japan is making hay while the sun shines.

DISTORTING THE NEWS

BY EUGENE A. KELLY

NEWSPAPER men in Washington, contrary to the popular notion, seldom write their own stories. They usually are told what and when to write. The obliging persons who render these inestimable services to the newspaper men are government press agents and officials. The few instances where reporters manage to dig up their own stories are due to exceptional ability and courage. With a sudden jolt, generally accompanied by a mental spasm, it dawns on the new reporter in the national capital that he must henceforth lay aside his inquisitive faculties and begin writing stories about which he understands little or nothing. He will attempt to break through the barrier set up by the press agents, but he will succeed only once in a blue moon.

He is forced, therefore, to bow and scrape in the presence of bureaucratic poobahs, who control, remotely but effectively, the food he eats and the milk his children drink. Abject fear and intimidation supplant, in time, the reportorial necessities of courage and forthrightness. The effervescence of the tyro gradually subsides, and he settles down to the life of a messenger boy, running from the government bureaus to his office with statements press agents have prepared for him.

Newspaper men refer to these written statements as "handouts". These are typewritten or mimeographed copies of statements which have been carefully prepared, checked upon, examined, rewritten

dozens of times and finally released to reporters as they call for them. Any boob can deduce, *a priori*, what type of "news" is contained in this rubbish. Sprinkled with the saccharine juice that drips from the press agent's pen, the handouts exude a supreme confidence in the worthiness of the Administration and its leaders.

No government employé is permitted to issue any statement to the press, no matter how meaningless or harmless. All official statements from the government today must first pass through the office of the director of information, as he is called, but who, nevertheless, is actually a press agent.

Press agents, picked from a vast army of unemployed newspaper men for their rare acquisition of the art of ballyhoo, have swarmed the seat of the Federal government since the advent of the New Deal. It is their job to tell the American people every day, and every hour of the day, of the wonders wrought by the God-sent Administration.

Press agents are not designated as such on the public payroll. They are usually employed as "information editors" or "clerks" or "statisticians." It is impossible, therefore, to determine accurately how many press agents there are in Washington today. An official list was recently published in which 150 men and women were revealed, but the list omitted scores of others who are known to be employed in the "information offices."

Not even government officials know the

cost of press agents to the American taxpayers. Since, however, the average press agent's salary is approximately \$3,500, and their helpers about \$1,500, it can be computed fairly that the yearly cost of the propaganda war waged by the New Deal is well above \$1,000,000, including the cost of stationery and office paraphernalia.

II

The truth is that the life of a reporter in Washington is no more exciting than knitting. There is little opportunity for initiative, energy or genuine fact-finding. Reporters "covering" Capitol Hill escape, in a measure, the stifling boredom of those assigned to the government bureaus, where the correspondents' ennui reaches its zenith.

All efforts of reporters "covering" the bureaus and agencies are promptly squelched by ever-alert and all-seeing publicists. Because of the highly standardized and coördinated methods of reporting news of the government bureaus, any nitwit, equipped with a telephone, could "cover" Washington from his bedside. Press agents are willing to pour their slush in any manner, and it makes no difference to them whether the reporter calls in person, sends a copy boy, or calls on the telephone.

Sincere reporters who devote their time and energy to digging up their own stories are sat upon with unusual dispatch. This type of reporter is viewed with suspicion and is characterized by government officials as intransigent. There are several means, however, of quashing reportorial exuberance and ambition.

Government officials frequently have reporters "covering" their departments sent elsewhere. This is one of the quaintest forms of telling reporters how to handle

their stories. The removal of the man serves as a gentle hint that he better get wise to himself or he will be looking for a place in the breadlines.

Sometimes they send the managing editor of the recalcitrant reporter a long letter, giving in detail the "offenses" committed by the culprit. This second method of suppressing news is one of the most pernicious forms of emasculating the press today. Scarcely a week passes that a managing editor somewhere does not receive a letter complaining of the "unfair" stories of his reporter assigned to one of the government bureaus. It does not take much to stir up the ire of government officials, who believe, for some reason, that they are all divinely inspired, and that therefore any attack on them, or their policies, is sheer blasphemy. Managing editors, in all cases of which I am aware, have ignored the letters and have sided with the reporter. The fact that no punishment was meted out to the reporters in these cases is beside the point. The complaining letter puts the reporter on the spot, with the result that, in most cases, he becomes so wary and supine that for all practical purposes he ceases to be a reporter at all.

Although many give the impression that they are endowed with infallibility and a rare gift of expression, the 500 or more reporters in Washington today are no better and no worse than those found in cities like New York, Chicago or San Francisco. Scores of Washington correspondents are highly specialized men in their respective fields, but many of them have no more background than carpenters or linotype operators. The younger element believe almost anything they are told. They are totally devoid of the skeptical attitude required for good reporting, and they are easily overwhelmed by the charm of the government department heads.

Highly paid reporters are referred to by members of their trade as "trained seals." The usual characteristics and distinguishing properties of this species are clean shirts, a sedate manner, pompous mannerisms and socially ambitious wives. They are the ultra-substantial type of citizen. They own their own homes, smoke cigars instead of the plebeian cigarette, and they curse like hell when the *Saturday Evening Post* does not arrive on time. They can be found wandering about the upper stratum of Washington life, and in the more exclusive drawing rooms. Their news dispatches are generally so technical, long-winded and befuddled that readers understand little of what they write but put them down, none the less, for men of profound wisdom.

If they were not so spineless, these men could, if they wished, obtain worthwhile stories from the government bureaus. But they prefer their social positions to reporting facts. This attitude toward their work gives them an international reputation and results in innumerable invitations to dinners, State functions, ambassadorial teas and cocktail parties given by high-ranking government officials.

Buried beneath an avalanche of hooy-laden praise for the trained seals stands the sincere, hard-working army of Washington reporters, who care little for social functions, who realize the importance and necessity of reporting facts and who are an everlasting credit to their trade. The public, swamped with boloney about the "trained seals," knows little about this army.

The highly paid reporters in Washington scheme to better themselves socially, while many of the underfed element seek lucrative government jobs which will lift them from the straits of poverty. These facts partly explain the inoffensive attitude

of Washington correspondents toward government officials, and the consequent fumbling of many good stories. That Washington dispatches are replete with inaccuracies, falsehoods and propaganda, sometimes unwittingly inserted and often consciously injected into the news, no sane man can deny.

The situation in Washington is so bad, in fact, that the better national business houses do not believe what they read in the newspapers regarding matters of national moment, but maintain their own corps of reporters to verify facts before any action is taken. Publishers themselves are aware that many of their reporters have been swept away by the personalities of government officials, with the consequent deterioration in reportorial efforts. Only recently a publisher of a chain of newspapers warned his men in Washington to drop their many eulogies of the N.R.A. and confine their activities to getting facts.

Thus it is that stories like the spanking the National Planning Board gave the N.R.A. are passed up altogether. The Board severely criticized the N.R.A. in a report made to the President August 1, but the reporters did not get wind of the situation until November 16, 1934.

In June, 1934, Attorney-General Cummings, in an opinion sent to the President, greatly curtailed the punitive and criminal sections of many N.R.A. codes. The opinion, in fact, threatened to shatter the future plans for the permanent reorganization of the N.R.A. Newspapers did not get this story until October 30, 1934.

During the hearings last fall on the government subsidies to shipping lines, it was testified that steamboat inspectors of the Department of Commerce had been taking graft from ship owners in return for improperly inspecting the vessels. The story had the makings of another Teapot Dome

scandal, but not a line of it got into the papers.

The sugary dispatches sent out by almost every Washington correspondent, during the convention last fall of the American Bankers Association, were not at all in accord with the facts, which somehow, mysteriously, never got into print. Every banker who attended the convention knows there was nothing but discord existing between the Administration and the banking fraternity, before, during and after the convention. But not a word of this situation was reported. Although Roosevelt's speech at the close of the convention was a complete flop as far as the bankers were concerned, the newspaper men used such adjectives as "truce", "amity" and "peace" in describing it.

Glowing reports from Washington related the wonders to be effected by the much touted Viner study of commercial credit. This was a study conducted by a clique of young brain trusters, under the guidance of Dr. Viner, who was temporarily hired by the Treasury Department.

Peculiarly, Dr. Viner and his group of young intellectuals made no mention of taxation and banking reform in their report, the very thing they started out to do. In other words, the report was just another Washington joke and an expensive burden to the taxpayer. But the correspondents wrote reams about the wonderful report, forgetting to mention, all the while, that it was a complete fizzle. That the newspaper men failed to develop the truth about the Viner report is not surprising in view of the fact that such a dénouement would have required time and intelligence.

How little credence intelligent readers of newspapers should give the Washington dispatches is seen in the garbled and contradictory reports of the Administration's talk of erecting municipally-owned power

plants in New York City. The story was released following a conference between the President and Mayor LaGuardia of New York. Relating this conference, one dispatch stated:

President Roosevelt and Mayor LaGuardia decided yesterday to proceed at once with construction of a \$50,000,000 municipal power system in New York City.

This statement was far from the truth. What the correspondent meant was that the matter was merely discussed. Contradicting the figure of \$50,000,000 was another figure of \$15,000,000 used by other correspondents in relating the story. While this difference of \$35,000,000 in the stories reporting this conference may seem a trivial matter, it exemplifies to what extent Washington news today is muffed.

To make matters worse, not a single correspondent revealed the true situation regarding this proposal to establish power plants in New York. The fact was that the P.W.A., at that time, did not have a dime in its coffers that had not already been earmarked for other purposes. How, therefore, in truth, could Secretary Ickes promise LaGuardia \$50,000,000, or even \$15,000,000? The correspondents did not bother incorporating this truth in their dispatches.

III

For some inexplicable reason, every statement from the White House is considered a good story by Washington correspondents. The White House is aware of this weakness on the part of the correspondents and does not fail to grasp the opportunity for using this avenue of approach to the American taxpayer. Consequently, as often as a statement emanates from the White House, no matter how asinine or palpably impossible, the correspondents flood the country with the glad tidings.

Thus the President, according to an Associated Press dispatch from Washington, dated December 20, 1934, "would be glad to receive any coöperative suggestions from business." This was a story, ostensibly picked up at the White House, published at the time Big Business was concluding its meeting at White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia.

The purpose of this story was to show that the Administration was ever ready to give an ear to the ideas of Big Business, and that if things went wrong in the country the taxpayers could not blame the débâcle on the Administration leaders. But the Associated Press dispatch, while interesting, was a long way from the truth. For, at the very hour the dispatch was put on the wires, the National Emergency Council, which is composed of Cabinet officers and heads of emergency agencies, was concocting a scheme in direct contradiction to the plan proposed by the Big Business representatives at White Sulphur Springs. The National Emergency Council was, in fact, advocating a huge public works expenditure to care for the needy for the year 1935. This was the very program Big Business had opposed.

How, therefore, could President Roosevelt "be glad to receive any coöperative suggestions from business" when his plans, at least in one direction, had already been formulated? It seems logical to deduce that the Associated Press fell for a piece of White House propaganda, and that it laid aside, temporarily, its reportorial functions. This deduction was borne out the following day when every dispatch from Washington told how the Administration ignored almost every point of recovery advanced by Big Business.

The ridiculous and pathetic attempts of some of the Washington correspondents to shed light on the intricacies of the

President's annual budget message to Congress reveal that many of the Washington dispatches contain more guess work than facts. Here is a penetrative article sent out by the United Press, December 26, 1934:

Left and right wing groups each mapped out courses to be followed on proposed legislation. President Roosevelt was represented as planning a middle course.

The New York *Herald Tribune*, the same day, in its dispatch from Washington, stated:

Although the President is expected to launch a program more to the left than to the right of his administration front, indications abound that he will appeal in his message for national coöperation.

These two dispatches are not only meaningless, but distinctly contradictory. They are samples of how far the Washington correspondents can deviate from the truth.

The aforementioned trained seals thrive in Washington more than in any other spot in the country. They fit in well with the scheme of Washington affairs, for in most instances they are lazy, incompetent and harmless. They, just as the poorly paid reporters, rewrite the handouts of the press agents, with the exception that they effect this performance with such finesse that their dispatches are hardly recognized as the labor of a press agent.

Mark Sullivan, one of the better known trained seals, makes a bold effort to sustain the standards of good journalism by reporting facts, except that he reports few facts and gives long-winded accounts of garbled whisperings. His political effluvia floor nursemaids and manicurists, but carry little weight with persons seeking information. Most of his Washington dispatches are nothing but rehashed leftovers of the more energetic newspaper men. A sample of the Sullivan omniscience is found in the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, November 15, 1934:

Whether the N.R.A. is on the way to abandonment, whether part of it will be saved, and how much, are questions impossible to answer.

Had a fifth grade student written this brilliant piece of information it would have caused, no doubt, much laughter in the class-room, but, because the dispatch carries Sullivan's name over it, the pollyannish statement is interpreted as a rare piece of good writing and reporting.

The most adroit backslapper in Washington today is Frederick William Wile, another of the better known commentators on national events. Sugary epithets ooze from his dispatches, and he apparently makes sure never to offend anyone. His writings are a paragon for the beginner who wants to get ahead by patting people on the back. Wile is one of the highest paid men in Washington today, which fact is a national conundrum, for he has seldom been known to say anything, although he writes reams of stuff every year.

Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen, authors of the Washington Merry-Go-Round, started off with a good Washington column until they turned it into what amounts to a propaganda machine for the benefit of Harold L. Ickes, and a cudgel for their enemies. Replete with inaccuracies, the column is wrong about 50% of the time when the pair get into an interpretative mood. Here is a sample of the type of rot which has appeared in the Washington Merry-Go-Round:

Pat Hurley, ex-War Secretary, is doing a little lobbying on the side. He got a call from a banker at 14 Wall Street the other day to arrange a conference with Woodin. Hurley first tried to ease his client off with Undersecretary Acheson, but the banker insisted on Woodin.

Unfortunately, not a single one of these facts was true, a careful checkup revealed.

Although it should be a very serious undertaking, the writing of the Merry-Go-Round appears to be the result of a five-minute daily workout.

Pearson is correspondent for the Havas News Agency, which many Senators claim is subsidized by the French Government. The State Department has charged more than once that Havas circulated false reports detrimental to the United States. Paul M. Pearson, father of Drew Pearson, is Governor of the Virgin Islands. Ickes is the Governor's boss. Ickes is patted on the head at least once a week in the Merry-Go-Round. Cynical observers believe there might be a connection between Governor Pearson's job and the Ickes head-patting.

David Lawrence long ago graduated from the class of a reporter, but still insists he is a Washington correspondent, although there is little evidence of this ambition. Lawrence, who started life a poor boy, is now publisher, speech-maker supreme, and the country's leading interpretative writer on national events. He is the stuffed-shirt type of journalist and seems to feel more at home among captains of industry than among intelligent people. He is a thorough-going capitalist now, unmindful of the lean days of his boyhood. He is a good example of how far a reputation will carry a man, for certainly he has more reputation than genius to diagnose government ills, in which line of writing he specializes.

Frank R. Kent, the Baltimore pundit, mysteriously manages to write Washington dispatches for the Baltimore *Sun*, although he is seldom found in the national capital. His column reeks with bias and the spleen of a superannuated newspaper man. His attacks on the present Administration are generally laughed at, for, in most cases, they are nothing but a well-written string of verbiage.

No *soirée* at the home of Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth would be complete without the presence of Kent, whose brilliancy of intellect results in high blood pressure for fluttering dowagers. The Longworth influence is seen in the Kent articles, which clearly reflect Alice's philosophy of politics and finance.

The personality of Mrs. Roosevelt has almost swept away the reportorial ability of Miss Ruby Black, who was known at one time as one of the better Washington correspondents. But Mrs. Roosevelt was too much for her and, since the advent of the New Deal, her dispatches have deteriorated into sweetmeats for the White House. She is extremely influential in Puerto Rican politics, and represents a string of Puerto Rican papers. Even the women reporters in Washington today are amazed at the extremes of Ruby's idolatrous attitude toward the First Lady.

IV

While reporting in Washington is, on the whole, a dreary and futile task, it has its moments of joy. Some surcease from the laborious work is found in the press conferences. These are, in the main, colossal jokes, causing acute belly laughs to any one endowed with a sense of humor. They are doubly droll in as much as they are intended to be extremely serious affairs. The reporters arrive, like children for Sunday-school, immaculately dressed, their countenances reflecting extreme mental anguish. A subdued air pervades the room. The government official presiding at the press conferences assumes the pomposity of a hick-town judge in court. The reporters lean forward with popping eyes, gingerly scribbling each word of wisdom as it drops from the mouth of the potentate. Their attitude, generally speaking, is one of su-

pine inoffensiveness, and it is the practise of the younger element to fawn upon, adulate and almost osculate the officials with whom they deal at press conferences. What the official says usually concerns himself or Roosevelt, or the wonders of the New Deal, or the miraculous development of his department. Each verbal gem is pounced upon, however, by the news-hungry reporters, who are delighted with the opportunity of writing without the aid of a press agent's handout.

Reporters bombard the government official with a series of questions, all of which are harmless, many of which are silly, and few of which are answered. The only replies made to these questions are those which cannot be construed as harming the cause of the New Deal. An answer which gives the undeniable impression that everything is going well is unusually lengthy. When the official finds himself cornered or embarrassed he refuses to answer at all.

Press conferences are nothing but concentrated sales talks for the New Deal. It is extremely rare that any information approaching legitimate news is dispensed. The gatherings, weekly in some departments and bi-weekly in others, afford Cabinet officers and other government officials an opportunity for personal contact with the press and a chance to ingratiate themselves with newspaper men. Cajolery and friendly raillery feature all of these conferences without exception, with the result that most of them are social functions and not, as they were intended to be, business sessions.

It was at these press conferences, the second source of Washington news, that the now famous dictum, "that's off the record," was originated. What government officials mean by this statement is that the startling piece of information they are about to divulge is only for the consumption of the

esoteric group of newspaper men around them. This "off the record" stuff has the effect of swelling the collective chests of the newcomers, who labor under the delusion that they have been singled out from the rest of mankind as repositories of highly confidential information. The more experienced reporters, however, inwardly laugh at the "off the record" material, for they know that the information is not confidential, is not secretive, and not at all important. This talk is only another ruse of the New Dealers. They fully realize that such a preface to their remarks will doubly insure its publication, although the story, when published, will not appear as coming from an official source.

V

Specific instances where government press agents have distorted facts are countless. In truth, it cannot be charged that all of these distortions are malicious and premeditated. Many of them result from the inherent ignorance of the press agents, most of whom do not know what they are talking about. While they manage to write glibly on matters coming within the purview of their bureaus, few of them, when closely interrogated, are able to make a sensible answer. Because the press agents have more imagination than intellect, most of the handouts are meaningless, muddled, and generally open to question.

Many cases of distortion, of course, are not due to ignorance, but are deliberate attempts to color the truth with a view to having the American people believe that the Democrats are leading them into the Promised Land. It was not by accident that the nation was led to believe that the Public Works Administration had worked miracles with its vast expenditure of \$3,700,000,000. The huge propaganda machine

of the P.W.A. ground out handouts by the yard, telling in detail how all of the money had been spent, that their work was completed, and that Harold L. Ickes and his boys were ready to sit back and watch the prosperity parade pass by.

It was something of a shock when the truth was finally divulged that, of all the money, only \$1,100,000,000 had been actually spent up to and including November 1, 1934, one year and a half after the creation of the P.W.A.

Madame Perkins, Secretary of Labor, ballyhooed the country into believing that men were returning to work by the millions, but she forgot to add that, on November 1, 1934, 63% of all building then being done in the country was being done by government agencies and that, as far as a substantial and healthy increase in employment was concerned, the private construction industry was dying on its last legs.

The following official handout from the Treasury Department, dated November 12, 1934, will serve as an illustration of the duplicity to which the press agents resort in order to create a good impression:

During the month of October, 26 national banks, with aggregate frozen deposits of \$31,493,000, were licensed and opened or reopened, J. F. T. O'Connor, Comptroller of the Currency, announced today. Of these, 19 institutions, with deposits of \$26,088,000, were licensed banks in the hands of conservators; while 7, with deposits of \$5,403,000, were insolvent banks in the hands of receivers.

If you can figure the meaning of this handout you are much smarter than a high-ranking lawyer in the Treasury Department, to whom I took the confusing statement. After a ten minute study, the lawyer frankly admitted he did not have the slightest idea of the statement's meaning. It was ambiguous, he pointed out, and

might mean the Treasury Department disbursed the sum of \$31,493,000 to depositors, or again it might mean that only part of this money was paid out. If a lawyer in the Treasury Department cannot understand a handout coming from his own bureau, how can newspaper men and the public be expected to get its meaning except through divine inspiration? As a matter of fact, only half of the \$31,493,000 was actually paid the depositors, despite the fact that many newspapers, the following day, told in screaming headlines that the Treasury Department was once more working miracles for the benefit of the body politic by disbursing \$31,493,000 in one month in closed banks.

The following is a sample of how far from the truth a press agent's hysteria will carry him. It comes from the Commerce Department and is dated January 4, 1934:

Secretary of Commerce Roper today announced the appointment of a committee of outstanding leaders in American aeronautics to serve in connection with the development of inexpensive, volume produced airplanes for private flying. The Public Works Administration recently announced the Allotment of \$500,000 to the Aeronautics Branch of the Department of Commerce for this development work.

This was a good story, but, unfortunately, it had no foundation in fact. The Department of Commerce to this day has not received a penny from the P.W.A. for the project, and why this announcement was ever made is just another of the many mysteries surrounding the handouts in Washington today.

One of the most amazing pieces of humbuggery emanating from the national capital was the announcement, last fall, of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation's plan for the immediate liquidation of scores of closed banks throughout the country. This was a scheme hatched be-

tween officials of the R.F.C. and the Treasury Department. In the announcement, made verbally by Jesse H. Jones, R.F.C. chairman, the plan was characterized as a step toward helping thousands of depositors. It was indicated that about \$9,000,000 would pour into the pockets of distressed depositors.

It developed later, however, that the depositors would not receive a nickel of this money, since the plan was concocted merely to insure the safety of loans made by the R.F.C. to these closed banks. The fact that the announcement was made two weeks before election was also more than a coincidence, as several government officials unblushingly admitted.

The Roosevelt administration made a lot of noise about the silver purchase program. It was announced officially that our exports to China would soar to points never before reached in the history of international commerce. American exports to China, in September, 1933 (before there was any talk of the silver plan), amounted to \$4,671,039. In September, 1934, almost four months after passage of the silver bill, our exports to China dropped to \$3,970,943. These are official figures given out by the Department of Commerce.

To what extremes the press agents will resort in trying to cover up the stupidities of their chiefs is well exemplified in the White House handout, dated November 24, 1934. The statement was handed out after James A. Moffett, Federal Housing Administrator, and Harold L. Ickes, Secretary of the Interior, had, to all appearances, patched up their difficulties regarding the financing of low-cost housing projects. Moffett, it will be recalled, favored financing such a project with private capital, while Ickes fought for a government subsidy.

Here, clearly, was a definite and sharp

difference of policy. The two principles proposed by the two officials were as contradictory as any two opposites could possibly be. After a White House conference between the men, the handout said:

It seems a pity that either misinterpretation or a desire to stir up trouble where no trouble exists should have given rise to stories which create the impression that there is a divergence of views between the Housing Administration and the Public Works Administration. No conflict or overlapping exists.

In short, it is the duty of press agents of the New Deal to show, with a flood of handouts, that all New Dealers are above any such human failings as petty jealousies, bickerings and squabbles. Even the slightest intimation that something might be wrong somewhere along the line, brings about a flood of silly and purposeless handouts.

The creation of the Import-Export Bank, headed by George Peek, was welcomed with a torrential downpour of glowing statements. The whole country, it seemed, suddenly became Import-Export conscious. Even housewives took an interest in our commercial enterprises with other countries. The Import-Export Bank has been a complete fizzle. In more than a year it has made only one loan, amounting to \$4,000,000, to Cuba. There has been, to date, no handout explaining the flop.

On October 17, 1934, the Agricultural Adjustment Administration announced with much fervor:

The Agricultural Adjustment Administration today announced that approximately 69 per cent of all producers voting in the corn-hog referendum meetings favored continuing adjustment through 1935 and that, in view of this substantial majority, a new corn-hog program definitely will be formulated and offered to producers as soon as possible.

The press agents of the A.A.A. forgot to add that this 69% represented actually only 31.1 per cent of all the farmers who had corn-hog contracts. In other words, there were at this time 1,200,000 signers of these contracts and of this number 374,584 voted to continue the reduction program. More than 161,000 voted against the program while the remainder did not vote at all.

There was good reason why they did not do much voting in Wyoming, at least. In a letter sent out to farmers in his area, Charles S. Llewellyn, extension agent for the A.A.A., made this statement: "*If you are against controlled production do not attend any of the meetings scheduled below.*"

The statement was underscored in the letter, which is dated September 25, 1934. These extension agents, be it remembered, are powerful lords in their respective communities, possessing, in most cases, the final say on whether a farmer shall or shall not receive a check from the Federal government. To offend him would not be the mark of a wise man. Therefore, rather than vote against the program, the farmers who did not believe in it, in Wyoming at least, remained away from the referendum meetings.

But the front pages of newspapers all over the country were splashed with the wonderful results of the referendum. It was only another case of where the Washington correspondents fell into a trap set by wise press agents.

The Federal Housing Administration, with its corps of highly trained publicists, floods the country every day with an unending stream of slush about its activities. For some reason they have yet to get out a handout that of the 11,700 banks which have signed up to make the F.H.A. loans, only 3,867 actually have coöperated.

In July, 1933, James A. Farley, the gush-

ing Postmaster General, made the statement that he would recommend legislation drafting all fourth and third class postmasters under the Civil Service system. There are 14,000 jobs in these two classes and no one in Washington believed for a moment that politicians, including Farley himself, would allow so many political plums to be snatched from their grasp in one clean sweep. The intent of the statement was, of course, to drum up the good will of the American taxpayer. The press, as usual, did not stop to examine the merits of the statement, but ate avidly every word of it.

These are a few samples of the sort of tricks to which the press agents resort to put their men across. The examples cited here could be multiplied by the scores. Those quoted illustrate the sort of slush Washington correspondents are forced to wade through every day of the week in search of a paragraph of news. They further serve to prove that newspaper readers should read all Washington dispatches with the tongue placed squarely against the cheek.

VI

We, in this country, abhor the autocratic censorship of news in Germany, Italy and several of the South American lands. We greet such tactics of the dictators with mingled sentiments of horror and jubilation, the former because news suppression is repugnant to our sense of liberty, the latter because such a thing could never, we think, happen here. Intimations that the press is being suppressed in this country are either laughed at altogether or put down as the prattle of an imbecile.

Such a condition of hysterical loyalty to the country exists merely because the average newspaper reader has not the slight-

est inkling how government news is dished out to the press. Mussolini and Hitler, openly and without question, suppress the press in their countries. Mr. Roosevelt and his cohorts accomplish the same end, in a much subtler way. While the government has taken no overt action to kill or suppress the dissemination of news, the fact remains that there is an imperceptible, albeit powerful, move to see that newspapers print only what the Administration wants them to print.

Newspaper publishers are well aware of this fact. Only last fall, in fact, Elisha Hanson, attorney for the American Newspaper Publishers Association, referred to the growing tendency to suppress news. He talked at length of the powerful propaganda machine set up by the New Deal to color public sentiment in favor of the New Deal.

Definite proof that newspapers publish only what the administration gives them is seen in the striking similarity of most of the news stories sent from Washington. If reporters were allowed to get their own stories, news dispatches would certainly have some major points of difference. A perusal will show, however, they all are substantially the same.

Publishers realize, too, that the power to tax is the power to kill, and that if they were suddenly to break forth with a barrage of criticism against the New Deal, Henry Morgenthau and a band of his minions would be on their necks before they could count ten. The Administration, as long as it controls the taxing reins, will always control the press, to a major degree, in this country.

Mr. Roosevelt fully realized that he needed the aid of a good press to carry on his dictatorship. His first move, therefore, was to enlist as many newspaper men as possible on the government pay roll. The

effect of this move was, in short, that the Administration had created for itself innumerable friends among the working newspaper men.

If the country is going to hell, the combined zeal and labor of all the press agents in the world cannot avert the catastrophe. If everything is as rosy as the publicists would have us believe, there is no need for ballyhoo to prevent an impending calamity. The only possible explanation, therefore, of the government's press agents' *raison d'être* is the glorification of the party in power.

An unbiased and complete investigation

would reveal that there is not the slightest excuse for the vast horde of ballyhoo artists who jam the government bureaus to-day. They serve, not the taxpayers with whose funds they are paid, but the jackasses who need their powerful pens to impress a gullible public of their intrinsic worth and nobility of soul. Removal of the press agents from the government trough would gladden the hearts of all reporters and the taxpayers alike. The publicists would not be without jobs, for they could return to fiction writing, in which endeavor their Uncle Sam has given them a good schooling.

OUR THREE HENRY WALLACES

BY JAMES E. BOYLE

HENRY WALLACE, or Uncle Henry, was the most loved man in Iowa at the time of his death some eighteen years ago. For many years a preacher in the United Presbyterian Church, he quit his pulpit, and at the age of sixty founded a farm journal and made a brilliant financial success of it. To him Sunday was the Sabbath. And today, forty years after he founded it, *Wallace's Farmer* still carries his weekly "Sabbath School Lessons." Uncle Henry, his son Henry C., and his grandson Henry A., all Scotch Presbyterians (United Presbyterian Church), all good Republicans, played very important rôles in serving one Democratic President and two Republican Presidents, and in undoing one Republican President. One of the three Wallaces was a member of President Theodore Roosevelt's Country Life Commission, and in that capacity pointed a clear path to farm relief. Another of these Wallaces was Secretary of Agriculture under President Harding, and this Wallace, in turn, pointed out a clear path of farm relief. The third and present Wallace is the Secretary of Agriculture under President Franklin D. Roosevelt, and this Wallace is now preaching a gospel of a millennium for our farmers.

There are interesting reasons why these three Iowa psalm-singing Scots from the clean little country city of Des Moines should play such big rôles in our national life.

Why should a man at the age of sixty

years, and a preacher at that, indulge in the divine foolishness of starting a newspaper? And why, stranger still, should he make a colossal success of the adventure? To answer these questions is to give a key to the ability and character of Uncle Henry Wallace.

When Theodore Roosevelt put Uncle Henry on his Country Life Commission he did so because of the man's well known practical idealism. The report of that Commission stands today as one of the broadest, sanest discussions of country life in print in English or any other language. Not a line smells of politics. When Henry established *Wallace's Farmer*, back in 1895, he placed at the masthead the motto: "Good Farming. Clear Thinking. Right Living." In these three phrases you have the economic and spiritual philosophy of Henry Wallace. His gospel was aimed always at the individual, never at organizations and institutions.

In recent years we have been sending a new type of missionary into China, India, and Africa. He is called an "agricultural missionary." He still wants to save the souls of the pagans, but his technique is better than it used to be. First, he wants to help the pocket-book of the native; help him earn a better living, so he can pay for better roads, schools, hospitals. Such missionaries are succeeding, and deserve to succeed.

I like to think of Uncle Henry as the first agricultural missionary to the Ameri-

can farmer. He quit his pastorate because he could in all reverence preach a more practical gospel, and a more practical idealism to that large section of our population who are engaged in farming.

When Uncle Henry started his farm paper it was a small semi-monthly, with a few thousand subscribers. A practical newspaper man, listening to Henry's plans to operate his paper on a basis of such high ideals, gave the paper six months to live. However, within one year, the paper had grown to a weekly, and the number of subscribers had quadrupled.

The preacher in the pulpit became a teacher-preacher in the editorial chair. The keynote of all his teaching was always the same—practical idealism. Help the farmer make money. Help the farmer be a better citizen. It was to an ordered, peaceful life that Uncle Henry always called the farmer. For him there was no place for sabotage in the pattern of farm life.

One of Uncle Henry's greatest concerns was the slowly-spreading evil of farm tenancy in the United States. He saw in the best farming counties of Iowa and Illinois 50% or even more of the land being farmed by tenants; he noted that in some counties and in some States the percentage of tenancy had mounted to over 90%. In his perplexity he made a trip to Scotland, and observed the type of stabilized land tenure in successful operation there. He observed the tenants living on farms where their fathers and grandfathers before them had been tenants. He returned to Iowa, and saw the "renters" packing up their bag and baggage to "move" when the first of March came around; he observed their lack of pride in their "homes" and farmsteads, their failure to support financially or otherwise the schools, churches, or other community enterprises. When he was past the age of

seventy-nine he addressed a Bankers' Conference on this subject, speaking with his usual simple and moving eloquence:

Productive value cannot be maintained under our present system of leasing.

It is useless to attempt to develop a social value when half our lands are farmed by an unstable population.

Many leases are simply conspiracies against the voiceless land, to rob it. . . . The land is silent now, but bides its time and takes its sure revenge.

Uncle Henry, as I have said, was a member of Theodore Roosevelt's Country Life Commission. T. R.'s pet project, and one of his most constructive achievements, was his Conservation movement. He put the word "conservation" into general circulation and made the whole nation forestry-minded. The election of Uncle Henry as President of the Third Conservation Congress was a fitting tribute to the friendship of the two men.

The last twenty years of his life he served as editor of *Wallace's Farmer*. These were his years of ripest powers, clearest thinking, and greatest service. At the age of eighty he was gathered home to his fathers.

II

With the death of Henry Wallace in 1916 began the public life of his son, Henry Cantwell Wallace, then a man of fifty. Unfortunately only eight years of life remained to him to carry on the tradition of his distinguished father. Five years of this time were spent as editor of *Wallace's Farmer* and three as Secretary of Agriculture in the Cabinet of President Harding. In both these capacities Henry C. served quietly but with conspicuous success. At the time of his death in 1924 the question of "farm relief" had become chronic and acute. But at that time, unlike

the present, the battle among farm leaders was not over the shortest route to the United States Treasury. The battle was over the merits of three or four brands of so-called coöperative marketing. This controversy illustrates both the character and principles of Henry C. Wallace. Some "farm relievers" were sincere and financially disinterested; some had zeal without knowledge; some were after the loaves and fishes.

More and more the pressure was applied to Secretary Wallace to use the apparatus of the far-flung Department of Agriculture to promote coöperative selling where the farmers themselves were apathetic on the subject. Also, he was pressed to prostitute the new quasi-public county agricultural agent movement (a purely educational movement) into a commercial machine to buy and sell for the farmers. In resisting this tremendous pressure he showed both courage and common sense. In his last message—the annual report just before his death—he laid down eternally sound principles. It is Henry C. Wallace's Valedictory to the world. He said, referring to the place of state aid versus self-help:

The relationship of the government to co-operation should be one of service. It should help farmers market their crops just as it helps them produce crops, not by doing the work, but by supplying the information which the farmers cannot get for themselves. To go further would be to injure rather than to aid the coöperative movement.

Henry Cantwell Wallace, at the age of twenty-five, was graduated from the agricultural college at Ames, Iowa, where he specialized in dairy and livestock. He remained at the college two years as professor of dairying. For a few years he was a farmer-editor, helping his father with the paper, and breeding pure bred livestock

for himself. His dominating economic interest now became corn, hogs, cattle. He was permanent secretary of the Corn Belt Meat Producers Association.

As a citizen his three interests were the Y.M.C.A., the United Presbyterian Church, and the Republican party.

Henry C. Wallace died October 25, 1924, age fifty-eight. During his three and a half years in the Cabinet there developed the fateful quarrel between him and Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce. Harding for a time was inclined to follow Hoover, that is, transfer the Bureau of Markets from the Department of Agriculture to the Department of Commerce. In the end Wallace won the battle. But the bitterness of the quarrel was inherited by his son, Henry A., then a young man of thirty-five. Eight years later Hoover was a candidate for reelection to the Presidency. Henry A., although a Republican of long standing, threw all his influence to Roosevelt. Roosevelt carried Iowa. Henry A. became Secretary of Agriculture, March 4, 1933.

Henry Agard Wallace made a unique record for his office during the year 1934. He traveled 40,000 miles through all forty-eight States, made eighty-eight speeches, on farm problems, tariffs, foreign trade, and religion; produced twenty-two articles for publication; wrote three books. His office gave him a high pulpit, and from it he preached his own gospel.

"I hold to no particular philosophy of economics," wrote Wallace in his textbook on "Agricultural Prices," some fifteen years ago. He still despises the accepted economic judgments of the past, hence his willingness to experiment with deep-rooted, long established economic institutions.

Under the Agricultural Adjustment Act Secretary Wallace has dictatorial powers over American agriculture and over those

"middlemen" who process or deal in agricultural products. The A.A.A., as he administers it, aims to raise prices and has raised prices. It has done this largely by crop reduction and destruction. It also possesses and exercises authority to license dealers in farm products and to sign "marketing agreements" (price fixing codes) with such dealers. The powers of Wallace are vast, almost beyond belief, and Congress is constantly adding to these powers.

We are interested in knowing a little more of the philosophy of this man Wallace who wields such unprecedented power over the economic life of the nation. Fortunately he has never been a silent man.

Wallace is a deeply religious man. He walks by faith and not by sight. He has faith in only two things, God and Statistics. "If we are to continue our present complex society," says Wallace in his first book, "we must educate our children very thoroughly in social mathematics." He labels Statistics "social mathematics," because the term has emotional appeal. Henry's intimate neighbors in Iowa describe him as "honest, strong-headed, emotional."

III

The new gospel preached by Wallace is an economic utopia which is here called "a balanced agriculture." By eliminating the "surplus" a theoretical "parity" is to be achieved. "Surplus" is not defined. Indeed, recent studies by the Brookings Institution furnish strong evidence that we have a shortage of agricultural commodities and not a surplus. The "parity" on Wallace's utopia is at the "1926 price level." But no two statisticians agree on what the price level was then, or is now, or that the year 1926 is any better "parity" year than 1925 or 1915 or 1905.

Wallace teaches that "surplus" is an evil, and a "remedy" for it must be found. The remedy must be found, moreover, in Washington, by the "planners" who have the theory and not by the farmers who have the experience. The refrain running through his writings is the word "balanced," magic slogan. Slogans have their emotional use—they are substitutes for thinking. The A.A.A. oversimplifies its problem by saying it is one of "surplus." This smacks too much of the old-time patent medicine or "blood-purifier," once sold as a universal remedy for man and beast. If surplus be a curse, then indeed is the wheat farmer slow in discovering it, because in the last 143 years he has produced a big surplus every year but one. If surplus be a curse, then indeed is the cotton farmer doubly damned, for he has produced a surplus every year for 200 years. Why were these wheat and cotton surpluses so slow in wrecking the farmer? The answer is plain. The surplus is not an evil. The farmer's problem for the past 200 years has not been to produce less but to sell more. He has needed markets—unrestricted markets.

To a very marked degree the philosophy of Henry A. Wallace helped shape his business career, and in turn his business experience helped shape his philosophy. At twenty-two he was a graduate of the Agricultural College at Ames, Iowa. He then became associated with the family paper, *Wallace's Farmer*; upon the death of his father, he, at the age of thirty-six, took over the editorship. Readers of this journal were surprised beyond words one day, some five years later, when they read the title page of the issue for October 26, 1929, *Wallace's Farmer and Iowa Homestead*. The *Iowa Homestead*, one of the oldest farm papers in the United States, was published in Des Moines, under the

management of Dante Pierce, and was, of course, a competitor of *Wallace's Farmer*. "The consolidation was brought about," said the announcement, "by the purchase of the Homestead Company by the Wallace Publishing Company." The decision was made by John Wallace, son of Uncle Henry, and by Henry A., grandson of Uncle Henry.

Note the date of the decision—just before the big slump. The transaction created a big debt—too big, in fact. The paper soon began the campaign for an "honest dollar," that is, inflation. It became a semi-weekly. But its financial structure could not carry the burden, and the journal passed back into the hands of Dante Pierce. Henry A. continued his job as editor. When a man of forty, or thereabouts, has a financial experience of this kind it usually colors his thinking on economic and monetary matters.

Wallace, as I have said, walks by faith and not by sight. Great is the tenacity of his faith in statistics. Yet in his own experience he has often seen facts override carefully derived statistical formulas. He himself was statistician for Hoover's Food Administration Swine Commission. He was familiar with Hoover's theory of securing the "orderly marketing" of hogs by "stabilizing the flow" to market by means of the 300-mile zone plan. Wallace himself described the failure of the scheme. He was also familiar with Hoover's statistical formula of a fixed price for hogs based on the 13 to 1 ratio (13 bushels of corn equal 100 pounds of hog). Concerning this hog price guarantee Wallace uses this sharp language:

When it came to putting the thirteen bushel ratio into effect in the fall and winter of 1918-19, the Food Administration did all in its power to squirm out of living up to its guarantee—avoiding its

guarantee with such chicanery and deceit as an experienced business man knows how to use in case of emergency.

Wallace had seen the Farm Board in operation, with its grand marketing plans and its staff of eighty-five economists. He had seen these statistical sharks make twenty-one major forecasts of wheat prices, and every forecast wrong. This Farm Board, with its half billion dollars of Federal funds, made "plans"; its goal was to "control" the "surplus" of wheat and cotton. Wallace had seen this government planning agency dissipate its money and pile up the biggest stocks of wheat and cotton in the history of the world. In fact, the 2,000,000 bales of cotton bought by the Farm Board at eighteen cents are still unsold, and the price is now twelve cents. Wallace, I say, had seen the farmers suffer bitterly from too much "planning" at Washington. But now, with his own staff of 170 economists, he is dreaming still bigger dreams, seeing more utopian visions, planning still vaster plans; creating unprecedentedly far flung and colossal compulsory controls.

In Wallace's economic philosophy we find not two factors of price but three—supply, demand, and *strategy*. In introducing "strategy" in his text-book on prices, he breaks with the orthodox economists. He refers with favor to strikes by farmers. But his chief contribution to economic doctrine is his theory of "sabotage," a principle which he warmly espouses. Sabotage, according to the dictionary, means plant-wrecking. Says Wallace:

If farmers are to continue under the present laissez-faire system with supply and demand, together with strategic manipulations, as the price making force, they must necessarily learn to play the game themselves. They will find it necessary to practice sabotage in the same scientific, business-like way as labor and capital.

Business people must come to see that the common people will not stand for curtailment of production. . . . In the meantime farmers must learn to use sagacious sabotage as effectively as labor and capital. . . .

Of course, if farmers should practice sabotage in the same heartless, efficient way as labor and capital, our society would be imperiled. The burden of sabotage practiced by labor and capital has been borne chiefly by the farmer. When farmers also practice sabotage, labor and capital will be forced to come to an agreement with farmers on production and price matters. . . .

It is suggested as the only effective way out of the difficulty that farmers organize into powerful bargaining organizations, which, on occasion, can practice sabotage as skillfully as capital or union labor.

This theory of sabotage is innocent and harmless enough when held as a merely academic and doctrinaire creed. But when the holder of it becomes Secretary of Agriculture and is granted full powers by the President and Congress to put this theory into practice, then it becomes a horse of a different color. The Agricultural Adjustment Act was written as Wallace wanted it written. He at once surrounded himself with a Brain Trust in sympathy with his views. No member of this Brain Trust was chosen because of his previous successful experience in farming or business.

Carrying out the principle of sabotage, the first act of the A.A.A. was the plowing under of 4,500,000 bales of matured cotton. The farmers were paid \$110,000,000 in cash for destroying the cotton on 11,000,000 acres. It was indeed a strange sight to see these farmers, most of them in rags and tatters, plowing this white cotton back into the good black earth. They were puzzled over the theory back of it—how they would somehow increase their wealth by destroying this wealth. The next farmers to be puzzled were the swine growers. They

were offered a substantial cash bounty if they would bring in to the central markets a certain number of brood sows soon to be mothers, and a number of young pigs. Some 200,000 sows were thus destroyed; some 6,000,000 little pigs were killed—a few going into human consumption; more going into the river; most of them going into fertilizer. Food into fertilizer; food into carrion. Here was sabotage on a grand scale. Yet at that moment there were in the United States 10,000,000 persons unemployed—and hungry!

IV

Production must be “controlled,” says the Wallace gospel. In practice, this does not mean that *production* is controlled; it means that *acreage* is controlled. Thus the A.A.A. plan called for an acreage reduction in wheat for 1934 of 15% and in cotton of 40%. But here, as elsewhere, the A.A.A. oversimplifies its problem. The A.A.A. controls the acreage, but the weather controls the yield. Thus the big drouth of 1934 overrode the A.A.A. plans for corn and wheat. Thanks to the combined results of A.A.A. planning and bad weather, we are now importing millions of bushels of wheat and corn to feed our wheat and corn farmers, and to rescue their animals from starvation. In the time of “surplus” the Kansas farmer sold his corn for 15 cents; now under the planned economy, he is buying corn at \$1.00. But this farmer, ungrateful wretch, says he would rather sell corn at 15 cents a bushel than buy it at one dollar.

Wallace’s theory of “planned agriculture” and “balanced agriculture” collides with facts. There are several serious aspects of this collision. One serious aspect of this production “controlled” according

to the "blue prints made in Washington," is this: in so controlling wheat acreage we are flirting with famine. To illustrate: The spring wheat farmers in 1913 cut their acreage 3.9%; but their yield decreased 27.3%. These same farmers in 1919 cut their acreage 14.2%; but their yield dropped 41.7%. In the year 1916 they cut their acreage 8%; but their yield slumped 55.7%. He is a rash "planner," indeed, that will gamble with the weather like this and endanger the nation's food supply.

Another serious aspect of this "controlled production" and crop reduction and destruction, especially in crops we export, is this: our foreign competitors will increase their production to feed the markets we are starving. The foreign customers resent what they call a hold-up, and adopt retaliatory measures. Thus sixty countries, large and small, compete with us in the world's cotton markets. China, Brazil, and several others, have vastly increased their cotton acreage to offset our curtailment. The "vacuum" we hoped to create has been already filled—and more than filled. But not with American cotton.

The third and most serious aspect of this so-called "balanced agriculture" is this: by planning a balance for one section the A.A.A. unbalances agriculture in all the other sections. The Mississippi farmer, for instance, grows cotton and buys his corn from Iowa. He has a reason for this. He has found out by experience that his cotton makes him \$31 an acre, and corn \$15 an acre. So he sells cotton and buys corn. But under A.A.A. tutelage he is paid not to grow cotton and is advised to grow his own corn on the vacant land. So he does. This means that the Iowa corn farmer has lost the Mississippi market for his corn. So now the Iowa farmer must also turn from a more profitable to a less profitable crop. What is the end to be?

Wallace, in his 1934 Report to the President, recommends that the A.A.A. be made permanent. Production control will, he says, lead to a "balanced abundance." But at the moment these words were written 500,000 farm folks in the cotton belt in Texas alone were on relief, thanks to the scarcity created by the joint effects of the weather and the A.A.A.

Congress considered the A.A.A. a temporary, emergency measure. The title of the act states its purpose: "To relieve the existing economic emergency, to raise revenue for extraordinary expenses incurred by reason of such emergency, to provide emergency relief."

In the original Agricultural Adjustment Act, it was provided that the law should apply only to a few strictly basic crops. The law specified that seven crops were "basic":—wheat, corn, hogs, milk (and its products), cotton, tobacco, rice. The old Farm Board had had \$550,000,000 at its disposal, and had lost four-fifths of it on two crops only—wheat and cotton. But under this new act there was a vision of billions. There is a vulgar proverb which says that too much money draws the buzzards. Anyhow, pressure was immediately put on Congress to discover other "basic" commodities. So Congress voted the lowly peanut to be a basic crop. It occupies one-ninth of one per cent of our farm land, and has a value less than that of the annual egg crop of California alone.

To peanuts have been added seven other "basic" crops, namely, sugar, beef cattle, dairy cattle, rye, flax, barley, grain-sorghums. Apparently the greed for the dole ("benefit payments") knows no limit. The seven basic crops have now become fifteen—and the end is not yet. In each of these the Secretary has power to enter upon a program of crop reduction. We are, he says, crossing the bridge to nationalism.

V

Much is made by Wallace of the so-called "voluntary" coöperation of the farmer. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The original plans were all made in Washington. The farmer signed on the dotted line. He signed under pressure. In the case of the cotton contract, the well-publicized request for names of all non-signers lent support to the rumor of credit restriction and made it more effective. Even the pretext of being "voluntary coöperation" was speedily abandoned in the case of cotton and tobacco, under two supplemental acts (the Bankhead and Smith-Kerr laws). Wallace poohpoohs old-fashioned coöperation among farmers, while praising an unreality which he terms a "partnership" or "coöperation with the government." The fact remains that farmers must choose between coöperation (self-help) and government aid. When government control begins coöperative effort ends. "When two men ride horseback one must ride behind." Federal control follows Federal financing.

The recent 9 to 1 referendum vote in favor of continuing for another year the Bankhead compulsory cotton restriction is cited by the A.A.A. as evidence of the democratic and voluntary nature of the scheme. It is nothing of the kind. Most of the cotton farmers are "two-bale farmers." On the eve of the voting these little fellows were promised by President Roosevelt that they would be exempt from the restriction. Naturally, they voted to restrict the big fellows. But more potent than this promise was the propaganda of the A.A.A. in its "cotton catechisms" scattered like rain from heaven for weeks and months over the South. These clever leaflets aimed to secure farmer endorsement of the A.A.A. program *in toto*. One idea

was hammered into the head of the farmer—he would see five-cent cotton if government control were abandoned. He believed "the government."

Whether we call it preaching, teaching, or propaganda, the fact remains that the A.A.A. now employs some sixty high-powered experts in publicity, each of whom pounds out ten thousand words a week. This barrage of "educational" literature goes quickly to the press and pulpit of the country, and, through the Federal field forces back to the evening classes among farmers, back to the very grass roots. Thus the manufacture of mass opinion is on a factory basis.

Wallace's philosophy, as I have said, changes from time to time. Two years ago his economic system was built on the dogma of "production control"—*i.e.*, acreage control. His philosophy expands. In his recent annual report he dreams of "an ever normal granary," that is, grain to be withheld from market and stored on each farm, and financed with Federal funds. To the criticism that such a big visible supply would overhang the market and depress prices he replies that his planners would somehow think up "safeguards against any possible depressing influence on prices." His philosophy has expanded even more to include regimentation of land ownership and use. He avers, "Perhaps we have gone too far in allowing freedom in the transfer and use of land."

The American people have a homely proverb regarding the passing of riches from father to son which says it is only three generations from shirtsleeves to shirtsleeves. If there is such a cycle in American life, then the Wallace-cycle would be three generations from preacher to preacher. Uncle Henry began life as a preacher. Is Henry A. to end his life as a preacher-at-large to the American people?

The philosophy of Henry A. Wallace has been rapidly expanding, because each "control" he has thus far undertaken has bred further controls. In government affairs, control breeds control. One step leads to another. When a private business makes a mistake, it goes bankrupt and quits. When the government goes into business and makes mistakes, it merely pyramids its mistakes and keeps on in the same direction. Power, like old Scotch, is a heady thing. Even our Scottish Secretary of Agriculture finds it so. In this connection he warmly proclaims:

The cotton plan, the corn and hog plan, the dairy, tobacco, fruit and wheat programs that we are now launching—all these are experimental first steps in the new direction.

Once you take the first step in that direction you are forced to take other steps.

I think we have done a fairly good job. What we have done is only the barest beginning of all we shall have to do.

Rexford G. Tugwell, Under Secretary of Agriculture, echoes views similar to those of his chief:

The A.A.A. has procured a regulated harvest of cotton for this year. Soon we shall have plans under way for a long-time program.

One move compels another as in a game of chess.

And that move in turn compels a whole series of others.

We have set upon a process which is bound to alter our entire agricultural structure.

It may go even beyond that and lead in time to a rational resettlement of America.

With control now in his hands, and more power to be given him by Congress, our fervent and evangelistic Secretary of Agriculture sees a rosy picture of the new agricultural utopia which he and his planners are to create. He says: "The Millennium is not yet here, although the makings of it are clearly in our hands."

MONKS DIE GOOD

BY JACK ENGLISH

BROTHER RAPHAEL died on New Year's day. He had been the Brother Steward. He had bought the meats and drinks and had prepared all the menus. He himself had made the fine wines that the monks were drinking at the noon feast when the Brother Superior announced his death.

He was not old when he died. On the day after Christmas he had gone to the Brother Superior and had said, "My side pains me. With your permission I'll walk to the hospital and have myself examined. It won't take long."

The doctors had kept him, and on the following day they had taken out his appendix, and then peritonitis had set in, and it was from that he died.

When the Superior announced his death the high talk at the noon feast subsided. Some of the monks pushed back the wine. It was good wine, they said, but who wanted to drink a dead man's wine? Some thought that it might have been better if the Superior had waited until the feast was over, but most of them just sat back, finishing their cigars and talking peritonitis, and wondering who the next Brother Steward would be.

The Brother Superior looked tired. He never postured, but this time he allowed himself to put his head in his hands and stare emptily at the beads in his wine glass. He had liked Raphael, for Raphael had been a good steward. He could create new dishes, and he could discern excellent

meats, and he had been humble and kind.

The undertaker finished with his body at nine o'clock that night and they waked him where all the dead monks were waked for a single night—in the third parlor.

The third parlor was a somber place, so dark that a dead body and a few wreaths of flowers and several white candles gave life to it. The lights were out, and only six great candles were burning in the room. Six or seven monks were standing round the casket, whispering about the corpse, maintaining that they did not like the undertaking job. The embalmer must have used a ton of powder, they said, and all in all, it did not look too much like Raphael. His face had shriveled and his neck was black and his hair was not combed well. The rest of him was all right. His black gown fitted him well, and his white fleshless hands were folded across the iron cross on his breast, and a new chaplet was attached to his girdle.

All night long I could hear the two monks digging the grave. They had struck a ledge and were trying to get beneath without blasting it. No other spot would do. The next monk who died was to go into that spot, ledge or no ledge. From my window I could see the monks, only about three hundred feet away, digging under a high, bright moon, which lit up forty white crosses. Old, old monks were in that graveyard—and young ones, too, I whispered to myself.

Once in a while I could see old Brother

Placidus, the Brother Grave-Digger, emerge from the hole and straighten out his bent back. He had dug the forty graves and he always said that he would dig his own, too, and occasionally he would make defiant bets with the other old monks that he would live to put them under the grass and throw the earth back over them. From the back hills of Kentucky he had come to God with a body of cedar and hands of pine. He was tough—tougher than oak, and immune to the knives of the north winds.

But tonight was the bitterest night he remembered, and this night he had broken down a bit and had asked for help. He and his partner worked away in silence. As the old man said, they were to bury a monk, and not Ophelia.

II

I didn't see the corpse before Mass. I came late purposely, and the undertaker had put on the casket lid before I reached the third parlor.

The Superior was waiting for me.

"Brother Anthony," he said, "I want you to be a pallbearer."

"Yes," I said. "Why, yes. Sure."

That meant that I would be in the first bench in the chapel, with nobody in front of me to guide me through the ritual of the Burial Mass. But that morning I was fortunate. One of the Brother Pallbearers, the one beside me, had long been a Master of Ceremonies, and I followed his every move.

The Mass was over in an hour. The casket was wheeled out first, and the pallbearers accompanied it down the narrow aisle. My left hand was on the bar of the casket, and my right hand was swinging between the wooden rows. One of my knees struck a bench, and I knew that my

face grew red because of the noise. My feet were in a cramped groove. I scraped my left ankle to bleeding, and I struck my right knee against the pews continually. When I reached the vestibule of the chapel, I was perspiring, and my ankle was paining so much and I felt so stupid and self-conscious that I had almost forgotten there was a funeral going on.

But the cold air brought me back to reality. We bore the casket down the steps and slid it into the funeral car, and slowly the procession started. Behind the hearse, two by two, came the near family of the dead monk, a brother of his and two younger sisters, and a score of relatives, all of them very quiet.

Two by two followed thirty monks of the monastery. Then came the visiting monks and priests. Then came some salesmen, who had known Raphael, and who had sold him meat and salt and butter, and who were now wondering very much about the next Brother Steward.

It was not a great funeral—that is, as the world judges a funeral. There were not more than a hundred mourners and there was only one car, the hearse, and there were only a few flowers.

The procession headed toward the pine grove. Old Brother John—Black John—had climbed the tower, and now he began to toll the bell. It rolled out on the air like a terrible voice of mourning from the sky. Everybody looked up. There was Black John, far up in the belfry, his arms bare to the elbows, the fat tongue of the big bell tight in his fist, suspended for another strike.

The cortège passed beyond the tower and nobody cared to continue looking back and upward. Behind the funeral car rose the voices of the monks, softly and solemnly chanting the *De Profundis* for the soul of the dead Brother. "From the

morning watch even unto night, let Israel hope in the Lord," they sang. "And he shall redeem Israel from all his iniquities."

In a few minutes the mourners reached a row of pines and, still chanting, they passed under the arch of the naked branches. The wind seemed suddenly to die. But it was only lost among the pines for a moment, and they felt its breath again when they reached the clearing which was the graveyard.

Here the procession stopped, and the monks ceased their dirge. The pallbearers formed a row behind the hearse, and the mourners formed a circle round the grave.

"All right, Brothers, take a hand," the director said.

An old monk came up to me at that moment. "Son, you ought to be wearing a biretta. This is bad weather."

"I never wear a hat," I said.

I took hold of the metal bar of the casket, and I thought my hands would freeze on the spot. I should have worn gloves, I thought. Many small rocks were strewn near the grave, and I could not guide my numbed feet over them. I stumbled and the casket tilted. When we reached the hole I found difficulty in turning; so I straddled the grave.

Somebody laughed. "That's a new one."

One of the pallbearers said, "Tony, be careful. You'll fall in."

I was losing patience. I let go of the bar and stepped back. The casket was resting on the canvas straps above the hole. I looked at my hands, spotted purple with the cold, and I blew on them and put them into my pockets.

A priest began to read the Prayers for the Dead, while the mourners blessed themselves and listened. Brother Raphael's sisters were sobbing a bit, and his brother had his head bowed. There was much sniff-

ling among the others, too, not from grief, but from the cold.

Somebody at my left nudged me, and a voice said, "You ought to be wearing a hat."

I looked round. It wasn't the old man this time, but a visiting monk.

"No," I said. "I never wear a hat. Only my feet are cold."

Some of the dirt from the grave was loose, and the wind began to make flying dust of it. A speck got into one of my eyes, and soon the eye was watering like an overfilled cup. I was wishing that the whole thing were over. The priest continued to pray, slowly, whiningly, while the others about stamped their feet on the frozen ground to keep them warm.

I took my eyes from the priest and looked round at the others again. They were all suffering from the cold. The monks, all in black, wrapped their heavy cloaks tight about themselves and began to close in on one another to shut the cold wind out. A few flakes of snow came down and stuck to the black gowns and cloaks and melted on the black lid of the casket. I looked up at the sky. It was low and as gray as iron. All this while, Black John was tolling the bell in the monastery tower and more than ever it seemed like a cry of sorrow from the sky.

The priest continued, his voice rising above the wind—

Come to his assistance, all ye saints of God; meet him, all ye angels of the Lord; receiving his soul; presenting it in the sight of the Most High.

May the Lord, Who calleth thee, receive thee, and the angels conduct thee in to the bosom of Abraham.

Receiving thy soul and presenting it in the sight of the Most High.

The priest closed his breviary, knelt down, and as they lowered the casket into

the grave, he sprinkled some of the dirt upon the lid. The monks, according to the burial custom, sprinkled dirt also. Old Brother Placidus passed a trowel full of clay to the Brother Superior, who poured a little into the hole and passed the trowel to another old monk. So the trowel passed from hand to hand.

The younger monks had to wait. One of the Brothers clumsily kicked some of the loose stones and they dropped into the hole. The sound, like a roll of drums, penetrated the air disgustingly. Voices protested against the awkwardness. One of Brother Raphael's sisters lost control of herself and suddenly began to shriek. I threw a pinch of dirt into the grave and walked away.

Somebody caught up with me.

"Say, Tony, you should be wearing a hat. It's perishing. And what's the matter with your eyes? They're all red."

He kept talking, but I paid no attention to him and kept staring ahead and walking on.

I began to pray: "Dear God, I know I should have worn a hat. But was it such an awful thing not to do? Everybody is bothered about it. Dear God, please give me patience. I offer up my cold hands and my numbed feet and my worn patience for Brother Raphael. Please have mercy on him."

III

When I reached the common room, forty or fifty monks were already there. Only a burial could bring so many from the other houses. The Brother Superior was passing out some of the good Christmas cigars. Some of the monks were playing cribbage. Questions flew and stories passed. They were all warming up, and somebody turned on the radio. The Brother Superior turned it off.

There came up the traditional question—"Well, who's next?" And some would point and laugh, but nobody seemed to bother about the answer.

Was that the way with death among monks? No mourning or praise? But monks die good, and go to their eternal reward, and why should there be sorrow?

Somebody asked, "Is the mail in yet?" Another remarked that we were in for a heavy snow-fall.

Then Brother Carl remembered his traps, which he hadn't looked at for two days, and as he started toward the door he asked me to go along. The Brother Infirmaryman, old "Doc Gusto", walked out also, and came part of the way with us. He did not have much to say, and it was only: "Well, Tony, who is the next one?"

He was. It was at his funeral, in the Spring, that I became used to it.

REVOLUTION IN THE ART WORLD

A. For Proletarian Art

BY JACOB BURCK

THE pet notion, prevalent not so long ago, that physical misery nourished the artistic soul, has apparently not withstood the test of time. A significant indication of this is the increasing popularity in the art world of the idea of eating. Shockingly enough, the artist today is beginning to develop such plebeian characteristics as the desire for bodily nutriment. The establishment of five-thousand-dollar-a-year fellowships for starving poets by a Mrs. Hugh Bullock recently brought a mild reproach from the venerable *New York Times*. Speaking editorially, this paper gravely concluded that perhaps, after all, five thousand dollars is not too luxurious a sum to have a deteriorating effect on any young man of genius. What the *Times* would say of the fact that more than 1,100 artists now belong to such a hitherto unheard-of thing as an Artists Union, should be extremely interesting were it at any time to consider this as news "fit to print."

Not only has the artist during recent years changed his attitude towards physical conditions, but five years of economic depression have brought about in him a different approach toward his subject matter. Although the artist, generally speaking, had no stocks or bonds invested in Wall Street, the stock market crash affected him as cruelly as it did those who were caught. His talents became so much worthless gilt-edge securities. His patron

was quick to abandon him and his art, leaving him disenchanted and despairing. Hopes of a comfortable existence to crown his years of effort and privation became a cruel taunt. The gallery market diminished to a trickle or an occasional drop, or disappeared altogether. Those fine artistic niceties which he had valued with his life became painfully unreal in this new world of bank failures and breadlines.

To be denied economic security temporarily was not entirely strange to him. Genius was born in want, and the thought was even consoling. But the gradual realization that his world of "eternal realities" was but a mirage, sickened his soul. The number of artists this disillusionment has completely wiped out or left artistic wrecks will never be known. It is one of the great tragedies of modern times.

The unemployed artist cannot easily be absorbed by industry, even if jobs were plentiful. With his very first pencil stroke, he had looked upon himself as a priest of a sacred cult. Later, the ceremonial little cups of tea he drank to obtain commissions or sell his pictures, filled him with a snobbish contempt for the rest of society. The stock market crash caught his intensely subjective spirit between the clash of big social forces.

Prior to the crisis, consideration of subject matter in painting was considered bad taste. Something altogether belonging to another medium of expression. Now, the

subject holds first place in discussions among most groups of artists. The artist has become aware that something has happened to the world in which his "self-expression" used to function. He is casting about for something new to replace it. The changed economic and social conditions have made him dissatisfied with the old studio truck. His position is closer to reality and the artist in him seeks means of expressing it. As one Woodstock artist remarked to a friend of mine last summer, "I can't paint nudes anymore, nudes are meant to sleep with."

He awoke one morning to find that the lot of the "man in the street" was somehow related to the welfare of his little white cow. When this became a certainty, panic seized him. He clutched at mysticism to save him. "Surrealism," he called it, abandoning his nude (on the bed or the easel).

This new but short-lived cult had many followers until recently. These sought to arrange their shattered bits of life with some semblance of order within the reassuring picture-frame. The total effect resembled a trunk murder: human limbs mingled with dead fish and fruit packed neatly within the rectangular body of the trunk. Those critics who hailed it claimed for it the powers of reëvaluating the objective world, the means by which men will be enabled to understand and find their "true" relation to the "objective" realities of life.

Other artists, in their despair and failure to understand the sudden upheaval, chose the jingoism of the D.A.R. as a way out. Taking their cue from the propaganda of this organization, they blamed it all on the "foreigners," the Matisse's, Cezanne's, Derain's, and the Picasso's, forgetting that most of them were distorted reflections of these men. They exclaimed, "These men have clogged the art market!" . . . "Good American money is going to

buy up their junk!" . . . "Keep them out!" . . . "Tax them!" . . . "Deport them!" . . . "Buy American!" . . . "Our talent is as good as theirs!" etc. These artists went so far as to form an organization calculated to put pressure on Washington to place an embargo on all art originating outside of the boundaries of the United States.

II

An offshoot of this school was recently started by a number of artists and an art critic. Being too intelligent to associate themselves with such crude thinking, they developed an adroit fine-spun theory about art springing solely from national life. Underlying their philosophy is the wish-fulfillment of cutting off the American market from their former Parisian teachers. Formerly progressives and liberals, they claim an unbiased, detached interest in any opposing social forces of our society. From this lofty eminence, they view the American continent and declare that our country's natural beauties are equal to and even more worthy of the painter's efforts than such scenes as he may bring back from European countries. They boast of their pioneering ancestry, and disqualify any painter from ability to portray American life who cannot claim at least a native American grandfather.

This school is more than a curious combination of Cook's Tours and D.A.R. philosophies. It makes social chaos a virtue, which, if the painter is to be true to his art and his country, he must catch in his work. Chaotic pictorial composition becomes the hundred per cent American Twentieth Century style—the only style. To get a clear idea of what this school is all about, let us see what Thomas Craven has to say about the art of Thomas Benton in his latest book, "Modern Art," which is

entirely devoted to presenting this viewpoint. Says Mr. Craven:

Benton neither idealizes nor satirizes one aspect of society in preference to another. His art, as it partakes of a social point of view, is an enigma—not liberal, radical, or conservative. He depicts the antics of a chorus girl with the same gusto and dramatic power which he bestows upon a momentous historical episode: *To him a night club and a strike of workers are of equal importance as social documents.* [Emphasis mine—J. B.] As concerns meanings, his work is apparently inspired by no beliefs, no conceptions of relative values in the kaleidoscope of facts. Were he only a painter of little scenes, or lolling odalisques in diapered interiors, like Matisse, no exception would be taken to this characteristic of his work; but he presents vast mural suites and juxtaposes masses of socially significant facts in such an exciting fashion that one searches immediately for an underlying pattern of thought—and searches in vain.

Craven writes this not in derision of Benton but in praise of his art and philosophy. Both he and Benton are the ideological founders of this new school. Craven goes on in his book with a snarlingly contemptuous distortion of the young American revolutionary school, reluctantly admitting the undeniable virtues of the Mexican revolutionaries. His national fanaticism makes him a victim of nearly all anti-Communist propaganda. His belief that the Communist International actually orders American revolutionary artists what to paint is worthy of William Randolph Hearst, to whose papers he occasionally contributes his art criticisms.

His love for racy writing causes him to content himself with a few superficial facts as the basis for his thesis on art *vs.* propaganda. To him propaganda is still the terror it is to the purist Art-for-Art-saker. Although Craven in the same breath disclaims any purism, he sagely observes that

“when art is wedded to propaganda, its content is limited to the expounding of doctrine.”

In his gushiness, he trips over himself, pulling with him the entire Renaissance art based on the expounding of Christian Church doctrines. His method of proof is to mesmerize the reader by repeating the same thought in different words, that “propaganda cannot produce an original art: cannot produce any art, though it may accompany it,” etc., etc. To clinch his point, Craven cites a living example by this anecdote:

I recently asked one of our best cartoonists, a truly radical young man and an excellent painter, why he was not a Communist. His answer was: “The moment I become a Communist, I cease to be an artist. My hands are tied; my independence sacrificed to a system. If I want to paint my wife and baby as I know them—to express what they mean to me—I cannot do so. I must paint them as starving victims of capitalist crimes. Propaganda is to art what the gun is to the soldier, not an expression but an explosive.”

Unwittingly, the last sentence of Craven’s anecdote succinctly defines the relation between art and propaganda as understood by the Communist painter. While Craven means to point the muzzle of the “gun” at the “propagandists,” his ignorance of the use of arms makes him aim the weapon at himself.

Propaganda to the revolutionary artist is not the same as the word used by Mr. Craven and his school. It is not a form of trickery employed by manufacturers to induce an individual to buy their products which they themselves probably would not use. It means the expounding and expression of the Marxian or historical materialistic conception of human life, or society. In other words, it is the process of explaining the philosophy of Marxism based on

the science of dialectical materialistic reasoning. It has no other aim than to arrive at a clearer understanding of realities confronting mankind and their solution. Its nature cannot be confused, except by one with a capitalistic sense of values, with the propaganda of the "B.O." salvationists, which is inspired by quite different motives.

Using propaganda in the revolutionary sense, it becomes the basis for all thought and action including the painting of a picture. If, as Mr. Craven says, speaking through the mouth of a "truly radical young man," that "propaganda is not an expression but an explosive," he is quite right. It is the explosive which shoots off the "gun." And to the revolutionary artist all forms of expression are weapons used in fighting for one's ideas. Furthermore, this type of artist believes that we are living today in a period which is a conflict to the death of two philosophies of life. One exemplified by the capitalist world—and its logical evolution toward Fascism—and the other by the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. One is either on one side of this conflict or on the other. Craven's "soldier, gun and explosive" interpretation of propaganda in art is what has always been advocated by the revolutionary school.

The radical young painter whom Mr. Craven calls on the witness stand to testify against Communism admits his disinclination to part with any bourgeois illusions. There are many young artists in the John Reed Club of a similar type to Mr. Craven's young friend. While the pressure of the times has forced them to the left, many are still basically bourgeois artists. They lack any deep understanding of Marxism and the conditions under which they produce their art. They were driven to join the John Reed Club by the crisis which

menaced the existence of their middle class emotions and art. Seeking refuge there, they were alarmed to find themselves out of the frying pan and in the fire. It is not uncommon to find battles raging on the floor of the John Reed Club between the more politically developed artists who had solved their bourgeois psychosis, and the new ones still clinging to familiar and comforting conceptions acquired by years of studio life and made precious by previous struggles to achieve them.

III

The first organization of revolutionary artists was the John Reed Club. Significantly enough, it was formed in October, 1929. As a matter of fact, the first meetings of the John Reed Club artists showed a sad confusion as to what revolutionary art was all about. Those who remember these first meetings will recall with some amusement that the tempestuous discussions centered on whether nudes and bananas should be considered as revolutionary themes.

There was haggling over terms, even skepticism about the entire idea of proletarian art. Could there be a proletarian art, as long as bourgeois society existed?

Of course, as long as John Reed artists painted at the same time for bourgeois galleries and the revolutionary movement, they were loath to part with the material demanded by dealers. This resulted in curious sophistries. One such artist member, a woman exhibiting regularly at an uptown gallery, rose to defend the nude with the observation that workers spend a good deal of time with nudes. Therefore, they should be considered as legitimate subjects by revolutionary artists.

Interestingly enough, there was also misapprehension by some whether art was propaganda, and a distrust of those who

insisted that it was so. They suspected that those who were propagandists were really not interested in art but intended to use the darn thing for ulterior purposes—primarily for making propaganda.

Nearly all the slanders that the champions of the nude and banana cast today at revolutionary painting, awaken strange associations in the mind of a John Reed artist of that last year of the 'twenties. These vestal virgins who faithfully tend the precious flame despite all, are perpetually aquake lest some rude revolutionary artist may at any time sneak up and snuff it out. Such fears were harbored even by the revolutionary artist himself in the early days of his development. Present economic conditions and the increasing appearance of examples of revolutionary art have changed the opinions of some. The revolutionary artist himself has traveled far from that period of his development.

The increasing fierceness of social issues has given greater impetus to the artists who were already producing revolutionary works before the crisis. Their theories became affirmed by reality. They suddenly found sympathetic ears for their propaganda. And they themselves saw more clearly, due to the pressure of events. Whereas, before, they instinctively realized that the working class offered a fertile field for creative material, they now saw their compositions enacted on the streets. They became conscious of the limitless field of human drama to exploit and turn into creative works.

To achieve this, they felt that a deeper understanding of Marxism was necessary; this Marxism which warned them of the impending crisis and enabled them to withstand its emotional shock. Previously, emotional impulses were sufficient for revolutionary artistic existence. Now, many John Reed artists are enrolled in the New

York Workers School and similar institutions elsewhere. The club itself had to meet this demand for political education with special lectures given by outstanding leaders of the labor movement.

The young revolutionary artist is aware that he cannot ignore plastic discoveries produced by centuries of bourgeois art. How to use them is his first problem. He cannot hang on them (as one would on hooks) a revolutionary theme. That would lead to obvious errors. Use them he must in the creation of his new art. To know how, he must begin with a Marxian reëvaluation of art history; find the dialectics between the respective ideologies of each historical period and their corresponding æsthetic manifestations. This process would lead him to a Marxian estimation of the tendencies of the art of his own time.

He cannot produce a new revolutionary art out of the old alone. In order to create it, he must go to its source—the life and struggles of the workers. His case is similar to the ancient Greek sculptor who was supposed to have brought his statue to life through the powers of a pagan goddess. His problem is to bring to life, with the aid of revolutionary social thought, the inanimate body of technical principles developed by the best in bourgeois civilization.

IV

Good examples of art, produced for art's sake, have carried weight and found followers because they contained undeniably sound principles of æsthetic relationships. Beyond that they are of no aid to the socially-minded artist. When the purists or national chauvinists condemn as "propaganda" any revolutionary work because of its unpalatable plastic state, they are justi-

fied. Such works cannot be called art. Neither can they be called good propaganda. There is a relationship between content and art form, which cannot be broken without resulting in artistic aberration.

The radical workers' desire for beauty is already evident. They want art that expresses their world; art which they can use in their struggles. They buy prints even more regularly than the middle-class patrons, as is plainly indicated by the large sales of prints produced by the John Reed Club.

They make demands on the artist to decorate their meeting places. True, they at this time guarantee only the cost of materials and in some cases also the cost of the food for the artist on the job. Revolutionary workers do not support galleries or order portraits of themselves. They do, however, support union halls and club rooms.

The American worker whose artistic diet has been saccharine magazine covers and colored comics is developing a taste for real art with surprising swiftness. The increasing number of artists who have aligned themselves with his interests are showing him that he can use art for his needs. It is amusing to find in revolutionary art that the "man in the street," the "barbarian" in the bourgeois art world, becomes the real guide and critic.

A delegation of clothing workers, examining a John Reed exhibition, grew quite irate about a painting showing them as lifeless, bent creatures ripe for an early grave. "That's not us," they reproached the artist. "We've got life in us. Come and see us on the picket line. The people you have painted look like dope fiends or scabs!"

Of all the schools of art molded by the crisis, the revolutionary school promises most to develop a new art. The New Deal has not produced new art. It fills the stomachs of some artists made empty by the crisis, but the art they produce, as must be plain to everybody, is the old art, and most of it is very poor.

Bourgeois ideology can no longer inspire great creative works. Its "ideals" are so unreal in relation to existing conditions that for the artist to base his work on the former would produce only inanities. Great bourgeois art was created by great individualists. Present social conditions have revealed that individualism is no longer a possibility. The artist today must have a social philosophy in order to produce for a society which evidently belongs to the masses.

And the revolutionary artist is the only one working today equipped with such an outlook which includes the acceptance of class struggle—the process of social change.

B. Against Proletarian Art

BY AARON BERKMAN

THERE was never a time in art history when confusion reigned more than today. Every year a new fad is created. Artists have dug into past histories exhuming cultures from the African savage down through the Italian Rococo pe-

riod. Each artist has taken unto himself the unexpected, reviving idioms long forgotten and making them his own. Picasso, a profound researcher in the field of art, is at one time a Greek classic, at another he strips the great art of the masters down

to its basic structure and creates the cubistic school. Matisse startles us with a revival of the Persian and Oriental. Modigliani found in the art of the African savage a basis for startling creation.

With these as guides each lesser artist strives to do unexpected things, and he who is first in exploiting an old idea in a new garb is well assured of momentary success. It has come to that sorry pass that professional integrity is no longer a virtue in the arts, and in some quarters the cry has become not how well a thing is done but how naïve it is. Imagine saying to an accomplished fiddler, "Your music is so lovely, it is so naïve." This fad has left the skilled artist confused and many have stripped themselves bare of the accomplished techniques of the past and in our complex civilization have tried to maintain the simplicity and naïveté of an untutored mind.

The current art frontiers are bounded on the right wing by the surrealist school, on the left by the revolutionary artists, two extremities reflecting the opposite poles of our social order. Both are removed from reality, and exist in a dream-world of speculation. Surrealism, as a cult of the snobbish élite, disdains contact with everyday life and derives sustenance from the erotic dreams and the sensualities of the decadent; while the revolutionary artists discolor reality to propagate a revolutionary ideology. These latter, since the decline of Hoover prosperity, have grown into a school whose influence upon our cultural development is still a matter of the future.

II

Revolutionary art in this country is synonymous with the activities of the John Reed Club. This organization, nurturing upon

the social chaos resulting from the depression, has gathered into its fold artists of the Communist faith who propose to drag art into the class struggle. Preaching that all art is propaganda, it has undertaken the strenuous task of creating a "proletarian art" to instruct and incite the workers, with a platform which has officially been summarized as follows:

The conception of art, as an ivory tower affair, is now outgrown, and artists must align themselves with the revolutionary proletariat, looking toward a classless society, toward an infinitely higher culture than capitalism offers—or they must align themselves with the capitalist enemy.

The main purpose is "to make the club a functioning center of proletarian culture, to clarify and elaborate the point of view of proletarian as opposed to bourgeois culture." The enthusiasm with which the artists adopted this platform may be surmised from an early quotation of Mike Gold, who says: "If the artist will give himself to the proletarian cause, he will lose immediately worldly success, but he will be rewarded; the cause will make him a great artist."

Let us examine with what success these revolutionary artists have fulfilled their mission. To do this we must follow the devious path of "proletarian art" from its incipency to its present development.

At the "Independents" of 1930, the revolutionary artists exhibited an enormous picture, coöperatively painted, entitled "An American Landscape," which contained a conglomeration of stock ideas of propagandistic import, such as police clubbing strikers, starving miners, heroic agitators, etc. In fact, all the subject matter which "proletarian art" hopes will distinguish it from all other art was here presented as a catechism for the revolutionary. This artistic effort, done in the spirit of an enor-

mous cartoon, and never taken seriously as an artistic accomplishment, indicated the scope of an art given over entirely to political agitation. Conscious of this danger, the revolutionary artists went to the other extreme in their first important exhibition, "The Social Viewpoint in Art," at the John Reed Club, for which they were severely criticized by the *New Masses*, as follows:

For having invited, in the name of an imaginary front the prominent painters who can only submit tame picturesque cowboys (John Stuart Curry), crapshooters (Thomas Benton), fat shoppers issuing from department stores (Kenneth Hayes Miller). . . . These pictures can only confuse young artists as to the nature of revolutionary art. The exhibit could have included examples of coöperative work by artists, prints, banners, cartoons, posters, signs, illustrations of slogans, historical pictures of the revolutionary tradition in America. . . . Specific tasks, especially co-operative tasks, must be offered the artist. Only in this way will it develop a revolutionary art. The artist left to himself remains a confused individualist!

The voice of the commissariat of fine arts begins to manifest itself. These dictates, and many more, created an atmosphere among the revolutionary artists tolerable only to those of the most fanatical loyalty.

In their fall 1934 exhibit we find the revolutionary artists still hotly in quest of the revolutionary idiom. Through past experience they found obvious satiric propaganda difficult to reconcile with serious artistic work, the newspaper cartoons being the most suitable vehicle for such expression. This has left them in a state of total bewilderment as to the direction they should now follow. This hypothetical proletarian culture, as yet, does not seem to offer sufficient inspiration for a new concept of art. In spite of their contempt for

bourgeois culture they lean heavily upon it for support; instead of now searching for an idiom in the forgotten ages, they have boldly taken unto themselves the techniques of current fashions and have adopted them to their own use. We find exhibited a proletarian "Burial of a Worker," but in the style of Picasso; a "Sweatshop Strike" after Kenneth Hayes Miller; "Starving Derelicts" after Thomas Benton; a crucified "Rouault" worker and surrealistic essays into American history. Nowhere do we find a manifestation of that elusive proletarian art of which they speak. And although Benton and Miller were found unworthy of their exhibits, they extol them by imitation.

The psychological aspects of contemporary revolutionary art make an interesting study. The phobia of the defeated, the suffering of the mentally hysterical are its main characteristics. Most of these artists reveal a fanaticism, a morbid revel in human misery, a glut for horror that betrays a fantastic thirst for martyrdom equivalent to the fanaticism of the early Christians who castigated themselves in the name of God and Kingdom Come.

The tragic ending of Diego Rivera's career in this country is a good example of the consequences derived from mixing art with politics. Rivera, condemned by the revolutionary artists as a renegade and counter-revolutionist, an unprincipled demagogue who "accepted commissions from Morrow and the Rockefellers," tried to appease his revolutionary conscience by propagating a revolutionary idea in a citadel of capitalism. A heroic gesture which the revolutionary artists used for their own furtherance. Although they themselves would have ruined Rivera, still they championed his cause "of liberty in art" against the "vandalism of the money barons."

In contrast to Rivera, Orosco, in this

country, has kept aloof from party politics. Although his murals at Dartmouth College (the seat of "bourgeois culture") are steeped in revolutionary ideology, they are accepted both by radicals and conservatives as the greatest murals of our time. The acceptance of his murals by all is due to the fact that his concept is of universal scope and was not created to satisfy the dictates of a fundamentalistic revolutionary hierarchy.

From the activities of the revolutionary artists we can conclude that this cry for proletarian art is a political subterfuge devised by skilled politicians to win over the intellectuals to further the revolutionary cause. However, their blundering actions have estranged many who would otherwise be sympathetic. The true artist will not be regimented. To mix art with politics muddles issues, endangers creative genius, and jeopardizes the cultural heritage of mankind. The great artists of the past, despite political sympathies, and conscious of the inseparable barrier between art and economics, never allowed political dictates to influence their art.

Courbet is a classic example. Although confronted with prison for political convictions, he continued to paint "ivory towered" nudes and landscapes. Rembrandt brought about his own ruin rather than flatter his patrons by changing the "Night Watch" to suit their fancies, and we may mention that although the "Hundred Guilder Print" is a profound work of art reaching the depths of human pathos, it would not adorn the walls of the revolutionary artists because of its religious garb. Goya would not flatter the taste of a commissariat any more than he did that of a king.

The art of these men, motivated through self-will, stands beyond factional disputes and current happenings.

III

We can conclude from the foregoing that revolutionary art differs from other art not by the newly discovered idiom; rather, through its propagandistic import. It reaches its highest achievement in the satiric political cartoon. Through the pages of the *New Masses* we follow the development of Soglow, Gellert, Gropper, Burck, to a rare degree of excellence. However, in the realms of painting, it is another matter. Here, lost, they follow the path of the cartoon; otherwise, in their effort to reach the masses, they create art of such a low level as to repel the initiated. This conclusion is based upon evidence, rather than upon hypothetical reasoning. This evidence we find in two paintings, "The Sale of the Serf" and "The New Kolkhoz," recently reproduced in the *Moscow News*. These pictures are obviously of such a mediocre level that their refusal would be imperative even in our own National Academy of Design. He who seeks success by catering to authority can manufacture "pot-boilers" given completely to propaganda as easily as he can turn out still lifes, a landscape, or a pretty face.

Potentially, the taste of the worker does not differ from that of the middle class. The worker can be fed propaganda because he has no criteria by which to gauge artistic values. Untampered with, he resorts to the same commonplaces as his imperfect middle-class brethren. In a classless society I am sure the present art created for his delectation would be entirely out of place, if not considered a downright insult. For when in Utopia, who would desire a "Policeman Clubbing a Striker" upon his walls, reminding one of the vulgar days of his early struggles? Whereas, what would be more æsthetic and "aristocratic" than the pleasure derived from a

Matisse painting, that is, if one is sufficiently enlightened! For others, Maxfield Parrish could be revived into the flourishing business he enjoyed in the former days of "middle class taste and culture."

IV

The world of art has succumbed more readily to the surrealist than to the proletarian artists. In the final success of surrealism we have a revolution threatening the supremacy of Picasso, with Salvador Dali, king of the "neuroticrats," making a bid for the throne. This remnant of the last days of Parisian rule in the world of art has reached a state of degeneration equivalent to Huysman's "Against the Grain" in literature.

The "neuroticrats," when they gain power, will change the whole world into a surrealistic state of the subconscious, where sensations of the most cosmic nature will be insisted upon, only those of the most delicate sensibilities will be admitted to the royal sanctum, and the vulgar will be exterminated.

To understand the surrealistic movement we must retrace our steps to the healthful art of its true exponents, Chirico and Lurcat. In Chirico we find a nature searching for consolation in nostalgic revivals of Greek classicism, created with the healthful imagery of the Italian steeped with love for early Mediterranean cultures. Lurcat, French to the core, has rekindled in modern art the glowing light of Claude Lorrain and Poussin, reviving the spirit of classic lyricism, also essentially French.

However, the world moves too fast, and surrealism in its present form has developed a neurosis demanding the attentions of the psychiatrist. The vogue for Chirico has passed, while Lurcat has never taken his deserved place, along with Braque, as

first of the French moderns. The symptoms of surrealistic degeneration we find manifested in Pierre Roy (the vogue of last year). In Pierre Roy, as with Dali, surrealism has technically developed a meticulous metallic polish to be envied even by Watrous (late honored president of the Academy). With Roy, surrealism enters the state of Proustian dreams. Adolescent longings, inversive indulgencies, have here developed pictorial psychoneuroses of deep interest to the psychiatrist who finds the process of mental masturbation a wide field for speculation. This art, although introverted, still affords harmless outlet; but in Dali surrealism calls out with the suppressed cry of the mentally sadistic, and the degeneration of surrealism is complete.

In examining the Dali surrealistic world of dreams we find many furnishings from the Freudian antique shop, such as commodes, "projecting objects," and chairs, upon which "indefinable things" happen. . . . In fact, a little fairyland of Bo Peep adventures with the Big Bad Wolf, who will get you if you don't watch out! Cooked up thrills for gaping innocents who seek excitement in erotica, tales of perversion and murder—or anything that is "mysterious." The cult of surrealism has become "the incomprehensible," for to be comprehensible is to be found out.

Dali hides behind this text:

Snapshot Photographs in color of subconscious images, surrealistic, extravagant, paranoiac, hypnagogical, extra-pictorial, phenomenal, super-abundant, super-sensitive, etc. . . . of CONCRETE IRRATIONALITY. . . .

In other words, surrealism's latest exponent is a miniature painter of mediocre dimensions, sterile in content, but fortified by a superb draughtsmanship, who in his pretense at ambiguity, assumes our ignorance of the Freudian premise.

The reverberation of revolution also manifests itself in the field of art criticism, if we can judge from recent reviews. The benign *Herald Tribune*, holding stubbornly to its conservative course, we suddenly find the vanguard of liberals championing Soyer's proletarian picture in the Carnegie show and Curry's "Fugitive," Block's "Lynching," Hoffman's "Mine

Tragedy," and Laning's "On Our Way," in the Whitney Bi-Annual. While the respectable New York *Sun*, reputed upholder of "advanced thought" in art, encourages the appellative "reactionary" for upholding only surrealism and the imported art from Paris. . . .

Which shows what happens in a revolution.

CALLES AND THE MEXICAN MALAISE

BY ALICE CARMICHAEL

UNDER some palm trees in Cuernavaca sits flexlessly a very wealthy, weary man, who is still allowed to rule Mexico. The highway along which he and some of the pro-consuls of the Revolution have reared their country seats has been rechristened by the irreverent, pawky common people, in a flick of their sardonic, mordant wit, *Avenida Ali Baba*.

The wealthy, weary man will not much longer be allowed to rule Mexico. He is only fifty-five, but he is burned out, caved in, tired beyond surcease. He shows it. His shoulders slump. When he stands one notes that his knees are sprung, angle outward. The stick that he used to bear and swing for modishness now comes into helpful play when he walks. Deep furrows rive his face; the skin sags from his boxy jaws. If you get behind him you may see those recessions of flesh from either flank of the backbone, below the base of the skull, which are sure anatomical signs of senescence. His voice quavers slightly. If he talks too long, it pipes, shrills reedily. He will not receive many visitors. They suck his vitality and irritate him.

From the steadiness and authority of his glance has departed an appreciable amount of its former steely, hard-staring, penetrating, slightly ophidian quality. In it now there is more of slyness, of suspicious speculation, of dubious questing, intimately trenching, perhaps, upon thinly veiled apprehension of something tragic which may impend. It is the look of a relegated oldster

who, in thought and accomplishment, belongs and yields himself to the past; who with little-ease is fretfully and resentfully enduring a dubious and disillusioned present, and the horizon of whose personal future is so straitly drawn in that the dipping of each day's sun induces melancholy musings upon how many more suns it will be given him to watch set and rise. He has a great deal of money. He will die a rich man. He might have been more than that, but he tossed away his chances.

Plutarco Elias Calles, apotheosized by his adulators as *El Gran Jefe del Revolucion*, remains an interesting and important personality. Interesting, because of what he has been, and is; important, because of what will be his influence and that of his works, affirmatively and negatively, for weal or for woe, upon the proximate and future history of his country, after he passes, politically or corporeally.

Calles is being edged toward the wings, nearer and nearer to his final exit from the stage. Unless death scythes him before he can manage his withdrawal in dignified decorum, it cannot be provisioned as a triumphal retirement. For it is written that dictators, unblessed by the fair fortune to yield their ghosts at the flood of their puissance, are hurled from their eminences involuntarily by the propulsion of the same forces by which they erected themselves into dictators. Most of them overstay their markets. Calles appears to have done it. He knows it. His friends and partizans

know it. All Mexico knows it. The sands of his political life are swiftly running low.

The American ambassador, Josephus Daniels, zealously persistent in yielding him homage as the satrap, the setter-up and disposer of vicar-presidents, the exclusive wielder of constitutional, legislative and administrative command and force, waits upon him ceremoniously and as frequently as he is allowed, although Calles never returns his calls. In press interviews His Excellency hails him as the "strong, vigorous man of Mexico." He lyricizes his gratification at the privilege of being permitted "to grasp his hand." This draws upon him from one of the vernacular independent newspapers of the capital this comment and reproof:

We do not question the Ambassador's judgment, . . . but your reminding us . . . constitutes an insult; and it is even more insulting for you to say: "I have had much pleasure in shaking his hand," for you cannot be ignorant of the fact that Calles is not loved in Mexico, and that the potent hand of this man has shed much Mexican blood . . . and has unchained all the powers of evil in our country. . . . For this reason the Mexican people feel offended and amazed that the Ambassador makes this display of friendship for a man who in all respects is not a friend of the people and who is not enshrined in the hearts of Mexicans.

II

Calles has kinged it in Mexico for more than a decade. That record beats any Mexican President's, excepting Diaz's. For four years before he was President (1924-8) he divided suzerainty of the feud with Obregon, who was President from 1920 to 1924. It was following the pre-inaugural assassination in 1928 of Obregon, his partner in the presidential-dictatorial triumvirate, that

Calles found it convenient to devise his system of running Mexico through surrogates. Homunculuses, at whom he pointed the choosing finger, were "elected" by his machine, the National Revolutionary Party, and, save in one instance, completely controlled by him. This gave him a grip on everything in the country, without the disadvantage of direct acceptance of responsibility; although his evasion of it, in the national viewpoint, has been mythical rather than substantial.

The first mannikin Calles put in was Portes Gil, as temporary President, in 1928; the second, Ortiz Rubio in 1930, as "elected" President, to serve out the term for which the slaughtered Obregon was chosen, ending in 1934; the third, Rodriguez, in 1932, in Ortiz Rubio's stead. Ortiz Rubio acquired the delusion that he was really President and got to the stage where he denied his maker and refused to obey orders. So Calles liquidated him and put in the pliable Rodriguez. That brings the rota of Calles's vicar-presidents up to date, with the inclusion of General Lazaro Cardenas, whom he had "elected" in 1934.

Calles's satrapy and personality and the Revolution, its policy, actuation, accomplishment and contemporaneous status, are so siamesed, pleached and inseparable that one cannot be considered, estimated or discussed without taking in the other.

To set it out in brief, but fundamental, sketching, Calles gained and for ten years has retained and exercised despotic sway by doing almost exactly what Diaz did, with modifications and various improvements upon Don Porfirio's model, without affecting or altering basic principles or malignancy of results. And without paying more than lip service to high-sounding Revolutionary doctrine and idealism, every smitch of which has completely gone by the board. This is thoroughly recognized in

Mexico, save by the most hypocritically partizan. It is admitted and deplored by Revolutionists themselves, some of whom are included in the Calles's bureaucracy.

The Revolution was begun, fought and won against the old order upon two main planks in its platform, and only two: effective suffrage and no-reëlection. No more. Its agrarian policy, which latterly was invented, exploited and developed purely for political purposes, and which has replaced the two original tenets, scarcely figured as an issue or a desideratum, in the imagination or calculations of the Mexican demos or in the early tom-toming and ballyhooing of the movement, in 1910. It is an exotic, artificially cultivated excrescence. Few persons outside of Mexico know that. With Calles as its chief predicant, high priest and prophet, it has been giganticized into a politico-economic and now apparently uncontrollable Frankenstein monster which is devouring the substance of the Republic, to its agricultural undoing and at the expense of national morality and of civic responsibility among the peasant masses. It has confessedly yielded them no more than infinitesimal dividends in prosperity, happiness or improved conditions of labor and standards of living. Calles himself admitted not long ago in an authentic newspaper interview: "If we wish to be sincere with ourselves, we sons of the Revolution are compelled to admit that agrarianism . . . as it has been understood and practiced to the present is a failure."

It remains a failure, disastrous in character and proportions, but the Revolution keeps on giving away land right and left, although as acknowledged so recently as October 4, 1932 (and the statement is true in 1935) by *El Excelsior* of Mexico City, one of the official government newspapers:

Agrarianism, as thus far carried out, merely has served to enrich a few rascals, as an

excuse for political agitation, as a constant menace for property owners and a fraud upon those whom it was designed to benefit.

So much for the pet dogmatic nostrum of Calles and the Revolution, except to add that on December 19, 1933, his Finance Minister, Gomez, blandly informed the Chamber of Deputies that the agrarian debt then was close to 800,000,000 pesos, that "it has not been paid, there are no probabilities that it will be paid, and there is no disposition to pay it!"

III

What has happened to the two aforementioned prime postulates of the Revolution one may read in the verdict pronounced in his "Balance Sheet of the Revolution," by Luis Cabrera, an original intellectual revolutionist of the Madero-Carranza era:

Effective Suffrage, No Reëlection? Words, words, words! The Revolution has solved none of the political problems of the country. Nor can they be solved so long . . . as the leaders continue . . . subordinating public interest to their ambitions for power. . . . We have no effective suffrage. Neither can we have it under . . . a political system based upon the conventional lie that the polls in Mexico are open to everyone. . . . Neither have we sufficient honesty to admit the fact that there is not a single public official who has really been elected by the people.

Yet in their obstinate, and nationally characteristic, complete devotion to form in lieu of substance, the Mexicans continue to ostentate at the bottom of every official document emanating from Federal, State or municipal sources the green-moulded slogan of 1910: "*Sufragio Efectivo. No-Reeleccion.*" Which ribald decriers of the Revolution have transformed into this version: "Effective suffrage, no. Reëlection."

With the murdered Obregon in his grave, Calles, as I have said, began to build up and perfect his political machine. He did a fine job, taking his pattern from Diaz, but considerably bettering it. Like all national political mechanism and administrations in Mexico, the keystone, the foundation, the steel skeleton of the structure was the army, concerning which Cabrera has this to say:

The army formed by the Revolution has provided five examples of what military pretorianism is capable of in a country where . . . crises are decided and governments set up or overthrown at the muzzle of the rifle. . . . Much less may it be said that the army has been permanently cured of its chronic pretorianism. Neither have we the honesty to confess that this evil cannot be cured so long as we lack political parties that function democratically and . . . general elections in Mexico continue to oscillate between the forces of insurrection and military leadership. Neither can we conceive of any man in public life who is ambitious for political power possessing sufficient patriotism to abstain from employing the army to further and buttress these ambitions.

With this sort of an army at his beck and in his pay, Calles set about clothing the steel skeleton of his machine with a reinforcement of *ersatz* civic concrete. He organized and in part financed his National Revolutionary Party around the bureaucratic personnel of Federal, State and municipal officeholders. Unconditional party fealty and contributions to the party treasury were fixed as the price of jobs in every branch of the public service, not excluding school teachers. Each job-holder was, and is, mulcted a stated percentage of his or her wage. It is deducted at the source, from the pay envelopes, and diverted directly into the party coffers. The officially licensed grafters also have to give up. Further obligation is laid upon the public employes

to rally around the Calles flag, by contributing their presence, *vivas* and pumped-up enthusiasm to political parades and like demonstrations organized in support of the Calles candidates or any of his projects, political or otherwise. No contributions, no marching, no *vivas*, no jobs. The rule is inflexible, merciless.

Calles also intensively expanded the ancient and iniquitous *cacique* system, which modern Mexico inherited from the Aztecs. A *cacique* is a local boss, big or little. Presidents and governors are the big ones. The minor *caciques* are city, village, hamlet or rural district tyrants. Roughly (and in action very roughly) the latter correspond to the ward or county boss in the United States, but they have infinitely more power, license and ruthlessness. They are above the law. They *are* the law. For the *cacique*, with the countenance and aid of the higher-ups and of Federal garrisons and by his exaction of subservience from the neighborhood civil authorities, including the court judges and the police, is full master of the lives and possessions in his *cacicazgo*.

In denouncing the excesses of Calles's *caciques*, *El Excelsior* on May 3, 1934, said:

Among the legitimate aspirations of the Revolution was that of abolishing the *jefes politicos* [local political agents of the central government], . . . but now it appears that all that has been done away with is the name, and that *caciques* have been substituted for *jefe politicos*. The municipal presidents today practice despotism on a much greater scale than their predecessors, the *jefe politicos*. . . . He who rules is . . . literally the owner of the lives and properties of the ruled. . . . In order that this situation of chronic lawlessness . . . shall disappear it is certainly indispensable first to end *caciquismo*. . . . So long as it is possible for State Governors, without responsibility or inconvenience, to be masters of the sword and the gallows in their re-

spective jurisdictions . . . to decide after the feudal fashion private litigation or even the fate of criminals, the reign of law in the States will continue to be a matter depending upon the personal will of the Governors themselves.

Through giving loose rein to the *caciques*—far laxer than Diaz allowed them—Calles brought about the burgeoning and fructifying of branches of his National Revolutionary Party in every state, city, village, hamlet and district. The divisional heads are the Governors. Substantially, the bargain he struck with them was this: "I turn the State over to you. Run it to suit yourselves. Do anything you please. The central government will not interfere with you, so long as you fellows play the game with me. Go to it."

The Governors *have* gone to it. Things have worked out fine for Calles, and for them; but dolorously and tragically for the people at large, who thus have been placed absolutely at the mercy of the *caciques*.

In this fashion and stalwartly vigorized in arm, defensively and offensively, by the Federal troops and the private rifled mercenaries which almost every Governor maintains on a war footing at public expense, Calles ended by gaining complete control of every branch and resource of government, from the Palacio Nacional, the Congress, the State legislatures down to the municipal bodies. He did, and accomplished, precisely what Diaz did, but he did it far more completely, and far more harmfully for the country.

Both branches of the Congress constitute a solid bloc of Calles-selected Deputies and Senators. He has packed them with as motley and all-around disreputable and nefarious compost of publicly stigmatized crooks, incompetents, gabbyjacks, shysters, henchmen, satchel-carriers, yes-men, shady lawyers and generals, demagogues and

danglers on the lunatic fringe that ever coagulated, capered and clowned beneath the whole continent's legislatures domes, excepting, perhaps, in our South, during post-Civil War carpetbagging. Many of them can barely read or write. All with palms incurably itching for auriferous emollient, and getting it. For example: When the Congress met in September, 1934, and before it had done a lick of work, as the first order of business the conscript fathers voted themselves a *gratificación*, gift, of 3,000 pesos each, a total of around 800,000 pesos, in addition to their set stipend. That was part of their pay, cannily collected in advance, for doing what they next did: solemnly and in due form certifying that Calles's President, Cardenas, had been and was legally "elected." That manifestly put the Congress a trifle out of alignment with pure Revolutionary-democratic principle, profession and practice. But a few days later the Senators and Deputies ran the plumb line over their official persons and trued-up themselves, and did the right thing by the proletariat, by decreeing that at future ceremonial sessions of the Congress the wearing of swallow-tailed coats and dinner jackets would be prohibited, as being unbecoming to representatives of a Socialistic government, conducted for, by and of the common people.

IV

With the creation and efficient functioning of the Calles machine came, of course, exclusive and full management of what was of equal, if not more, consequence than political domination: control and disposition of national revenues by him and his subalterns, and of every species of graft and irregular income derived from turbid founts. Contracting, hacienda-grabbing,

gambling, dope peddling, bartering of "justice" and of licence to evade the law for the behoof of those who were able and eager to lay down cash for privilege or immunity; prostitution, monopolization and manipulation of food staples of the masses, corn, beans, milk, and of their prices, and so on. Calles and the other mites in the national cheese take toll from all sources from which graft may be squeezed.

Grafting and extortion were never more open, shameless, huge in volume or so completely pervading as they have become since Calles opened the floodgates to them. Figures, proclaimed to be from official records, were printed on September 5, 1934, by *El Excelsior*, which showed that in 1933 the rake-off in road building alone was 9,000,000 pesos. The bulk of the big graft reaches the pockets of only a comparatively few leeches, members of the "circle of friends of Plutarco Elias Calles"—high officials, Governors and *consentidas de las casas*, house-pets of Calles, including a swarm of his kinsfolk.

Public reaction to, and resentment of, this especial ulcer of the Revolution, which is undermining its vitality and that of the Calles dictatorship, was voiced on September 6, 1933, by *Omega*, under the heading: "The Colossal Fortunes of the Aces of the Revolution Are In Sad Contrast to the Miseries of the People." I quote further:

There is no more lucrative business [in Mexico] than that of the Revolution. Great fortunes are improvised and he who before was an unhappy and poverty-stricken louse-scratcher . . . only by licence of assuming to be called a redeemer of the poor and the oppressed becomes a millionaire. . . . The business carried on by these redeemers has been continued on a grand scale, with the result that the ragged individual of yesterday is the great gentleman of today, with haciendas and city properties, bank

deposits in and out of Mexico, and lives in excessive luxury, like an Oriental prince. As yet unsatisfied, they accumulate more millions by monopolizing the construction of public works. . . . The insolence of these fellows, who flaunt their mysteriously-gained fortunes in face of the general misery and ruin of the country is ostentatious and shameless. . . . If perhaps in the beginning the Revolution possessed some noble sentiment it has been displaced by the avarice and the insatiable, morbid greed that have been developed under it.

V

If analysis be undertaken of what Calles and his kind have notoriously wrought, based upon overt, indisputable facts and upon the evidence of Mexican witnesses, many of them of Revolutionary sympathies and affiliations, we are confronted with this, in brief summary:

Effective suffrage: Substantially no progress. "Elections" are still dishonest, formalistic and subject to politico-militaristic manipulation and decision.

No reëlection: A dead letter.

Government: One despotism has replaced another, without improvement in honesty, efficiency or responsiveness, in the selection of its personnel or in its administration, to the will or the welfare of the people. In place of Diaz, Calles, lording it by the same dictatorial, extra-constitutional, undemocratic, ruthless methods.

Graft: Larger and more voracious and unrestrained, and more damaging to the Federal, State and municipal treasuries and to the morality and solvency of the country.

Finances: Hopelessly bankrupt, mismanaged, filched, wasted.

Free press: Virtually non-existent, especially in the States.

Justice: Foul, corrupt, bought and paid for.

Education: Lagging, disorganized, in-

efficient, largely valueless in proportion to what is being spent on it. Official figures give the number of children without school facilities in the Federal District alone as above 80,000, and in the entire country around 3,000,000.

Agrarianism: An admitted failure and lamentably destructive in its effects upon the economy and upon the principal source of wealth and production.

Militarism: As rampantly and brutally potent as ever, and as decisive in its influence upon politics and government.

Public works: Little of necessity or profit, in relation to the sums expended. While millions are being poured out in showy, ornamental gewgaws, notably in the show-window of the Republic, Mexico City, more necessary improvements, developments and replacements are being scamped or left undone. For lack of dredging and repairs to break-waters, the principal harbor, Vera Cruz, has silted up, and entry to the port made dangerous and difficult to deep-draft vessels.

Labor: Exploited, oppressed, betrayed; permitted only the crumbs from the Revolutionary feast and used as a political football.

People: In majority wretched, poverty-stricken, disillusioned, discontented, rebellious and subjected to the arbitrary will and whim of *caciques*.

Capital: Both domestic and foreign, despoiled, hampered, discouraged, mistrustful, apprehensive.

Sanitation: Deplorably neglected.

Social legislation: Exists principally on paper, in the form of laws which are not applied or enforced, save in rare instances.

National prestige: Seldom lower.

Foreign friendship and confidence: Nil, especially with respect to investments.

Domestic confidence: Nil.

Prospects: By every standard of impar-

tial and rational judgment they could hardly be more gloomy.

Peace: Problematical, beyond the temporary, either political or civil.

VI

To get back to Calles and his satrapy and the current and prospective realities that confront the man and have to do with his hold upon the country. He has shot his bolt. He and his neo-Revolutionary policies and methods have by the people been weighed in the balance and found, and pronounced to be, wanting, with daily waxing uproar and reprobation. Calles and his crowd have organized and conducted the Revolution as a business, a commercial enterprise, a racket; and the people don't like it.

Undisguised opposition has arisen and grown in his own Revolutionary faction against what in Mexico they term the *carro completo*, or full car policy. That means that there is no room in the Calles private political car, or in the Calles Revolutionary counting room, for any aspirant for place or pelf outside the ranks of the numerically small Calles clique. Like the Napoleonic soldiers, with theoretical marshals' batons in their knapsacks, unnumbered political *ambiciosos*, most of them generals, hug to their hearts the conviction that, by virtue of their personal appraisal of their deserts and merits, they are as much entitled to a seat in the car as anyone else, and that they would make just as good Presidents, Cabinet ministers, Governors or bureaucratic placemen as the next fellow.

With the car jammed with Calles's friends they have no chance. Ergo, the logical and traditional thing to do is to await an opportunity to throw him out. It is the old Mexican political game that has been successfully worked scores of times

since the founding of the Republic in 1821. Calles knows what is going on. Everyone in Mexico does. It remains only to be seen whether the drooping-plumed *Gran Jefe* will quit or hang on until he is compelled to let go by force.

Calles is trying to counter the peril by conventional manoeuvres. His appreciation of what he is up against is responsible for his recent tactics in stirring up opposition to the Catholic church and to religion and in favor of "Socialistic education," which latter is merely an integral part of the drive against the church and the priests. When they find themselves in a hole Mexican politicians always drag out the raw head and bloody bones of the horrendous spectre of clerical reaction and ambition with which to affright the people and seek to consolidate them in their favor. It's not working very well this time. Without entering into a discussion of the merits or intrinsic importance of the complicated and perennial church controversy, one may cover the point by saying this: In the first place, if we leave out a handful of Revolutionary demagogues, who pitch their tune as Calles sounds the note, not one percent of the Mexicans are even languidly interested in "Socialistic education," want it or possess beyond a vague notion of what it is. So far as the church and the Catholic hierarchy are concerned, neither they nor any of the sectarian, reactionary designs which are attributed to them by Revolutionary devil-dancers and tub-thumpers constitute a potential element of jeopardy or damage to the country, the people or the Revolution. The disposition may be there, and probably is, but the teeth and the claws of the clergy have been drawn and trimmed to a degree that, while the church may huff and puff and fulminate to its heart's content, it is in no position, materially or spiritually, to buck the Revolu-

tion, with better than a 100 to 1 chance of getting anywhere. The Catholics are bitter, perhaps intolerantly and fanatically enraged; but they are powerless to do aught than submit to whatever chastisement the Revolution elects to administer to them and to their ecclesiastical interests. The reason was recognized and candidly owned recently by a Catholic spokesman in the United States who said, in substance: "The Catholics in Mexico have no arms."

VII

That is the nub of that situation. It also is true with relation to Calles and his other enemies who are snarling and snapping at his heels. Now, so far, he has the guns and the men who shoulder them, the army. How much longer Calles will continue to have these protective and preservative weapons at his disposal is a question, at the answer to which anyone may take his shot. But this is certain: Without them he wouldn't last fifteen minutes.

After twenty-five years, history in Mexico is repeating itself, with arresting duplications in conditions and circumstances. In 1910 Diaz was the government. In 1935 Calles is the government. In the realization that Diaz was the government, that he was old and tired and that opposition to his rule and methods was held in leash only by his personality, by the legend of what he had been in his prime and by his pretorian army, in 1910 Mexicans and foreigners were asking: "After Diaz, what?" In almost identical conditions today the question is being posed: "After Calles, what?"

We know what happened after Diaz was unhorsed. There is something that may be meditated upon profitably by those who would peer into what the future in Mexico may hold, when the bell tolls for Calles.

They don't think much in Mexico of Calles's new President, Cardenas. He is regarded as a weak sister, with false hair on his chest. No one wanted him for President or was interested in seeing him in the Palacio Nacional, excepting Calles. Prevailing opinion among the political and Revolutionary cognoscenti is that should untoward fate, political or physical, over-

take the weary and palpably slowing-down Cato of Cuernavaca, some star-clutching *ambicioso*, stronger and more enterprising than the comparatively unknown, unregarded and untried Cardenas, would hustle him out of the Palacio in a hurry. One hears General Juan Andreu Almazan mentioned as the probable hustler, and not *sotto voce* either.

WALTER DAMROSCH

BY MARTIN L. GOODALE

IN FEBRUARY, 1934, Dr. Walter Damrosch, that great and good man of radioland, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his assumption of the conductor's baton. He has taught music to 125,000,000 free American citizens, *via* the ether waves, for six years, and his power and prestige as the conductor laureate of the United States are increasing. He is now seventy-two years old, and I wish him many more years of life, but I hope he spends them many miles away from any and all musical instruments or radio microphones. To come to the point at once, I think the man is more of a hindrance to musical progress than a help. He is an indifferent conductor, and a dreadful commentator, and he is far more the social climber than the musician of unimpeachable taste and integrity. His wares are as repugnant to people of musical breeding as is his radio voice.

In a country that has learned to relish ballyhoo with its daily bread as England relishes Colman's mustard with its meat, he has made himself prime minister of ballyhoo. Not even Leopold Stokowski has managed to build himself such a pedestal from which to shine effulgently and oracularly. Mr. Stokowski reaches the front pages more often, but Dr. Damrosch reaches people's ears and sentimentalities. Mr. Stokowski, however, despite his vaudevillian antics, is a musician, and Dr. Damrosch, despite his musical antics, is a clown.

Dr. Damrosch has been too long among genuine musicians to be completely without qualities. Next to Theodore Thomas, he did more than anybody else to get music heard in the early days when this country was raw and self-conscious about anything that smacked of the higher arts. To be sure, he did some barnstorming, but perhaps it was necessary at the time. He poured good music into ears that had heard only the bleating of prize cattle, the raucous shouts of bronco busters and the rattling of banjoes in a minstrel troupe. A more sensitive artist could never have stood the boorish conditions which were tolerated by Dr. Damrosch, leading his New York Symphony and the Damrosch Opera Company through thick and thin, literally through fire and water. He got music heard, and that was a necessary step in pioneering. Again, Dr. Damrosch has been justly hailed as a programme-maker—an art in which even the great Toscanini has much to learn.

But although Dr. Damrosch has made music familiar to more of us than any other single person, and made himself a national institution into the bargain, his influence in the long run will in all likelihood turn out to be more of a handicap to the progress of genuine musical understanding in the land than a boon.

I have said that Dr. Damrosch is a good programme-maker, but it is one thing to make intelligent programmes and another to play them intelligently. His interpreta-

tions are either downright dull or butchered. He can read a score—which is a greater accomplishment among conductors than lay people think—but he leaves almost everything to be desired as a recreator, and a conductor who does not recreate is only a metronome.

Innumerable instances of Dr. Damrosch's weakness as a conductor could be mentioned, for they regularly go the rounds to the accompaniment of delighted chuckles and veiled sneers, but one or two will suffice. He was a great admirer of his father's and his own friend, the illustrious Hans von Bülow, whose eccentricities outstripped his gifts at just about the time young Walter came under his influence. Von Bülow was something of a cheap showman. He had—just at this time—acquired the clownish habit of making some special effect with the orchestra and immediately turning his head over his shoulder to make sure that the audience got the full glory of his achievement. Young Walter was taken in by this foolishness, and he has done the same ever since. He has been more the master of ceremonies than the earnest director of orchestral music.

To be specific, how could any fine musician square with his artistic conscience such a performance of Debussy's *Nocturne*, "*Fêtes*," as I witnessed in a broadcasting studio recently? Dr. Damrosch, the explainer, offered no real enlightenment. He only explained away all the beauty of the piece in his celebrated irrelevant and mellifluous prose, describing the work as a procession of buffoons, which it is not, and then—in an effort to pictorialize the lovely, fantastic march—he patted his foot in mock playfulness, and grinned over his shoulder to let the edified listeners in on the secret. In other words, he vulgarized a work of great delicacy.

Another instance. Some time ago, the late New York Symphony got out one of its many press books. Among the press agent's conscientious eulogies was this: "Dr. Damrosch is a keen and merciless analyst. Should anything escape his eye, his ear locates it." Let us see this merciless analyst in one rehearsal. Blithely taking up his baton, he began a work and, after some minutes, rapped for silence.

"Gen-tle-men," he said sorrowfully, "something is wrong. Please begin at the beginning again."

I did not stay to see whether the wrong "something" was ever found by this merciless analyst. Judging from the performance, it never was.

Rehearsals are the proving-grounds for a conductor's ability and mastery. Dr. Damrosch's rehearsals have been described, by a player who sat under him for many years, as a "not-too-orderly school-room," with a benign and paternal gentleman instead of an authoritative musical will presiding. And as all unruly schoolboys like a lenient teacher but save their respect for a commanding and "merciless" master, Dr. Damrosch's men have almost always liked him but secretly despised his inability to make them play better than they could—or even as well as they could.

II

But Dr. Damrosch's musicianship is the least important element of his many-sided personality. If it had been left to his musical genius alone to make him the most potent influence in our musical life, he would have retired long ago, or he would have been driven back to Europe to settle down comfortably in some second-rate German town—say Mannheim, the seat of power of the late but not

lamented Josef Rosenstock, or Breslau, his own birthplace—where mediocrity by itself is enough to get by.

But Dr. Damrosch had ambitions. He knew that mediocrity alone was not sufficient for this country, and he also sensed that he possessed in full measure all the rest that was necessary. In short, he had the fancy trimmings. The climb uphill was a tough one, but an experience of his father's stood him in good stead. He had seen his father wage a vindictive war with Theodore Thomas and win out in New York by tactics that were a compound of savage undercover persecution and discreet sycophancy. Thomas was already entrenched here when the Damrosches came along. Walter, writing years afterwards a book of memoirs, describes the meeting between the two musical Titans. Thomas is supposed to have said to Leopold: "I want to tell you one thing: whoever crosses my path I crush."

Whether Thomas ever said that or not is problematical, but the actual encounter no doubt took place, and the apocryphal remark evidently made a deep impression on young Walter. "Again and again, dreams of murder would fill my boyish heart when I would read one of these attacks [on Leopold, by Thomas's supporters] in the morning paper," he writes. No wonder that with his fierce loyalty to his father and his equally fierce loathing of any obstacle that barred the Damrosch progress, he should have adopted the enemy's slogan and used it far more effectively than Thomas ever did. In his climb upward, he has fought a gentlemanly but ruthless battle. He has been urbane and tactful, but he has not allowed anything to balk his ambition.

Dr. Damrosch learned two other valuable lessons at an early age. One of his father's worst failings was a carelessness

about money. Walter says in his aforementioned memoirs that he thinks Leopold "would have signed a contract in which he bound himself to pay \$8,000 a year to the Metropolitan Opera House for the privilege of maintaining Wagnerian opera there." Certainly he left a modest enough inheritance.

This fact, coupled with the very real sense of loss at his father's death, must have sent the iron into Walter's soul. Apparently he made a resolution with himself never to be as thoughtless about money as his father. Perhaps this explains whatever truth there is in the phrase common among musicians: "Where'er the name of Damrosch sounds, the echo answers 'Cash!'"

To do him justice, with all his canny consideration for the value of art in dollars and cents, monetary remuneration has not been the mainspring of the Damrosch machine. It is not wholly incompatible with an artistic conscience to receive vast sums of money for services rendered. For instance, no one can quarrel with Arturo Toscanini's devotion to art, yet his bank account has swollen enormously because of it. Moreover, Dr. Damrosch was much too worldly a man to allow a dollar sign to emblazon his shield. He prefers more intangible and more subtle symbols—a red ribbon in the buttonhole, the chairmanship, honorary or active, of any organization he can draw to himself, the ability to bring social registerites and high potentates of any and every walk of life into his dining-room—and to be welcomed in theirs.

A shrewd and lively sense of who's important—there's the core of the Damrosch apple. Whether he realized at an early age his inadequacies as a successor to his father, or whether his musical abilities sank into secondary place beside the

more important consideration of being a somebody at any cost, it is impossible to say. One only knows that he has prostituted music to social position and prostituted social position to music—and the loss is music's, the gain Damrosch's.

Influential friends—"friends at court," as he lightly calls them in connection with his first real chance to conduct at the Metropolitan—had helped his father, as they help almost all musical careers in this country. That he should attempt to build a worshipping little coterie around himself was thus a foregone conclusion. Influence, money, social power had brought many a musician before him to fame, whether a lasting fame or not. No blame attaches to a man who uses these weapons judiciously, and to further the art of which he, himself, should be a servant. But Dr. Damrosch, in so far as his record shows, has been far more interested in the progress of Dr. Damrosch than in the progress of musical art.

III

The personable youth who met Andrew Carnegie on the steamer going to Europe in the summer of 1887 was already a promising somebody. He was well established in his father's former posts of conductor of the New York Symphony and of the Oratorio Society, and had already nibbled at the sweets of social prestige. That voyage actually turned out to be an important milestone in his career. For later at Carnegie's summer place in Scotland he met the family of the then celebrated President-maker, James G. Blaine. Dr. Damrosch immediately saw his chance and began to lay siege to the affections of one of the Blaine daughters. Soon he married into a stronghold of superiority, wealth and power. He has never missed

an opportunity since to capitalize—graciously, of course—on this bit of good fortune. It was the cornerstone of his immense influence today.

From then on, the plums fell thick and fast. If any bit of juicy fruit clung obstinately to the bough, it needed only a little persuasive shaking of the tree. The single sour plum that we know Dr. Damrosch has had to swallow was the polite ousting he got from the New York Philharmonic-Symphony after the merger of the two famous orchestras in 1928. But that came later. In the meantime, he had found willing though unmusical support from Carnegie, who was induced to build the hall which bears his name and who, before he died in 1919, willed to his protégé an annuity of \$3,000. Another believer in the Damrosch star—to the extent of a gift of millions of dollars for the maintenance of the New York Symphony (incidentally furthering his own social aspirations) had luckily been unearthed in Harry Harkness Flagler.

The pair worked in amity for many years, until, in the middle of the 1926-27 season, Dr. Damrosch surprised almost everybody by announcing his resignation from the conductorship of the Symphony. The smell of the dissolution was already in the air. Rumors that the Symphony was to lose its identity in a merger with the Philharmonic were rife. Maintenance of two great orchestras was too costly, it was intimated. Certainly, the cost of running the Symphony practically single-handed was becoming too great a strain on Mr. Flagler's pocket-book. Dr. Damrosch got out before the inevitable débâcle, stating that he felt "a desire to lessen somewhat his public activities," but consenting to be a guest conductor for four weeks in the following season and to carry on the children's concerts. Thus he could

keep in touch with the Symphony and be ready for developments. Although the Philharmonic was sure to be the stronger body in case of a merger, it seemed certain that important figures in the Symphony would not be neglected.

When the amalgamation actually took place in 1928, Dr. Damrosch appeared to be nobly resigned. There was a somewhat sepulchral dinner for the Symphony players who were about to be cast loose, and Dr. Damrosch presented them all with cuff-links as a parting gift, thereby inspiring that lively wit, Georges Barrère, his first flutist, to a remark that is now a classic.

"Why do you give us cuff-links when you have just taken away our shirts?" asked Mr. Barrère plaintively.

There was more truth than jest in this for most of the men assembled around that dinner table. Mr. Flagler was tired of being the man behind the budget, and he had no longer any sentimental reasons for desiring the existence of his orchestra if his favorite was to be inactive. So the Symphony died, for the merger was a huge joke on everybody in the Symphony Society and Orchestra except, perhaps, Mr. Flagler. That gentleman was immediately welcomed into the combination as president of the board of directors, from which position he retired, on the plea of failing health, only last year.

Thus passed an honorable and venerated institution. Dr. Damrosch professed to be weary and to long to retire. However, when he was offered a guest conductorship by Clarence H. Mackay, the Flagler of the older and more illustrious Philharmonic, he could not refuse. It seemed to be the opening of another chapter of glorious achievement. But the chapter closed very quickly. In April, 1929, after one year of joint existence, in which Dr.

Damrosch shared, the new plans for the Philharmonically-stronger combination were announced. Dr. Damrosch's name was not on the list. When politely requested by Mr. Mackay to give open dates for possible guest conducting, he replied, equally politely, that he had none. The pressure of other duties, taken on perhaps unwillingly, since his statement of his desire for less work, was too great. The story behind the inevitable exchange of mannerly and regretful letters for publication may be guessed, but all the newspapers ever told was that Dr. Damrosch had again bowed himself out gracefully. These "other duties" which brought the sixty-five-year-old Dean out from a second potential retirement were the result of a long-standing flirtation with radio.

To replace the audience of a mere 2,000 or so for a symphony concert, he discovered 2,000,000 listeners, fresh and virtually untried, with whom to carry on his mission. He had already experimented with broadcasting his piano lecture-recitals on the Wagner music dramas. Now he announced that the radio would revolutionize the musical world. He would teach appreciation to the school children of the entire country. Then began the era of the unctuous voice which rolls out cheerful sugar-coated music pills and which, together with music as indifferently played as before (or rather more so, since radio rehearsals are fewer and even more inadequate), still penetrate into millions of defenseless homes. Dr. Damrosch has become the musical "Daddy" of the nation.

IV

The United States may well mourn the fact that Dr. Damrosch did not choose to be a politician or a diplomat. With that

honeyed tongue, that mastery of intrigue, and that bland disregard for means, he would have operated with equal distinction in either field. Honors and titles would have been showered upon him there, too. But perhaps he is satisfied with these, to mention a few: Officer of the French Legion of Honor, Chevalier of the Crown of Belgium, Officer of the Crown of Italy, the gold medal of the Banda Municipale of Rome, the silver medal of the Worshipful Company of Musicians, of London.

Few musical organizations have believed that their list of patrons, sponsors or officers is completely clothed in righteousness without the name of Dr. Damrosch. Naturally, the list is underbalanced unless that name appears at the top. And at the top it stays, or it is gracefully withdrawn. He is the perfect *generalissimo* for the Musicians Emergency Aid, founded during the depression to relieve the suffering of unemployed musicians, for his well-known benevolence goes hand in hand with an unequalled ability to collect money and sympathy for a cause.

In the list of honors set forth above, two outstanding musical countries are absent. The Breslau-born 100% American should not be expected to feel any particular affinity for a diplomatically unrecognized Soviet state, although he had made gestures to the earlier Russia, a notable one being the importation of Tchaikovsky to conduct at the opening of Carnegie Hall. However, as America and Soviet Russia are now friendly, and if the latter should begin to bestow honors on foreigners, we might expect any day to hear more and more contemporary Russian music through our loud-speakers and learn of a trip to Moscow to reap a decoration from the only important nation but one missing from the international galaxy.

That one is his native Germany. When the War brought home to Dr. Damrosch the necessity of choice, he was naturally an American. Practically all of his life had been spent here, he owed his career to the good-natured and publicity-loving citizens of this country, and he had long since realized that this was the only fertile field left for exploitation in the musical world. With war hysteria mounting, Dr. Damrosch held out for musical neutrality as long as he possibly could, for it was self-evident that most of the world's great music came from the country which he had always championed above all others—his own. But when a committee of patriotic women placed his name on a list of foreign-born notables and questioned his loyalty, it was the decisive straw. He replied with wounded dignity that his patriotic sentiments should never have been in question—and that was that. Safe from any further prying, he became almost more American than the Americans.

First of all, his attention was turned to a notorious alien. Dr. Karl Muck, a distinguished Hessian, was then conducting the Boston Symphony and consistently refusing to play the Star-Spangled Banner before symphony concerts, in spite of growing resentment against his stand. So Dr. Damrosch took a hand. If Dr. Muck had been less than a truly renowned orchestral conductor, his subversive actions might have escaped Dr. Damrosch. But the opportunity for service to music and to his adopted country was too good to miss.

Dr. Damrosch is quoted as saying in a newspaper interview: "If he [Muck] had only spoken up like an honest man! But the explanation he gives is cowardly and evades the real issue. He says, 'Why will people be so silly? Art is a thing by itself.' The pity of it all!" . . .

Dr. Damrosch disagreed rightly with

his colleague. That was proved by Dr. Muck's subsequent arrest and deportation in disgrace. He was still able to summon up the righteous indignation of the war days when writing about the incident in his memoirs several years later. He betrayed a trace of lingering bitterness, not as well euphemized as is most of that entertaining volume.

In 1917-1918 Dr. Damrosch had called Germany "a pariah among nations," a nation "from which all others have drawn away as from something unclean." It is not strange, then, that Germany did not send a special invitation, as did the Allied nations, for the European tour which Dr. Damrosch contrived for the New York Symphony in 1920.

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No amount of public chastising of Germany, however, could destroy the true *Gemütlichkeit* of the Damrosch family circle. Whatever their relations with the outside world, whatever other loyalties may have had to be sacrificed, the Damrosches are a closely knit clan. Throughout Walter's career, the most vitriolic tongue could not accuse him of forgetting his family ties. Elder Brother Frank, gentle and kindly, has shared in the limelight, holding, in addition to many honorable positions in his own right, several posts at Walter's instigation—chorus master of the Metropolitan, conductor of the Oratorio Society when Walter grew too busy elsewhere, and director of the Institute of Musical Art, a flourishing music school founded and endowed by Walter's powerful friends.

Sister Clara, having married the violinist, David Mannes, was set up with him in another music school. And Brother-in-law David, by the same move, was relieved of

the tedium of directing a music school in a lower East Side settlement and transplanted to the more congenial atmosphere of the upper East Side.

One important post eventually strayed outside family bounds—the leadership of the Oratorio Society. Frank had retired and Walter was still too much occupied. Albert Stoessel, a young American bandmaster whom Dr. Damrosch had met on the latter's war-time tour of band inspection in France, seemed the ideal successor. If the incredible happened—as it did—and the Oratorio Society continued to exist without Dr. Damrosch, Stoessel would carry on, would always be grateful and could hardly prove to be a dangerous rival.

Entertainment in the Damrosch home is gracious and friendly. An invitation to a Christmas party in the old house on East Sixty-first Street used to be a distinct honor—and still is on East Eightieth Street. The Damrosches, by the way, do not hold with the present belief that personages should be inaccessible, and their names still appear boldly in the telephone directory.

The cocktail and dinner parties for close friends, musical colleagues or even new acquaintances have always been spirited in more ways than one, and are animated by the courtesy and the spontaneous and disarming wit of the present patriarch. Some of these functions are perhaps a little too smoothly staged, as a party for some leading musical dignitaries last year seemed to be. Many of the more sensitive guests must have shuddered at forming part of a group around the piano to sing the trivial words invented by the host for Mendelssohn's Wedding March, to be used later as part of a wholesale reward for golden wedding couples in a Madison Square Garden concert by the Musicians

Emergency Fund Orchestra. To see W. J. Henderson, venerable critic of the *New York Sun*, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Harold Bauer, Bruno Walter and other notable pianists, conductors and critics clearing their throats in embarrassment and joining in the ridiculous parody was to witness a tribute to the power of policy over good taste.

As a direct result of the suave politics emanating from the Damrosch home has come the Damrosch immunity to the barbs of a putative free press. For many years those stings have been effectively drawn. Those newspaper owners, editors and critics who have not been invited in and succumbed to the charmed circle, have been taken in by the legend that a mighty tradition must not be menaced by

any artillery heavier than an amused tolerance. This politeness was not so apparent in the old days, when battles were still fought in the open and in the public press, and news of the dissatisfaction of the Oratorio Society with the choice of Dr. Damrosch as conductor could appear in the *New York Times*. But with the rise of the Damrosches in influential society came more discreet days on the journalistic and critical desks—and the hyenas of the Fourth Estate were almost all silenced.

Dr. Damrosch, like the King of England, is now free of all criticism in the public prints. He reigns in all his glory. But that glory is tinsel, and some day the American people will have to pay dearly for the musical vulgarity he has spread over the land.

THE STATE OF THE UNION

NEBRASKA, A BUSINESS CORPORATION

By FRANKLIN L. BURDETTE

Lincoln, Nebraska

"NEBRASKA," said Senator George W. Norris, "must become a business corporation. The Governor should correspond to the president, the legislature to the board of directors, and the people to the stockholders."

It was to the board of directors that the Senator gave his particular attention, and it was a board of directors which the people of Nebraska created last November 6 when they abandoned the traditional legislature of two houses for a legislature of one house. For years Senator Norris had advocated a one-house or unicameral legislature; for years the inertia of complacent politicians had proved an obstacle which even the persistent courage of a George W. Norris could find no way to overcome. The constitutional convention of 1920, after giving some consideration to the plan, proved its orthodoxy by making no recommendation. An occasional renewal of the suggestion was dismissed by practical leaders of the State's affairs as a casual irritation which would disappear with the passing of the days. Senator Norris, reasoned the politicians, had always been kind enough to inflict his peculiar ideas upon his colleagues at Washington and to leave the important affairs of the State of Nebraska to men who knew something about them. They were willing to

expect him to run true to form, and they were content to regard him as a product but not as a part of the State's political machinery.

Senator Norris, however, is an unusually shrewd gentleman. He bided his time in peace. He allowed the politicians to go their varied and devious ways without any disturbance which might force them into an unhappy protest against a proposal so radical as a one-house legislature. Matters went on in Nebraska very much as if Senator Norris had never lived there: the sun rose and the sun set and the tall corn grew. Then it was that the prolonged period of economic uncertainty which optimists have called a depression, the worst drouth in the memory of thousands of Nebraska farmers, and the antics of the legislature in the session of 1933 combined to give the Senator his golden opportunity. The people were loud and fervent in their exclamations that nothing could be worse than the existing situation. The Senator agreed with them, and he determined to do something about it.

No one would be foolish enough to believe that a conservative and custom-bound legislature of two houses would vote to abolish itself. Senator Norris and his associates did not take the trouble to ask the legislature for that favor. Instead, they resorted to the section of the constitution which provides that 10% of the voters of the State, so distributed as to include 5% of the voters in two-fifths of the counties, may petition for a vote upon an amendment to the fundamental law of the State. Approximately 57,000 signatures were re-

quired to place the proposed constitutional amendment upon the ballot. Its friends presented to the secretary of state a petition which contained the endorsement of 82,000 Nebraska voters.

In drafting the constitutional amendment which he wished to submit to the people of the State, Senator Norris went far beyond the mere proposal of a legislature of one house. It is true that he planned to substitute for the two chambers of the Nebraska legislature a single body with a membership of not less than thirty and not more than fifty elected from single-member districts for two years. The amendment provided that the new system should become effective in two years, and that the legislature in session in 1935 should be charged with the duty to determine the size of the new body within the limits of thirty to fifty members, and to arrange for the districting of the State. The aggregate salaries to be paid the legislature would amount to \$37,500 per year, divided equally among the members, with actual traveling expenses for one trip to and from the capital for each session. The proposed amendment designated the lieutenant-governor as presiding officer, provided for a public roll call on the passage of all legislation at the request of one member, prohibited the passage of any bill for five legislative days after its introduction and for one day after filing for final reading, required regular biennial sessions of the legislature, and reserved to the people the powers of initiative and referendum.

All of these provisions were designed to replace the conventional Senate and House of Representatives. But there was another suggested change which held dire omens for the smug politicians who had long been in the habit of ignoring the senior Senator from Nebraska. That arrangement

provided for the abolition of the old party lines and required the nomination and election of members of the legislature on a non-partisan ballot. In the primary, two candidates for each district should be nominated without any party designation; in the general election, one of these two candidates should be elected. Even the Senator's most intimate friends and advisers, who were of the opinion that a non-partisan provision would inevitably defeat the whole measure, were powerless to dissuade him from the grim determination to effect a complete and far-sweeping change in Nebraska legislation.

To the conservative, machine-bred politicians of Nebraska, the whole proposal of the Senator was the rankest and most illogical heresy that had ever disturbed the peace of the State. They were bitterly opposed to the scheme, because it was in essence opposed to them. Such frank reasons are not the most adroit for use in practical politics, however; and many of the leaders of the State began to dread the necessity of compiling from the records and experiences of humanity at large arguments impressive enough to convince the people that only a catastrophe could result from the adoption of a one-house legislature. Before exerting themselves and their employes to such an extent, politicians placed their ears to the ground, prodded and pried into the fountain heads of public sentiment, and were greatly reassured. They were relieved to discover that even the public, so dangerous an enemy of the politician when once it is aroused, had regarded the whole suggestion with a sort of calm apathy. These soundings of the public mind were so favorable to the conservative Democratic and Republican bosses of the State that they were constrained to laugh in their private counsels over the future discomfiture of the senior

Senator. At the same time, they could feel free to give their undivided attention to the many important matters which always arise with the approach of an election.

In this particular year, the offices of United States Senator and Governor were to be filled, and dozens of other plums were to be distributed. Mr. Arthur Mullen of Omaha, Democratic potentate and erstwhile national committeeman, had been able in the August 14 primary to disillusion Governor Charles W. Bryan of his long-cherished ambition to sit in the Senate of the United States, and to award the nomination to his own protégé, one-term Representative Edward R. Burke. The Republican nomination had gone to energetic, full-voiced Robert G. Simmons, who had served in Congress for ten years before the Democratic victories of 1932. For Governor the Democrats had nominated State Engineer Roy L. Cochran, who for a dozen years had served under both Democratic and Republican administrations. For the same office the Republicans had given the nomination to Mr. Dwight Griswold, who had served in both branches of the legislature and who had been defeated two years before by Governor Bryan.

Important as was the distribution of these and other plums, there were also other significant matters to handle. Many political and business interests were ardently in favor of repeal of that section of the State constitution which provided for prohibition of intoxicating liquors. Furthermore, the Knights of Ak-Sar-Ben, a civic body with its nucleus at Omaha, were agitating for an amendment to legalize betting at horse races by that device which is known as the pari-mutuel system. These were matters of consequence to which grown men might attend without being guilty of the sort of twaddle which occupied the energies of the elderly Senator.

Therefore, men of affairs were busy with their own vital interests until the Senator was inconsiderate enough to return from his vacation. That return would not have been significant had he not expressed the immediate and hitherto unprecedented determination to take the stump for a local issue. His one redeeming feature had been that he could be depended upon to keep out of State politics, but here he was in Nebraska threatening to disrupt the whole orderly system of political events. Moreover, and unfortunately for the politicians, he had a disconcerting amount of influence with the rank and file of voters. He had never been known to lie to the people, and the people had always rewarded him for it.

Senator Norris campaigned the State with surprising energy for one of his three and seventy years. "Why," he asked, "should the legislature of Nebraska have two houses instead of one? The qualifications of members of both branches are exactly the same. The official duties they are to perform are of exactly the same nature. Why should we then have two bodies instead of one, and burden our taxpayers with the necessarily increased expense, to attain the object that can be fully attained by one house instead of two?" The Senator insisted that the bicameral or two-house legislature is of necessity so constructed as to invite shifting and evasion of responsibility. Members of one house, for example, often pass a measure merely because they know full well that the other house will defeat it. The legislative machinery which must accompany two chambers makes possible the concealment of a member's record from his constituency. At the same time, the character of legislation is often determined by a conference committee of three to six men appointed by the two houses. The Senator declared that a

single chamber would eliminate the friction between two houses which often defeats legislation, that it would bring the legislature more directly into the light of public observation and thus reduce the possibility of corruption, that it would remove the danger of control by minorities, and that it would facilitate the definite fixing of responsibility for law-making. The expense of a single chamber would be greatly reduced, and yet better law-makers would be attracted by a relatively higher salary.

Nor did the Senator forget his provision that the legislature should be elected on a non-partisan ballot. "When I went to the national House of Representatives in 1903," said he, "I was just as bitter a partisan as any man there. But I have lost it all, because I learned that there isn't any difference between a Democratic and a Republican machine." He pointed out that Nebraska had already adopted such a provision in respect to judges and school officials, and he urged in his frequent and earnest addresses that the national issues which divide voters into political parties have nothing to do with the internal business affairs of Nebraska. His, he said, was an appeal to the people of Nebraska to elect members of the legislature upon the basis of their qualifications to transact the business of the State, not upon the basis of their attitude upon the tariff or upon their alignment with a political machine.

The politicians who during the summer had regarded the unicameral legislature as a dead issue awoke to the necessity to marshal their forces for a major political battle. In the forefront of the active opponents stood the still remarkably influential Samuel R. McKelvie, former Republican Governor and former member of the Federal Farm Board. Mr. McKelvie and his friends themselves took to the stump.

They branded the whole scheme as an un-American destruction of checks and balances upon hasty and ill-considered legislation. They appealed to the agricultural interests of the State to defeat it, lest farmers should have no opportunity to sit in the legislature because of the difficulty of defeating business men in the larger districts requisite to a smaller membership. The advantages of the American two-party system in fixing legislative responsibility were lauded by eloquent speakers, and voters were warned against the dangers of extravagant appropriations, legislation by cliques, and control by predatory interests.

Senator Norris brushed aside these attacks, as it were, with the stinging retort, "I know that those who live by politics are opposed to this amendment." He continued his addresses to the people in every section of the State, and every peroration was an eloquent and almost pathetic appeal as he said with breaking voice, "I have served you for more than thirty years with no other interest than that of the people of Nebraska and the people of our country. I have always been called the worst demagogue who ever walked down the pike until the things I wanted began to work. Do you think that in my declining years I would desert the cause of the people to which I have given my life? If you have ever believed me, believe me now when I say that I have no other interest in this amendment than to make Nebraska a better place in which to live."

It is an interesting sidelight upon political democracy in America that the politicians of Nebraska, those same gentlemen who had always been preoccupied with important affairs of state, found themselves entangled in the web of their own machinations. Many of them had found it wise to support the repeal of State prohi-

bition and to use their vote-getting influence to legalize pari-mutuel betting at horse races. Faced with the practical necessity of instructing their minions to vote affirmatively on two measures, they became acutely aware of the danger of wholesale confusion should they issue advice to vote negatively on the proposed unicameral amendment. Such a dilemma, which Senator Norris had shrewdly foreseen, led many a politician to pass along the word to vote for all three amendments. Expediency, it seems, has lost none of its celebrated effectiveness as a determiner of human action.

Nebraska, by the mandate of her people at the polls on November 6, will become a business corporation after the pattern of the most persistent and successful political reformer in America. At the same time, the practical politicians have garnered the usual fruits of their sport when the Democrats elected their candidates for the United States Senate and the Governorship, renewed their control of both houses of the legislature, and elected all of the State officers but one.

The Republicans have earned the happy consolation of gaining nine seats in the State senate, fourteen in the house, and have achieved the brilliant triumph of securing one lonely seat in Congress by defeating the picturesque Edgar Howard, whose long hair has been an ornament to the House for a dozen years.

It has long been the custom in Nebraska for politicians to ridicule Senator Norris when he takes a stand upon a public issue, and to honor him as a bosom companion whenever a favor must be sought from the people. No more forceful example of his influence and popularity can be needed than the vote which approaches a hundred thousand majority for his unicameral legislature.

IMPROVING ON THE ACTS OF GOD

BY MARIAN MURRAY

Hartford, Connecticut

IF YOUR nose is crooked and you yearn to be an Adonis, or you have a twisted leg, and fain would walk like other men, then rob a gas station or forge a check, and when—or if—you get out of State's prison you may have a Greek profile and two perfectly good legs. That is, if you remember to commit the crime in Connecticut. For they're doing remarkable things in the State prison at Wethersfield. As one convict puts it, with awe, "They're improving on the acts of God!"

John Dillinger, Public Enemy No. 1, had his face lifted, and there were streaming headlines across the nation's newspapers. But much more fundamental plastic surgery is being done, unnoted, behind the turreted walls down on Wethersfield Cove. Men leave the prison so changed that their best friends don't know them.

Of course, there's one fundamental difference—that Dillinger had his physiognomy made over by quacks, to avoid the law, whereas the man in Wethersfield is reconstructed by the law itself, in an attempt to obliterate those stigmata that label him convict.

Penologists may insist that the "baby-face" is equally as likely to be a killer as is the man with the bashed-in nose and the prognathous jaw. But popular psychology still accepts ugliness as synonymous with turpitude, and distorted features as an indication of depravity. The man who is born with or acquires by accident the type of countenance that the law-abiding citizen associates with crime is licked before he starts. He looks like a criminal.

"What's the use of trying?" asks the

unfortunate one. "I look like a thug. Everybody thinks I'm a crook. It doesn't do any good to try to go straight. If I just looked like an honest man, I might get a decent job. As it is, I may as well get a gat."

Now, after he has made the inevitable tactical error, and landed in prison, he can take an anæsthetic and have protuberances removed, hollows filled, lines straightened, new skin grafted, useless hands and feet made whole again. And then he can look in the mirror to see a man like other men.

Some human beings are congenital criminals. Nothing can be done to change them. Others are made criminals by maladjustment and unfortunate circumstances. So far as science knows at this writing, you can't change instincts or habits by operating on brains. But psychiatrists are becoming more and more cognizant of the effects of physical deformities on mental conditioning, and realizing more thoroughly how effective physical rehabilitation is as a reëducational method.

Not so long ago, the moralist preached to the delinquent, and the authorities fed him on bread and water. Now, not only are his ordinary physical needs met scientifically, but, at least if he is an inmate of Wethersfield, he has the benefit of medical and surgical assistance that the free may well envy.

A few years ago, in the Connecticut State prison there was one doctor, who gave a necessarily somewhat perfunctory service. With the advent of Warden Charles S. Reed came a change in policy. Now any man who enters that institution is looked over for defects, and visited by specialists who diagnose and treat his needs. What is indicated for reconstruction or treatment, he receives, be it functional, orthopedic, plastic, or psychological. Wethersfield has a thoroughly modern

hospital, with fifty beds, where an appendectomy is just a part of the day's work, and surgical miracles are everyday occurrences.

There was Convict A, the thief with one leg so much shorter than the other that he walked with a grotesque sidewise hitch. When he was a boy of twelve, he had been hurt on a picket fence. The bone of the knee became infected, the joints fused, and the leg drew up. Nobody wanted to give him a job, so he joined a gang of hoodlums and soon was taken up for petty thievery.

Convict B, a bootlegger, went to prison with a useless hand. During prohibition, he was watching a still, when the apparatus blew up and he was terribly burned. The man who owned the still whisked him away and hid him in a barn, fearing that the police, if they found the watcher, would be led to the employer. For weeks the burned man lay alone in agony. Eventually he was arrested and committed to Wethersfield. But neglect at the crucial time had left his hand so contracted that he could do nothing with it.

There was the hunch-backed jockey, Convict C, who had had tuberculosis of the spine. No one wanted to give him a job, so he joined a hold-up gang as chauffeur. One day the law rode hard, and he found himself in prison.

Infantile paralysis had left Convict D with a "flail" leg. All his life he had had a feeling of inferiority which led him to an attempt to avenge himself on society. So he became a pick-pocket, and picked once too often.

An accident had necessitated the amputation of Convict E's arm five inches above the wrist. How could a man earn an honest living, thus handicapped? Eventually the path of crime led him to Wethersfield.

All these cases required skill and in-

genuity, but not more than was available.

A wedge was cut from the bone of the twisted knee; the wedge was reversed and permitted to become an integral part of the joint again, creating a leg that was stiff but straight. For the first time in many years, Convict A can stand up and look his fellow man in the eye.

The bootlegger's finger joints, which had stiffened, contracting the hand horribly, were cut and manipulated, after skin had been grafted on to the burned areas. Now the man has two hands almost equally useful.

The jockey is in for twenty-five years, but it is reported that his psychology has been entirely changed by the operation which fused his spine in a new position, to relieve the pain and allay the diseased process, and which, incidentally, increased his height eight inches!

Muscles were transplanted into the leg that had been left helpless after poliomyelitis, and today Convict D walks the highways outside the prison walls with strength and assurance. He is going straight.

A living hand can't be grafted on to the stump of an arm, but a mechanical hand may be. A new "cinaplastic" motor artificial hand was fastened by pegs to the muscles of E's forearm. The contraction of muscles opens and closes the fingers, and when this man wears gloves the casual observer doesn't notice that both hands are not equally mobile. Even being able to reach into your left-hand pocket, to take out your cigarettes and hold them nonchalantly while your good right hand extracts one and puts it in your mouth, is like being born again to the man who has been an object of pity and perhaps of scorn.

Many a man has found himself with permanent injuries which would have been

merely temporary inconveniences if they had received immediate and proper care.

Convict F was a confidence man. Out on a party, he fell fifty feet from a balcony and broke his hip. While he was in the hospital, the police went through his clothes and found a "sucker list."

That caused questioning, and he was identified as wanted in Connecticut for numerous crimes. From the hospital, the injured man was taken to a jail where he stayed six months before trial. Too often the treatment available in such a jail is inadequate if not entirely negligible. In this case, the sufferer was so woefully neglected that he developed a bad deformity.

After he was admitted to the Connecticut prison, an operation was performed on his hip, the bone was reset, and eventually he went out a man, able to walk, instead of a helpless cripple for the rest of his days.

These and many other intricate, delicate and sometimes original reconstructive measures have been meted out to those wards of the State as part of a casually miraculous day's work. The only points at issue have been whether medicine or surgery has the answer to the problems presented by the individual's necessities.

But when it came to the question of re-making physiognomies, there was another problem—that of identification. The convict is assumed to be an enemy of society and, as such, must be recognizable by the authorities. If the surgeon in Wethersfield were to remove John Doe's facial birthmark, or to remake William Roe's plebeian pug into a patrician nose, how would the cops and the dicks know Jack and Bill when they saw them driving away from a gas station, or lingering suspiciously in a crowd?

The answer was very simple. Photographs are taken of the patient before and after the operation; and when he is re-

leased from prison, if his face has been changed, his new likeness is broadcast to those agencies that keep records of identification.

The bright red birthmark that has embarrassed many a human being throughout his years is removed by what the surgeon at Wethersfield calls "very simple" skin grafting. A hairlip such as has changed the life-course of many a man is removed in prison, leaving only a slight scar. Scars on the face, resulting from contractions after burns, are obliterated by cutting out the scar tissue and grafting in fresh, soft skin. A piece of bone taken out of each side of a lantern jaw brings the whole into line.

But plastic surgery goes much farther than that.

Charles White got drunk one night and went home to find his father beating his mother. So Charles killed his father and then tried to commit suicide by turning the shot-gun on himself. He didn't succeed, but he blew off half his face and lost an eye.

Charles wasn't a habitual criminal, and the law took into consideration the provocation. He got five years. And he was sent to Wethersfield. In the hospital there, cartilage implants and pedicle grafts restored his face. A glass eye was added, and the boy went out into the world with a face.

That was many months ago, and, so far, reports come back of his treading an exceedingly straight and narrow path. To be sure, he went far from the scene of the crime to start over. But if he had gone back anywhere among men with the terrifying nightmare that was once his face, what chance would he have had, ask the prison authorities, of making a livelihood except by routes that lie in darkness?

Compared with the reconstructive changes that are making whole men of

physical derelicts, the simple face-lifting operation done on Dillinger fades into insignificance. The surgeons who operate at Wethersfield explain that a seam was taken in the scalp of Public Enemy No. 1, close to the hair line, which pulled up his sagging jaws and cheeks as has been done to many a dowager. His hair and eyebrows were dyed, even as hers. He grew a moustache. And one real bit of plastic surgery was done, when his cleft chin was smoothed out by excising an oval of skin. In addition, he donned shell-rimmed spectacles. And to the cops he looked like a different man.

But even the cuts made across the tips of his fingers couldn't obliterate those individual and lifelong identification marks, the whorls on the skin of the last phalanges. Dillinger was caught by his finger prints.

Realizing that the criminal's face may be his fortune, but that he carries his life literally in his hands, the prison authorities feel doubly assured of the infallibility of the identification system.

Those specialists who heard Dr. Jacques Maliniak, plastic surgeon, speak recently at a meeting of surgeons in New York are less certain. For Dr. Maliniak announced that, if Dillinger had known enough to hold the tips of his finger in a pan of nitric acid, he would probably be at liberty today. For a third degree burn, such as may be acquired in that manner, will totally destroy the identifying whorls that are recorded in fingerprints.

This expert says, therefore, that the present system of fingerprinting is entirely inadequate. No man, however desperate, would be tempted, one would think, to lay his palm in that pan of nitric acid; for the burn would make his entire hand useless. So, skin patterns of the whole palm should be recorded, if the public is to be protected.

Be that as it may, at present those who hold not only the lives but the minds and hearts of Connecticut's convicts in their hands are content to know that they are reaching distorted minds by rebuilding broken and maltreated bodies, and thereby making more fit for life those who may sometime again be free.

It is a satisfaction to note that Wethersfield is not the only prison in the United

States that is doing reconstructive work. In Sing Sing a great deal of surgery is being done. In San Quentin, California, plastic surgery, particularly zoöplasty, or the transplantation of physical substance to make up for glandular deficiency, has reached a degree of efficiency. Connecticut, however, has a more rounded and thoroughgoing, as well as a more dramatic, program than either of the others.

GUIDE TO BUYING

THE TRUTH ABOUT HAIR TONICS

BY JEROME W. EPHRAIM

Too often hair tonics are purchased without any conception of their proper function, or hair "treatments" are begun in the fallacious expectation that some sort of minor miracle is about to be performed. Unfortunately, such miracles are infrequent and do not stand up very well under investigation. A common fallacy is that the hairs of the head are living structures like a field of grass or a patch of young onions, hence to be fertilized and nourished much as you would a bed of plants in your garden. As Pusey points out, countless gallons of tonic are concocted on this theory; countless treatments are based on the same ineradicable superstition. It is closely allied to the skin food fallacy in the domain of cosmetics. It reaches the ultimate in absurdity in the "singe", a process supposedly designed to seal the ends of the hair against the loss of "sap." But there is no circulation in the hair and no sap whatever. The customer is the sap.

Everybody loses hair. It is quite normal. But when the rate of shedding speeds up faster than the rate of replacement, we have the beginning of baldness. The condition may be pathological or merely senile. Theories of cause and cure are multifarious. There is little authentic knowledge based on controlled experiment. But the situation is not quite as hopeless as popular cynicism might indicate. Many cases of baldness appear to be preventible, or at least postponable.

The hair shafts and other appendages,

such as the nails, are horny structures very similar in composition to the horny layer or epidermis of the skin. The hair follicle is a tiny tube of epidermis which extends downward into the true skin (derma); through this tube the hair pushes up and out, deriving its growth and sustenance from a so-called papilla at its root (which, however, has no analogy to the root of a plant). The hair-making apparatus is fed exactly as the scalp itself or any other tissue is fed—from the blood supply of the body; hence the futility of external applications as a form of "nourishment."

From these considerations, it is evident that a good growth of hair depends partly on general health and partly on a healthy scalp properly equipped with follicles and hair-making apparatus. The importance of a proper regimen of life as a preventive of scalp disorders is only coming to be recognized. The idea of "dieting for dandruff" once seemed too amusing to be taken seriously; yet most authorities now stress nutrition, elimination, exercise, open air and sleep as factors that should not be overlooked. Specific recommendations vary; many believe that fatty diets should be avoided, others restrict the intake of carbohydrates. Some warn against very hot, spicy or alcoholic beverages. But dietary asceticism is usually unnecessary. The common sense of the matter is that the hair derives its sustenance from the blood, and is likely to be influenced by any alteration in the character of the blood supply; it is largely for this reason that stimulation in the form of massage or irritant drugs may serve a useful purpose. Curi-

ously enough, the hair is also subject to nerve conditions. Tales of hair turning white in a single night are probably superstition, but there seems to be sufficient reason for believing that worry and nerve strain may be contributing factors in causing both grayness and loss of hair. Dr. Fishbein of the American Medical Association cites the case of a farmer in Wisconsin who lost his hair every time his wife gave birth to a new baby. This seems to have been due to nervous shock.

Here it may be noted that there are many other general factors presumably affecting the hair, concerning which no agreement exists. Among these are heredity, tight hats, city life, artificial illumination, endocrine deficiency, over-zealous barbers and the indiscriminate use of tonics. Recently, the sex hormones have been indicted. Women are obviously more resistant to baldness than men, and it is said that eunuchs and intermediate types likewise rarely lose their hair. But to follow these speculations would take us too far afield.

For practical purposes it is more important to discover, in any given case, which *type* of disorder actually exists. Here a skilled diagnosis is of value. Most hair tonics appear to be sold as universal remedies, good for any affliction of the scalp. Perhaps this is an inheritance from the day when the old-time barber diagnosed any case of falling hair as "mange", which he forthwith proceeded to treat with some evil-smelling concoction borrowed from an obliging veterinarian. Unfortunately diagnosis and treatment are actually much less simple. Following Goodman and others, we may distinguish three major categories of alopecia or loss of hair:

Premature idiopathic alopecia: the type very commonly observed in "bald-headed row." It is similar to or identical with sim-

ple senile baldness, though in most cases it begins to attack its victims before thirty. It is attended by no recognizable disease, and, according to one commentator, it is called idiopathic because "nobody knows the reason for it." Treatment is uncertain and may be entirely futile. The condition is probably hereditary, though it is sometimes ascribed to imbalance or disorder of the endocrine secretions. Cases of congenital alopecia in which the individual is born without hair are rare.

Symptomatic alopecia: "toxic baldness," usually temporary. It frequently follows diseases accompanied by fever, particularly typhoid, though it may be a symptom of other disturbances (e.g. syphilis). The hair usually returns after such disturbances are eliminated. Incidentally, the marvelous instances of regrowth of hair, as exhibited by some tonic promoters and treatment parlors, are usually found on investigation to be cases of symptomatic alopecia, though occasionally alopecia areata is involved. In the latter ailment, the hair comes out suddenly in small areas or from the entire scalp. It sometimes returns as mysteriously as it went, furnishing another instance of miracle-working for the "specialists."

Alopecia associated with local diseases of the scalp, principally dandruff or seborrheic dermatitis. Under this grouping are included a number of disorders, among them fungic diseases, such as ringworm of the scalp (largely confined to children) and certain scaly diseases, of which dandruff is by far the most frequent in occurrence.

Aside from the idiopathic cases, then, the trouble is usually dandruff. For the average person the question resolves itself into one of controlling dandruff, not only because dandruff is objectionable in itself, but because at very least it is a concomitant factor in the majority of cases of baldness.

Dandruff is a skin disease just as much as acne, eczema or psoriasis (with which it has many points of similarity). It is primarily a disorder of the sebaceous or fat glands. The function of these glands is to supply oil to the skin. Seborrhea means "flow of sebum"; excessive oiliness is usually the earliest stage of seborrheic dermatitis. This phase is commonly followed sooner or later by excessive dryness, with scales and crusts or profuse greasy dandruff. Though normally confined to the scalp the disease may occur on other surfaces of the body or spread to them. There is general agreement that it is essentially an infection caused by a bacterial invader, though there is some difference of opinion as to whether the guilty organism has been properly identified. Three types of organism have been found; it is suspected they are one and the same. However that may be, very few individuals are able to escape infection, probably owing to the prevailing carelessness in the matter of combs and brushes. Unless controlled, the disease nearly always leads to loss of hair or baldness, some estimates attributing 80% or 90% of all cases of alopecia to this cause. *Why* dandruff should have such an adverse effect on the hair is unknown. The fact that the sebaceous glands have their exit at the same point as the hair follicles may be cited for whatever it is worth. A few skin specialists, it is true, will not commit themselves further than to say that dandruff is "concomitant" with baldness.

Being a chronic inflammatory process, the disease is stubborn. It can only be curbed by systematic effort. Occasional dousing with the first tonic that comes to hand is generally useless and may cause harm. Without doubt the best plan is to consult a qualified dermatologist. In the long run this will be cheaper and more effective than haphazard "treatments" in

commercial establishments. (But perhaps it should be added that a visit to almost any meeting of dermatologists might be disillusioning. I am informed, on high authority, that the number of bald heads visible from the balcony when the New York Society of Dermatologists convenes, is startling.)

Theoretically, at least, the first step (as in any other skin affection) should be a general physical examination. But assuming the general health is good, the outstanding requisites of a rational therapy are hygienic care of the scalp and elimination of the infection.

Hygienic care of the scalp involves frequent shampooing and systematic brushing (or massaging). These procedures are of the utmost importance both for the prevention and control of common scalp disorders. Dandruff may be of the dry scaly or moist greasy variety; in either case the scalp should first be rubbed with some suitable oil (sesame, almond or olive oil) and then washed. At the outset, particularly if the dandruff is heavy, the hair may be shampooed every day or two. Later, the interval may be extended to once a week or even once a fortnight. If the shampooing tends to dry the scalp, follow with one of the oils mentioned above (sesame preferred). It is not necessary to employ medicated soaps, which are of doubtful value; any mild toilet soap will do, though a good liquid shampoo will give a quicker, better lather. If the scalp is very sensitive one of the newer soapless shampoos made of sulphonated oils might be given a trial.

Daily brushing or massaging is generally of advantage, unless considerable irritation is present. The brushing should be thorough, and combs and brushes should be frequently washed and disinfected with chloramine or formaldehyde solutions. Boiling the brush, though rarely

feasible, is better still. Those who are in earnest about avoiding infection or reinfection will supply their own combs and brushes at barber shops and hair-dressing establishments, and will insist on wearing paper caps when trying on hats. At least such is the advice of experts.

For eliminating the infection, the two drugs most generally favored are sulphur and resorcin (or, preferably, resorcin monoacetate), and these are dispensed in the form of lotions or ointments. Scores of other drugs have been used, either singly or in combination; in fact, some compounders have apparently gone on the principle of using any plausible sounding remedy in the pharmacopoeia. Many a scalp lotion has originated in a kitchen "laboratory" or in the back-room of a barber shop. Probably a large percentage are harmless, but some contain arsenic and mercury, as well as other drugs which may involve unusual hazards. Cases of severe irritation have been reported following the use of arsenic hair tonics.

The functions properly served by hair lotions and ointments are *antiseptic*, *counter-irritant* and *emollient*. In so far as a tonic may have value, it is largely by virtue of eliminating the infection and stimulating a more adequate blood supply to the scalp. They are of no value when applied simply to the hair; they must be worked into the scalp, and this may require at least twenty minutes a day if properly done. Generally the medicament must be applied every day or every few days to be of value, and treatment must be continued for weeks or months.

Except in unusual cases, persistence in the measures described will be rewarded by checking and controlling the disease, though there is always a tendency to recur. It should be noted that any vigorous effort to control dandruff may at some stage

cause irritation or inflammation. If this occurs, all treatment should be suspended, and soothing preparations applied. Any bland oil or ointment will suffice.

In general, the treatment of falling hair or baldness uncomplicated by dandruff is very similar to the treatment when dandruff is present. The professional dermatologist will search for general or local disease; will investigate the patient's regimen of living; will give attention to securing a hygienic condition of the scalp, and, finally will prescribe a drug or drugs dictated by his own individual ideas. How much can be accomplished depends on many factors, but it may be taken for granted that hair once lost is usually impossible to restore, especially if the follicles and hair-making apparatus are absent or atrophied. Clendening gives a classic picture of this catastrophe: "Everyone but the victim sees the inevitable. Yet nothing seems so difficult as to convince one of them that hope is gone. . . . He becomes a peerer from unnatural positions into mirrors. There is more joy over one spear of delicate down than over ninety and nine raccoon coats. Finally the long struggle ends—at about the age of forty. A nude swath extends from the eyebrows to the external occipital protuberance, the beauty parlors see him no more, and he begins to worry about some dignified way of keeping flies off the sensitive skin covering his calvarium. The unforgettable picture of the brothers Bryan photographed in their skull caps illustrates the common ancestral quality of the condition."

Clendening professes to believe it is all a question of the germ plasm. Oddly enough, when alopecia sets in, the remaining hair tends to grow faster around the fringes or periphery, so that as a man grows older he is likely to have to go to the barber shop more and more frequently

to have less and less hair cut off. Among treatments sometimes used with more or less success are ultra-violet radiation (not the "violet ray" of the barber shop), heat pads, pituitary and thyroid extracts, and injections of pilocarpine into the affected areas. But therapeutic adventures of this character are the province of the doctor. The high-sounding claims of treatment parlors are almost invariably based on luck in selecting patients who, as noted above, would have regained their hair, treatment or no treatment. In seemingly hopeless cases, sufficient stimulation may sometimes produce a little down, and occasionally, though rarely, potent drugs will produce a growth of hair which, however, is likely to fall out as soon as the drug is withdrawn. These procedures are, of course, accompanied with at least some hazard. For the layman, hygiene, massage and the use of simple remedies ought to be about the limit of self-treatment. In so far as treatment parlors do not attempt to go beyond such measures, they need not be condemned, if you can afford the price.

On the burning question of whether or not to wear a hat, it may be said that authorities are somewhat divided. The best modern opinion seems to be that hats have been unjustly incriminated. There is probably no objection to light hats, not too closely fitted. However, moderate exposure to the air and sunlight is likely to be of value. But the hot midday sun of summer may be injurious.

Hair turns gray or white when the hair-making apparatus fails to supply the necessary pigment. It is more than doubtful whether a fully grown hair ever loses its pigment or color (except through artificial bleaching); grayness occurs when hairs possessing pigment are replaced by hairs without it. In the present state of knowledge nothing can be done to correct this

condition; "color restorers" are without exception merely dyes, some of them far from harmless.

Products and Treatments

Lotions or "tonics."—Commercial preparations are likely to be more or less irrational mixtures. Some are innocuous concoctions of borax, water and a little perfume. Efficacious drugs are in the main chemical irritants, though some may be antiseptic as well. Remedies frequently used or prescribed are sulphur, resorcinol, betanaphthol, cantharides, mercuric chloride, capsicum (cayenne pepper), formic acid and pilocarpine. The supposed value of quinine is open to question. A few widely sold tonics contain arsenic and should be avoided by those who value their scalps.

Ointments.—A salve is sometimes preferred to a lotion, especially in cases of excessive dryness. It is less convenient to apply. The only essential difference is that the medication is incorporated in an ointment base.

Treatments.—Varieties of "treatment" offered by barber shops, beauty parlors and other commercial "specialists" are legion. It is important to remember they have no secrets to accomplish magical results. The scalp parlors often go in for strenuous methods, whether chemical or otherwise, on the theory that, given sufficient irritation, the scalp must react in some way. It usually does. But not necessarily with hair.

Mechanical devices.—Many of these are dubious, a few are pure fakes. Finger-tip massage is probably preferable to the use of vibrators, which are likely to be too strenuous.

Shampoos.—It should be noted that some liquid soaps have a high water content and are thus relatively expensive to use. So-

called olive oil shampoos rarely contain more than a small amount of olive oil soap. There is no objection to tar soaps if you like the odor. The addition of white of eggs is similarly harmless and gives gloss, but has no therapeutic advantage.

Brilliantines.—These are usually harmless mixtures containing chiefly mineral oil or odorless kerosene. For dry scalp sesame oil is probably to be preferred. Some dermatologists recommend castor oil in alcohol. Wave sets are usually solutions of gum karaya, quince seed or gum tragacanth.

Hair dyes.—With the exception of pure henna, there are probably no hair dyes that are entirely safe. Some are aniline derivatives; others contain lead or silver salts; while a third group contains pyragallol, usually in connection with salts of copper. The metallic compounds are most likely to do harm. In any event, hair dyeing should be generally left to a competent operator. The aniline derivatives are most widely used in the beauty shops. They should not be applied without first making a sensitivity test.

Home care.—For local treatment in minor cases of dandruff a 2 to 3% resorcin solution may be applied to the scalp

daily. This tends to stain blond or gray hair, hence resorcin monoacetate (2% to 3%) in at least 70% alcohol will often be preferred. The addition of a small amount of glycerine will tend to counteract the drying effect of the alcohol. As a supplement to this treatment, the *occasional* use of a sulphur preparation may be desirable. Pusey suggests an ointment consisting of 60 grains of sulphur to an ounce of petroleum jelly (vaseline). But in general, self-medication, even if it is only a question of a tonic, is not to be recommended.

Literature.—"Care of the Skin and Hair" (1929), by Dr. William Allen Pusey, is a book for the layman. "Cosmetics and Allied Preparations," a pamphlet published by the American Medical Association (Chicago) and obtainable from them for 15 cents, contains many analyses of commercial preparations. It is worth the money. Other works that may be profitably consulted are "An Introduction to Dermatology" (1932), by Sutton and Sutton; "A Practical Treatise on Diseases of the Skin" (1934), by O. S. Ormsby; "Treatment of Common Skin Diseases" (1932), by Herman Goodman; and "Diseases of the Hair and Scalp" (1928), by S. Dana Hubbard.

THE LIBRARY

The New Deal Disemboweled

THE ECONOMIC CONSEQUENCES OF THE NEW DEAL, by Benjamin Stolberg & Warren Jay Vinton. \$1. 5½ x 7½; 85 pp. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company.

OF ALL the books which have been written about the New Deal this is clearly the most profound and the most brilliant. Its onslaught upon the policies of the Brain Trust, which in essence are "nothing but a well-intentioned synthesis of errors," is devastating. But the book is more than a withering critique of the colossal fraud now being perpetrated over the land by the Roosevelt administration. It is a terrific polemic against the present social order, and against all the college-bred ignoramuses and seminary-trained cowards who are trying to make pie out of what is and always was mud. Messrs. Stolberg and Vinton have composed, in the space of what is little more than a pamphlet, an analysis of American and world capitalism and of its sycophants and placemen, which for sheer power of invective and trenchancy of argument marks a new advance in the polemic literature of the United States.

The basic trouble with Mr. Roosevelt is that he "has the kind of open mind which accepts with equal hospitality the most contradictory views and the most irreconcilable facts." He wants to bring peace and plenty to the common people, and he also wants to keep the profit system intact. He does not see that "under capitalism, not man but property is free and equal," that "the vital concern of Big Industry is to

prevent an abundance of goods from flooding the market," and that "depression is the necessary consequence of capitalist prosperity." In other words, we cannot have both the profit system and a decent communal life. No real New Deal is possible "unless at every moment and at every move the arrogance of Big Ownership is deflated, its morale beaten down, its economic power defied, and its social control implacably resisted. . . . Big Business has to be 'distributed' if the rest of us are to make a living." There is no other way out. The battle going on in capitalist society all over the world is an open one, for all to see. It is between Big Ownership and the rest of us. It is the class struggle, and he who denies it denies his mind. No enduring comradeship between the infinitesimal minority of owners and the vast and silent majority of workers, manual or professional, is possible. The dreadful futility of social work, now patent even to social workers, has proven that for all time. But apparently Mr. Roosevelt, that boy scout with the chorus girl grin, has not learned the lesson. Say Messrs. Stolberg and Vinton:

The New Deal is merely the capture of government by "scientific" social work. It is merely a remodeling of the White House into a new Hull House. And the Brain Trusters are nothing but settlement workers who want the big bad bankers and the good little workers to play together in peace.

No such peace, to repeat, is possible. "Monopoly capitalism in its straining for profits undermines our economic life. It is inexorably driven to make anti-social decisions." It is forever robbing the pub-

lic of the just rewards of its industry. This has always been so, even in the Coolidge Golden Age. In 1929 the top 400,000 reporting income taxes had increased their revenue by from 76% to 234%, while the workers, over the entire period of 1923-1929, "increased their real earnings by only 4.9%."

Precisely what has the New Deal done to remedy this condition? "The N.R.A. still is, not a whit less than it was under the explosive régime of General Johnson, primarily a scarcity-mongering machine. Its whole purpose is the regulation of competitive greed, not the creation of more goods for consumption." And in regulating competitive greed, it has done very nicely by Big Ownership and nothing at all by the common man, whom President Roosevelt professes to admire so much. "In 1933, the first year of the New Deal, income taxpayers with less than \$10,000 per year saw their revenues *decrease* 5% in comparison with 1932. But the top 8,000, who had incomes of over \$50,000" *increased* their takings by from 10% to 46%. Mr. Roosevelt has undertaken many public projects, all of them, with the exception of the T.V.A., basically useless, but he did not have the foresight to pay for these projects out of inheritance taxes and increased taxation of the upper income brackets, both common practices in England, which is surely not a Socialist government. Mr. Roosevelt has paid for these projects by borrowing. So that "when the balance sheet of the New Deal is written up in 1937 the nation will find itself saddled with a public debt of 35 to 40 billion dollars—a first lien of Big Ownership on our descendants, if they are fools enough to stand for it."

The New Deal has really done nothing which a room-full of insane people or a violent natural force could not have done

at least equally well. "There is nothing the New Deal has so far done that could not have been done better by an earthquake. A first-rate earthquake, from coast to coast, could have reestablished scarcity much more effectively, and put all the survivors to work for the greater glory of Big Business—with far more speed and far less noise than the New Deal."

I have here only sketched the vast richness in this excellent book. I have no space to go into the authors' penetrating analysis of the rôle of the middle class, that sociological donkey, in contemporary economic life, and of the way in which the A.F. of L. has hoodwinked and swindled the American workers. Nor have I the space to describe in detail their disemboweling of all the Roosevelt panaceas, from the A.A.A. to the P.W.A. As a polemic, as invective, and as logic, "The Economic Consequences of the New Deal" clearly supersedes all that has so far been written about the Roosevelt hooey. Were society run by the power of thought, and not by the manipulations of charlatans, aided and abetted by the inertia of the masses, the present book would force the gang of idealistic fools in Washington out of the saddle at the next election.

CHARLES ANGOFF

A Good Book on Music

THE VICTOR BOOK OF THE SYMPHONY, by Charles O'Connell. \$3.50. 6% x 9¼; 530 pp. New York: *Simon & Schuster*.

THE American people, as all students in the field know, are extremely illiterate in music. A nation of about 130,000,000 population, we have seldom been able to support a single opera house or symphony orchestra. The financial strait in which all musical organizations in the United States now find themselves is only an aggravated

form of their usual condition, even in prosperous times. On the continent, as everybody knows, things are far different. Nearly every city of more than 100,000 people supports at least one opera house and one orchestra, and sometimes more than one of each. Age and tradition no doubt explain much of the musicality of the Europeans and the lack of it among us, but there are probably more fundamental reasons, which the sociological and psychological sciences are not yet ready to formulate. The Puritanical abhorrence of all forms of "ostentation and merry-making," which is still deeply ingrained in our national consciousness, is perhaps one of the reasons, and another, very likely, is our almost complete inability, as a nation, to see utility in grand irresponsibility, which is the mother of all the arts.

What is behind our musical ignorance is also behind our musical bad taste. Our compositions in the larger and more dignified forms have been, not only incompetent, but also devoid of any genuine musical impulse. Most often, as in the cases of the works of John Alden Carpenter, Deems Taylor, and George Gershwin, they have been little more than contrapuntal vulgarity. In the realm of music criticism we have fared only a trifle better. I am not forgetting the magnificent work of such men as Thayer, Huneker, H. T. Parker, and Philip Hale. I only wish to emphasize the fact that they constitute a brilliant minority.

The every-day music criticism of the land is done by dullards and time-servers. With the exception of W. J. Henderson on the *Sun*, there is not a music critic in New York whose work is worthy of respect for its critical acumen or for its sheer writing. There used to be H. T. Parker on the Boston *Transcript* and Philip Hale on the Boston *Herald*, but

now that they are dead, the former Athens of America presents as disgraceful a picture in music criticism as in literary criticism. In Chicago, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Detroit, Los Angeles, and San Francisco the situation is even worse. In some of those cities the music criticism appears on the society page, and for a very good and obvious reason.

These sad facts have been well known to intelligent people for a long time and for the last ten years they have endeavored to remedy them, in so far as disorganized and sporadic effort was able to remedy them. The major orchestras inaugurated "students' concerts"; the phonograph companies enlarged their repertoire of classical reproductions; and a number of musical commentators wrote primers of musical appreciation. Mr. O'Connell's volume is the latest addition to the latter, and in many ways it is very good. It begins with brief and excellent historical and descriptive notes on the various instruments in the modern orchestra, and there follow two thoroughly sound and comprehensive chapters on the history of the symphony and the concerto. Then comes the body of the book. Mr. O'Connell explains nearly 250 compositions of sixty-seven composers of all countries and all times, from Johann Sebastian Bach to Maurice Ravel, and from Brahms to Leo Sowerby. The volume is arranged alphabetically, and there is a rapid survey of the life of each composer, immediately preceding the discussion of his works. The discussion throughout is well-informed, and while there is some bravura and florid writing, it is kept down to a minimum.

In his judgments Mr. O'Connell is generally sound, but occasionally he lapses into bizarre opinions and a regrettable critical caution. Few musicians will agree that Beethoven's First symphony, in "rugged-

ness, a certain vigorous humor, originality in form and in detail, and imaginative-ness . . . surpasses anything of Haydn or Mozart—with the exception of the Jupiter symphony of the latter." Mr. O'Connell thinks that Deems Taylor's "The King's Henchman" "brought a refreshing new spirit to the repertoire of the Metropolitan," and that the same composer's "Peter Ibbetson" "revealed original thought and development." Such criticism, I'm afraid, smacks more of patriotism than of high musical discrimination. Finally, as an example of the author's critical caution, I quote the following: "[Arthur Honegger's] 'Pacific 231' and 'Rugby' [are] of [no] great moment, though both have distinct elements of interest."

But these are minor criticisms. The book as a whole, as I have said, is good. It is written clearly and well within the range of the layman, and it will also be useful as a reference volume to musicians. At the end is a glossary of musical terms, followed by a list of modern Victor recordings of symphonic music. Leopold Stokowski contributes a brief foreword, in which he says nothing.

C. A.

Must Science Remain Bewildered?

THE WORLD IN MODERN SCIENCE, by Leopold Infeld. \$2. 5¼ x 7½; 287 pp. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE METHOD AND THEORY OF ETHNOLOGY, by Paul Radin. \$2.50. 5¼ x 7¾; 248 pp. New York: The McGraw-Hill Company.

It is significant that the two volumes under review, so divergent in subject and purpose, are not merely directed at the specialists in their respective fields of science.

Both authors dwell on the state and outlook of their special provinces of knowledge with an eye on the lay reader.

With the world in turmoil, and with every aspect of life changing rapidly, people are looking to science to furnish the key to the changing activity that characterizes our age. These two books are products of this intellectual climate.

They reflect the increasing bewilderment of the scientist as he is confronted with new and revolutionary conceptions that threaten the fundamental beliefs of science. The men of science are aware that the revolutionary discoveries of our century have destroyed the conceptual framework through which the scientist contacts and explores the universe. They must construct a new framework around which the facts of the special sciences can be rearranged and reinterpreted. And more and more, it has become evident that the philosophy of science which will serve as the foundation for the new conceptual super-structure, must be part of a world-view that will serve not only as the basis for an understanding of our social problems, but which will also lead to the reconstruction of the present scheme of things.

It is this awareness that is behind the growing interest of scientists in problems centering around the theory of knowledge and methodology. The old methods have been found wanting. A synoptic restatement is needed that will enable us to make the proper rearrangement of the facts that are piling up in every field, and in this way point the way to a deeper understanding and a more comprehensive knowledge.

Dr. Radin examines the various methods and theories of modern ethnology. Although he is an able scholar, his book is a typical example of the futility of academic social science. He finds fault with the major schools, but his conclusions are as barren as the conclusions that he criticizes.

He is obsessed with the notion that ethnology "properly has no purpose." By this he seems to mean that it must not concern itself with discovering the laws of the general historic process.

Consequently he quite properly criticizes Franz Boas and his school as collectors of unrelated facts; and he shows that there is a large group of anthropologists whose work is colored by "the assumption that aboriginal peoples are inferior in mentality to ourselves"; but he completely fails to understand that these theories have arisen out of a definite social matrix. If, for example, he had approached the problem from the standpoint of a consistent materialism, and not from a barren positivism, he would have seen how the theories of the English functionalists are very useful to the British colonial office. By giving scientific sanction to the false belief that the colonial peoples are inferior to the white rulers, these anthropologists only help to prop up imperialist expansion and misrule.

The example of those German scientists, who have tumbled over themselves to construct pseudo-sciences that are nothing more than a rather clumsy glorification of the Fascist régime, shows that any consideration of social theory that is detached from an understanding of the dynamics of the social process is bound, in the end, to be fruitless.

The outstanding characteristic of the social processes, from the viewpoint of scientific methodology, is that social institutions are interdependent and interrelated. Professor Morris Ginsberg has pointed out that social movements are marked by "determinate drifts of great depth and continuity." These social processes are describable in general terms, provided a methodology is used, which enables us to apply a deterministic analysis. With such a

method, as it is employed by the Marxists, it is possible to separate out from the inter-related social movements those factors which lead to important and fruitful generalizations. Of course, the decisive proof of the general laws that are arrived at in this fashion, as is the case with the laws governing natural phenomena, is verification by testing and social practice. Such an approach will enable us continually to verify and amplify the laws of social development.

The social scientists cannot arrive at such a methodology. They are hampered by biases of the kind that Dr. Radin finds in the work of those anthropologists whose point of departure is the assumption that primitive peoples are inferior to us. In addition to this social prejudice, they are handicapped by a lack of philosophic knowledge. It has been noted that their so-called rejection of philosophy has left them the victims of the philosophic scraps that they have picked up from the refuse heap of the history of ideas.

The irony of the situation lies in the fact that they are troubled by methodological problems which, properly speaking, are in the province of philosophy. A critical methodology for the special sciences can only come from a sound philosophic approach which is given by a consistent materialism.

On the basis of the facts of all of science, materialism disentangles the categories that are used in the different fields, and criticizes and reconstructs their fundamental principles. The materialistic philosophy also corrects the over-simplifications which the special sciences are compelled to use, because of the limitations of their method, and presents a more rounded and synoptic interpretation of reality.

These general comments also hold true for the physical sciences which are in the

throes of the same general methodological crisis. In physics one phase of the crisis has taken the form of a denial of determinism, and the assertion that chance rules the universe. In his exposition of the present state of the physics of matter, Dr. Infeld avoids the more grotesque aspects of this philosophy of uncertainty. But like Niels Bohr he arrives at a position which, if followed to its logical conclusions, really leaves science no foundation for further advance.

The deduction that must be drawn from his denial of the validity of determinism, and it has already been stated by people like Marconi and Jeans, is that science cannot give us true insight into the nature of the universe. Each discovery, instead of deepening our knowledge, only adds to our confusion and uncertainty.

Dr. Infeld's discussion of the philosophy of science leads to nothing but the intellectual swamp in which scientists have been floundering around for three decades. Far more fruitful, especially for the lay reader, is his brilliant presentation of modern physics. None of the other popular books will give you the same insight into the greatest advances in the field.

If Dr. Infeld had approached the problems centering around the methods of physics in the same spirit in which he treats the facts that must be fitted onto the theoretical scaffolding, then he would not have fallen into the kind of error that was cited above. For determinism is defined by actual scientific practice in the laboratory.

Every scientist, in conducting an experiment, separates out of the process that he is investigating the part which can be taken as the effective cause. When greater accuracy is desired, more factors are considered; as many as can be taken into account.

DAVID RAMSEY

History As Theology

A DECADE OF REVOLUTION, 1789-1799, by Crane Brinton. Vol. XII of "The Rise of Modern Europe." \$3.75. 6 x 8¾; 330 pp. New York: *Harper & Brothers*.

REACTION AND REVOLUTION, 1814-1832, by Frederick B. Artz. Vol. XIV of "The Rise of Modern Europe." \$3.75. 6 x 8¾; 317 pp. New York: *Harper & Brothers*.

THESE two books are the first contributions to the coöperative survey of European history since the Middle Ages, edited by Dr. William L. Langer of Harvard. They illustrate how difficult it is, in an age of intellectual confusion, to repeat the miracle of uniformity of approach and treatment which distinguishes the famous "Histoire Générale" of Lavissee and Rambaud from the mass of essays rather absent-mindedly bound together as "The Cambridge Modern History."

Dr. Artz starts candidly from liberal assumptions, and Dr. Brinton reaches deviously conservative conclusions. Dr. Artz's book is pedestrian and cluttered up with detail, Dr. Brinton's is lively and readable. Dr. Artz lacks originality and individuality of style, and some of his passages, like those on the Baroness von Krüdener, remind one of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. He fails to focus the attention on "larger forces common to the whole of European civilization." The result is a disjointed and conventional treatment of the tense drama following the crash of Napoleon. But at least Dr. Artz, moving in traditional grooves, is saved from the unreal fantasies evoked by his imaginative colleague.

Dr. Brinton severely disapproves of the great French Revolution. And whenever Dr. Brinton disapproves of a historical movement of revolutionary significance he calls it "active religion" and is done with

it. This technique enables him to dispose, at one stroke, not only of Jacobinism, but of Franciscanism, Calvinism and Marxism as well.

For there are, it seems, two kinds of religion, "inactive religion" and an unpleasant brand of "active religion." Dr. Brinton regards the Catholic Church as a "consistently inactive religious institution." He does not explain what "inactivity" in religion may mean, but implies that it is possessed of the virtues which are the exact opposite of the vices of "active religion." And "active religions" are characterized by "a rigid but alluring eschatology, a comforting determinism, a proselyting zeal undisturbed by the logical difficulty of reconciling free will and determinism, an uncompromising intolerance, a willingness to kill, a rigorous moral code, a lack of common sense." These lively and destructive faiths "break out" rather arbitrarily and unaccountably, to the fatal distress of the scientific historian. In earlier days, asserts Dr. Brinton, the Catholic Church managed to "strait-jacket" St. Francis and similar "active" rebels. But the three "great outbreaks" of Calvinism, Jacobinism and Marxism, having arisen outside of the Church, could not apparently be "tamed, strait-jacketed with laws and institutions, made harmless." Dr. Brinton comforts himself with the notion that his "active religions" are so tense and volcanic that they burn themselves out within a generation and tend to become "inactive religions."

This *mélange* would be amusing were it not presented as a theory to explain why Eighteenth Century statesmen like Pitt and Kaunitz and modern scholars like Aulard and Mathiez were equally wrong about the French Revolution. The curious may trace it to the author's earlier monograph, "The Jacobins—An Essay in the New History" (1930). In that work, de-

spite overwhelming evidence that Jacobinism was essentially an anti-feudal and anti-aristocratic social and political movement, Dr. Brinton insisted that it was a "faith" held by people "for no more apparent reason than that they want to believe." And yet, his own summary of the Jacobin platform shows that it ranged from republicanism and civil equality to private property and individualism without betraying a single religious aim or doctrine.

Dr. Brinton's theory fails to explain just why that "active religion" known as the French Revolution broke out when it did, why the "gospel" spread over a continent without the benefit of "missionaries," and somehow failed to convert the aristocracy. This curious immunity of the nobles as a class to the seductions of the new "faith" should have sufficed to warn Dr. Brinton that there might be a difference between social revolutions and religious feelings. But if the theory will not explain the facts, a luxuriant Biblical terminology transforms them. Enthusiasm is raised to the power of religious "ecstasy," ideals are metamorphosed into "Heaven," and the very prosaic and very secular disfranchisement of millions of citizens by the Constitution of 1791 presents itself to Dr. Brinton's exalted revolutionists as "a most shocking evasion of the Word"!

The best parts of the book are those in which the historian is allowed to triumph, if only momentarily, over the theologian—the section on the Terror, for instance. It is true that Dr. Brinton begins by making the Terrorists "compeers of the first Crusaders, of Savonarola, of Calvin," and that he paints a glowing canvas of the "elect" frenziedly storming "Heaven" over the bodies of their foes and in defiance of scruple and common sense. But while the theologian is entranced by another "active" attempt to realize Utopia

in a hurry, the historian in Dr. Brinton contrives to tell a more sober story: The Terror, it seems, after all, was not the storming of "Heaven" but a boiling compound of civil war, foreign aggression, national defense, class hatreds, and social idealism. It was, "like much milder and less interesting political situations, . . . the interaction between a social environment and men consciously attempting to alter that environment." If that is the case, what is the point of the theory of "active religion"?

Yet, a theory which gives the clue to an author's prejudices and prepossessions can hardly be dismissed as worthless. Dr. Brinton evidently dislikes democracy and admires aristocracy. He condemns the economic interpretation of history as a "prejudice," and the French Revolution as "fatally mad." He cannot bring himself to a consistently objective attitude, since he is primarily concerned with discovering "scientific laws" to stop the revolutions he dislikes. His quest proves abortive, for he finally concludes in "The Jacobins" that the French Revolution appears to him, "as it did to de Maistre, to Wordsworth, and to Carlyle, as utterly inexplicable in terms of daily life, of common sense, of scientific causation." Which is to admit that prejudiced conservatives, past and present, cannot explain the Revolution scientifically.

SOLOMON F. BLOOM

Jean-Jacques Rousseau: Model 1934
 AUTOBIOGRAPHY, by John Cowper
 Powys. \$3.50. 6¼ x 9¼; 595 pp. New
 York: Simon & Schuster.

JOHN COWPER POWYS, the eldest of three literary brothers, was born in Derbyshire, England, in 1872, and educated at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. On leaving the university he married, became the father of a child, and traveled over England

and America as an Oxford Extension Lecturer. He has spent much of his mature life in the United States—particularly in up-State New York—and has won the respect and admiration of many of America's most outstanding literary celebrities, including Edgar Lee Masters, Will Durant, and Theodore Dreiser. So much for the bare framework of fact contained in this amazing autobiography. For the rest, it is a six-hundred page achievement in unabashed spiritual exhibitionism the like of which has certainly not been seen since the "Confessions" of Jean-Jacques Rousseau.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Powys is an unblushing Rousseauist who bears at times a striking resemblance to the original. He has Rousseau's psychopathological complexes, he has his fertile imagination, and he has his over-developed *sensibilité*. He has also inherited, in his maidenly abhorrence of the grosser aspects of normal sexuality, Rousseau's own Platonic attitude toward the opposite sex together with an inability to enjoy what Chaucer euphemistically calls a "bisynesse of myrthe and of solas" with women. Like the great Frenchman, too, Mr. Powys is forever deploring the ill-effects of artificial culture on civilization.

On the whole, what is most disturbing to the reader of this autobiography is the author's reckless, almost defiant, inconsistency. At times he is a very monster of paradox. For example, it is paradoxical that a man who is constantly attacking Philistines and who has written an entire book of the meaning of culture should harbor in his own being the very essentials of Philistinism. It is only the Philistine, certainly, who regards the burlesque show as the highest form of dramatic art; it is only the Philistine who scoffs at the ballet, the theatre, the orchestra, and the

gallery, because of their effete appeal; it is only the Philistine who spends his stay in Paris searching for pornography with which to satisfy his lust; it is only the Philistine who learns Spanish just for the purpose of enjoying the salacious passages in Casanova's "Memoirs"; and, finally, it is only the Philistine who tells the world how much he prefers bread and jam to caviare, or cheap, strong, whiskey to the more subtle blends. These are a few of Mr. Powys's "inmost life-secrets": which, according to the same author, no man of culture will blurt forth to the first passer-by—which certainly no man of culture would blurt forth in print, one might think, to sell to his publishers!

But Mr. Powys is a monument of inconsistency. As he shamelessly confesses somewhere in this book, his guardian angels have saved him from all qualms about such matters. So much the worse for him! For what though, like Walt Whitman, he does contain multitudes, the fact still stands that either as a thinker or as a critic he forfeits all title to respect just as soon as he renounces his standard of personal values. No less a fellow-sensationalist than the great Heine has written that "that man has character who lives and moves in the definite circles of a definite view of life." The philosophy of not having any philosophy, about which Mr. Powys so frequently brags, is the worst kind of diletantism. However, let us proceed to

examine certain of these glaring inconsistencies.

Although he is always "bent on acquiring merit," and although he is always endeavoring to make his vast number of publications effective as propaganda, Mr. Powys professes to an utter lack of any kind of ambition. He believes in a life of contemplation, and in his hatred of action he is constantly moving about from country to country and from town to town. In an earlier book he states that "I know no human being less of a mystic than I," yet in the "Autobiography" it is mysticism which, together with sensuality, most redeems life. A firm believer in people being themselves, Mr. Powys confesses having spent his days following in the foot-steps of others. Finally, Mr. Powys, who is so outspoken in his hatred of psychoanalytical terms on the ground that they give us no additional knowledge of the phenomena they stand for, forgets that he repeatedly makes use, in his own writings, of such terms as Soul, Will, Creative Imagination, which stand for phenomena about which we know nothing at all!

The "Autobiography," it is to be feared, will lose for Mr. Powys many of his old admirers; and it will certainly not win many new friends. Yet for all of its shortcomings, it stands as a faithful, honest, and sincere account of a man's irrational inner life.

DONALD MAC CAMPBELL

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At this late date it is impossible to say anything new about this stupendous work. It grows with the years, and it will probably be listened to a thousand years from now. Serge Koussevitzky and the London Philharmonic Orchestra perform it with the utmost faithfulness and skill. They get every ounce of terrific power out of the mighty first and fourth movements, and they also get every breath of grace and subdued madness out of the incomparable second movement. All the choirs are in perfect form. This recording of the Fifth is in many ways the best that has yet been made.

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The Sixth symphony is admittedly one of Beethoven's lesser works, but it does not deserve the mere toleration some people give it. The second movement and the finale are Beethoven at very nearly his best, and they insure a very long life to the work as a whole. The playing of the symphony, because of its unevenness, demands the highest skill, and it is rarely that it is performed the way it should be. No orchestra without a good choir of strings and of horns can do it justice. Unfortunately, the Orchestra of the Concerts Colonne, conducted by Paul Paray, is deficient on both these counts, and the result is that the present recording leaves much to be desired. They are best in the second movement, but in the rest of the composition they perform indifferently. Part 10 is given over to a recording of Beethoven's "Turkish March."

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By W. A. Mozart. R.C.A.-Victor (Nos. 8389-8391)

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Mozart composed this recently discovered concerto in 1766, when he was ten years old. It is called the Adelaide concerto because he wrote it under the very

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eyes of Princess Adelaide, daughter of Louis XV. The present form of the concerto has been arranged by Marius Casadesus, with three cadenzas by Paul Hindemith. It is in three movements: *allegro*, *adagio*, and *allegro*. The work, as a whole, is naturally a bit fluffy, but it is full of grand pages, especially the themes for the violin in the first and second movements. Yehudi Menuhin plays the violin with supreme musicianship, and Pierre Monteux conducts the Paris Symphony with the highest competence.

SONATA IN C-MAJOR FOR PIANOFORTE.

By W. A. Mozart. Columbia (Nos. 68181-68182-D)
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This magnificent sonata for the piano appears in Köchel's catalogue as No. 330. It is very short: one longish movement, the first, marked *allegro moderato*; followed by two brief *andante cantabile* and *allegretto* movements. They are all very simple and extremely beautiful. Miss Harriet Cohen plays with high skill. An excellent recording.

PASTORALE D'ÉTÉ.

By Arthur Honegger. Columbia (No. 68209-D)
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This symphonic poem for orchestra is played by an unnamed orchestra conducted by the composer himself. The orchestra is rather jittery in spots, and Mr. Honegger, as even his best friends will admit, is a mediocre director. As for the music itself, it is little more than a nightmare. It should have been subtitled "An Excursion to a New Jersey Pleasure Park."

VALSE TRISTE, Op. 44.

By Jan Sibelius. Columbia (No. 7322-M)

MARCHE MILITAIRE, Op. 51, No. 1.

By Schubert-Guiraud. Columbia (No. 7322-M)
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The Sibelius waltz, one of the Finnish master's excellent smaller pieces, is played by the London Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Sir Hamilton Harty. On the whole, it is an able performance, though the beginning is taken a bit too slowly. In the Schubert march, however, the same ensemble plays very ably throughout.

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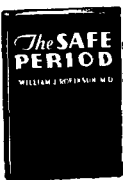
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Continued from front advertising section,
page vi

of the actual horror of the campaign. But if Haig is the villain of this part of the memoirs, certainly the author is something less than the hero. In power at the time, Lloyd George made no attempt to relieve the situation as he might well have done. Now, seventeen years later, he seems to be aware of his mistake. But instead of denouncing himself, he continues to denounce the generals.

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THE SCIENCES

DYNAMICS OF POPULATION.

By Frank Lorimer & Frederick Osborn.

The Macmillan Company

\$4

6 1/4 x 9 1/4; 461 pp.

New York

The authors show that the population of the United States is increasing much slower today than in the past, and they believe that the country will reach its maximum population about the middle of the present century, and that there may be a recession afterward. They are not greatly perturbed by the relative high fertility of the recent immigrant stocks. The people of these stocks tend to settle in the cities, and there they quickly respond to the heavy decline in urban fertility. The real problem is what to do about the excess of population on the farms, where the birth rate remains high. This excess "tends to create a serious imbalance in our whole economic



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structure". But even here the authors remain optimistic, for they apparently believe that "rational social action" will eventually solve all such problems. Their book is heavily documented, and is a valuable work.

HEREDITY & DISEASE.

By Otto L. Mohr. W. W. Norton & Company
\$3.50 5 1/4 x 8 3/4; 253 pp. New York

Dr. Mohr, who is professor of medicine at the Royal Frederiks University, Oslo, Norway, explains here, in as simple and clear a manner as accuracy will allow, the fundamental principles of heredity and the part that heredity plays in disease conditions. Although he makes no attempt to give "anything like a full account," the volume is adequate for the general reader and always reliable. Not only does Dr. Mohr go into such things as the mechanics of cell division, sex-determination, and the Mendelian law, but he discusses with sanity such questions as birth control, sterilization, alcohol and heredity, and intermarriage. There are 107 illustrations and an index.

HALF MILE DOWN.

By William Beebe. Harcourt, Brace & Company
\$5 6 1/8 x 9 1/2; 344 pp. New York

Dr. Beebe gives us here the story of his well-known adventures in the now-famous bathysphere beneath the waters off the coast of Bermuda, in which he descended 3028 feet, the lowest depth ever reached by any human being anywhere. He also includes in his account a short history of deep sea diving. Except for those parts of the appendix which contain the "Observations" made, the book has little difficult technical material. It makes an interesting story, although the writing itself betrays some haste. There are about 125 illustrations and an index.

OUTLINE OF CLINICAL PSYCHOANALYSIS.

By Otto Fenichel. W. W. Norton & Company
\$5 5 1/4 x 8 3/4; 492 pp. New York

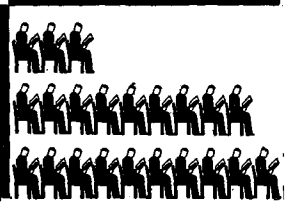
This book is announced as the "first systematic outline of psychoanalysis from the clinical point of view." In any other branch of medicine this would mean the presentation of actual cases with detailed description of the symptoms, the objective findings, the patient's course under observation, the laboratory findings, and the termination of the case. The author would attempt to co-relate all the data and to arrive at a unified concept or theory for the more adequate understanding, diagnosis, and treatment of the disease process involved. Dr. Fenichel gives us no such clinical outline. Instead, he gives a detailed summary of the theoretical assumptions which form the armamentarium of the psychoanalysts. Cases, which should be the foundation of a clinical study, are briefly noted in small type to punctuate the theoretic-

Continued on page xiv

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Continued from page xiii

cal discussions. To the reader seeking a summary of present-day psychoanalytical ideas this book is of inestimable value, but it is precisely this scholarly description with its involved top-heavy technical vocabulary, which emphasizes that psychoanalysis—for all its clamor about its scientific basis—still needs to have its scientific basis demonstrated.

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

ROME AND THE WORLD TODAY.

By Herbert S. Hadley.

G. P. Putnam's Sons

\$2.50

5 3/4 x 8 1/4; 320 pp.

New York

Mr. Hadley, who died several years ago, published this book for the first time in 1922; a second edition was brought forth in the following year; and now for a third time it is brought to light—more vital and pertinent than ever before, due largely to the extensive reforms which have recently been undertaken by the governments of the world. The main thesis of the work is that there exists a very striking analogy between the last half century of the Pagan Era and the disorganized state of civilization in modern times, and that by studying how the ancient dangers were successfully met, and how peace and prosperity were brought to the world for two hundred years, we today may be able to profit accordingly. Mr. Hadley points out that the chief features of distinction between the civilization and culture of that day and this arise from the use of gasoline, steam engines, and electrical power. "If these three agencies which have been put to such varied and important uses through the skill and ingenuity of modern science could be banished, life in the Twentieth Century would not be essentially different from what it was in the First Century of the Christian Era." There is an index.

REDIRECTING EDUCATION. Volume 1. The United States.

Edited by Rexford G. Tugwell & Leon H. Keyserling.

The Columbia University Press

\$3.00

6 1/2 x 9 1/4; 273 pp.

New York

The authors of the essays in this volume on economics, history, political science, and social objectives in American college education today, are or have been teachers at Columbia College in Contemporary Civilization, an experimental course inaugurated there fifteen years ago to present and discuss modern questions, not as problems of government, sociology or economics, "but simply as public issues upon which the resources of conscience, common sense, and improved measurement can be brought to bear without any precommitment to any method or body of doctrine." As a result of their experience, the authors, who include, besides the editors, Thomas C. Blaisdell, Jr., Charles Woolsey Cole, and Joseph McGoldrick,

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

attempt to point out some of the methods and social objectives of American education during the next decade. Although all of them agree that social problems and a social conscience will have to become integral parts of the school curriculum, they say very little that is especially stimulating or revolutionary. There is an index.

THE BRITISH WAY TO RECOVERY.
By Herbert Heaton.

The University of Minnesota Press
\$2 5¼ x 7¼; 184 pp. Minneapolis

This book is a clear and concise answer to President Roosevelt's question: Did England let nature take its course? Dr. Heaton, an Englishman by birth, and now professor of economic history at the University of Minnesota, discusses the British New Deal from the time of its inception. He argues that while England did not have to face some of the problems that confronted America, nevertheless her attempted solutions to the ones she did have involved breaches with the past every bit as wide as have the recent policies of President Roosevelt. There is a chapter

devoted to Australia, "first in and first out" of the depression; and also one devoted to Canada, which, "influenced by thunder to the south and by rumblings at home," clinging to a constitution drawn up for a primitive community, appears to be muddling through. There is an index.

THE POWER OF NON-VIOLENCE.

Richard B. Gregg. *The J. B. Lippincott Company*
\$2.50 5¾ x 8½; 359 pp. Philadelphia

In January 1925 Mahatma Gandhi seemed more like Christ to Mr. Gregg than anyone else in the modern world. Accordingly he set sail for India, where he stayed for four years, most of his time being spent in personal contact with the master, and for seven months he studied at his institution in Sabarmati. This book is the result. Mr. Gregg makes conscientious efforts to prove by minute analyses, economic, ethical, physiological, and psychological, that non-violent resistance—resistance, not passivity—is more efficient and courageous than war, and he cites numerous examples, Gandhian mostly, where it has succeeded. The book is far from convincing.

At last the long-awaited new novel by

ROBERT NATHAN

Author of "One More Spring"

ROAD OF AGES

In the opinion of the judges of the Book-of-the-Month Club, who selected this book for February, *Road of Ages* is "one of the few specimens of real literature that have come their way in recent years."

Dr. Henry Seidel Canby in his report on the book writes: "Robert Nathan was little known to the general public before the publication of his charming but also poignant fantasy of the Depression, *One More Spring*, which was published last year. Now he has been touched more deeply than even poverty or vagrancy can touch a sensitive mind, and his imagination has responded. *Road of Ages* never happened, never will happen, is a tragedy, a comedy, a satire, and in its way a poem, and one of the few books I have read this year that seem to me quite unforgettable."

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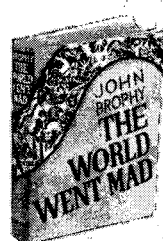
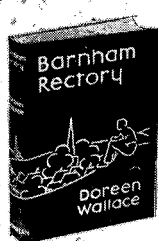
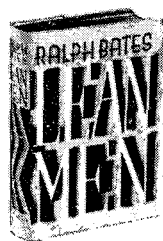
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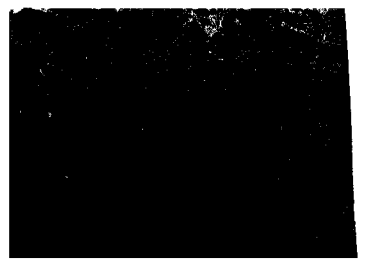
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